THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXIII JUNE, 1911 No 4

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

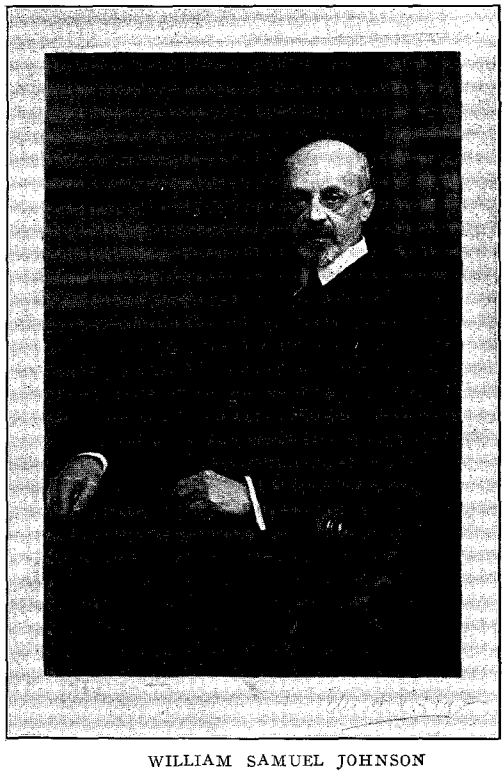
Respectfully Submitted

We beg to ask Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of Franklin Square, New York City, whether in publishing *Glamourie,* by William Samuel Johnson, they contemplated issuing a story in French with English quotations, or a story in English with French quotations.

Fame and Sorrow

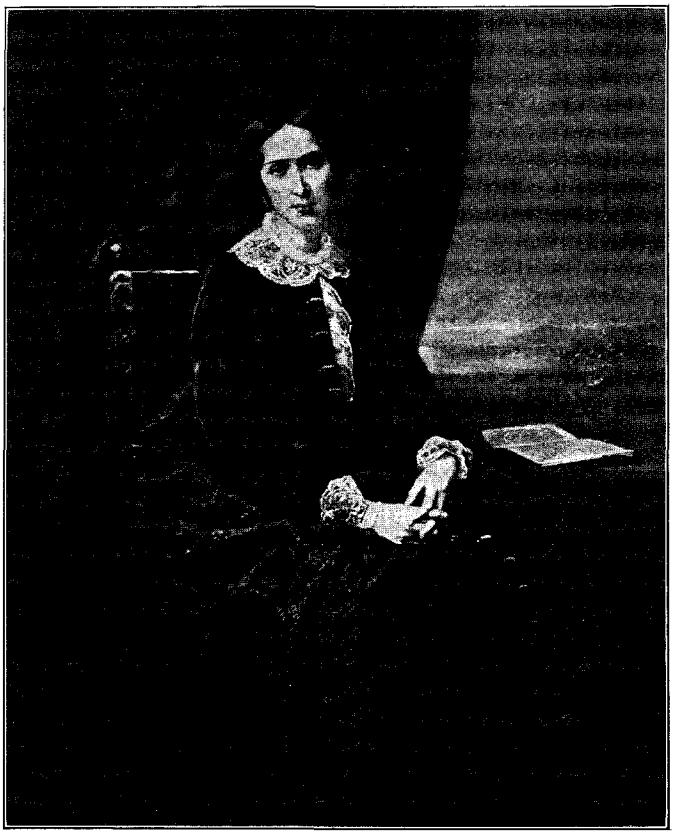
If one would have an illuminating picture of the French stage and French stage life in the middle of the last century, let him take up Mr. Francis Gribble's recently published *Rachel.* Of all the entertaining volumes which Mr. Gribble has prepared in the course of the last few years this seems to be the most adequate, and its adequacy, strange to say, rests on its judicious omissions. In other words, in the presentation of his picture he has sifted through an enormous amount of material, and used only what was apparently essential to the work. But that which he has discarded is far from being lost. It forms the imperceptible but very sound sub-structure upon which the volume has been constructed.

The life of Rachel Felix, despite its brevity, was one of the most interesting and varied of any in the annals of the stage. It is to be regarded, thinks Mr. Gribble, neither in the spirit of blame nor of approbation, but of pity. She seems to have pitied herself. "La pauvre Rachel" is a refrain which runs through her letters, now playfully, and now pathetically uttered. The reasons for her melancholy are not difficult to find. Raised from the gutter to the most dazzling heights, she had hardly begun to taste the intoxicating joy of her artistic triumphs when she received the first warning that her course from the dark to the dark would be brief, and her life, thenceforward, was a race against time; a race in which there was to be little leisure for repose or contemplation. She was famous when she was little more than a child; and yet the night was already foreshadowed. Once, at a rehearsal of *Adrienne Lecouvreur,* she burst, without apparent reason, into a



WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RACHEL FELIX

flood of tears. Asked why she wept, she replied that it was because of her premonition that she, too, like the actress whom she was impersonating, was destined to die young and see the cup of rapture snatched from her lips almost before she had tasted it. It was for this reason that she made haste, racing against time.

It is with the real life of Rachel rather than the stage life that Mr. Gribble has to do. As an actress she was almost invariably great; as a woman she was unquestionably often small. Dozens of stories have been told of her avarice and her ingratitude. Often she over-reached herself and defeated her own ends. The great Count de Walewski was on the point of offering her marriage when an impatient exclamation that was repeated to him caused him to break off their relations and to espouse another. Rachel was dazed and shattered by the rupture. "It is all over with me," she writes, "I can hold my pen no longer. My tears choke me. Whatever I write is obliterated by a flood of tears. It seems to me that I am speaking to him, and I fall into a fainting fit before him, as poor Phèdre before Minos. Tell him, if you see him, the things which I cannot bring myself to write. Farewell! Pity me! You can never pity me enough."

However genuine as her grief apparently was, it did not in the least suggest to her that she change her manner of life. Walewski had been the successor in her heart of a score of others, and he was followed by as many more. There is the famous story of Rachel and the Prince de Joinville, the sailor son of Louis Philippe. Having admired Rachel at the theatre the Prince proceeded with nautical directness, sending up his card with the words: "Où? Quand? Com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. AND MADAME MAURICE LEBLANC AND THEIR SON

bien?" Rachel sent back the card with the reply: "Chez Toi. Ce Soir. Pour Rien." Then there was Arthur Bertrand, whose chief attraction in her eyes was apparently that in winning him she was taking him away from another woman—the actress Déjazet. The one man whose attentions she repulsed was Alexandre Dumas. It was at the time that she was under the protection of Walewski. The mulatto's advance was checked at every point, and in order to cover his retreat he took up his pen and wrote as follows to Walewski:

MY DEAR COUNT: I have attempted the siege of a town of which you are the governor and I have been badly beaten. Receive my compliments. I would rather that you received the news of your victory from me than from any one else. Doing so, you will have no right to bear me malice for my defeat. Pray tell Mlle. Rachel that I am not contented to continue to be the admirer of her talents, but that I desire also to remain her friend.

Always yours,
A. DUMAS.

Whereupon Walewski, who knew his Dumas and had no confidence in him, responded, continuing the military metaphor, by enjoining him to keep silence under pain of consequences:

I should be obliged, to my great regret, to take the field if the enemy, after raising the siege, should change his tactics, and should either try to penetrate into the citadel by surprise or to diminish the merit of the defense by circulating rumours of its capitulation.

Of Rachel's childhood it is enough to say that it was both sordid and pathetic. She sang in the streets for coppers, acting as she sang. In after years there were many stories told of this period of her career, most of them probably apocryphal. For, example, it was related that one day there was added to the audience a radiant, clean-shaven man, of quite a different class from the others. He stopped to listen for a moment on his quick, firm walk toward success in life, and he remarked the intelligence of the child's performance. He lifted her up, and kissed her on the forehead. "Little one," he said, "I love children, and I love artists.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

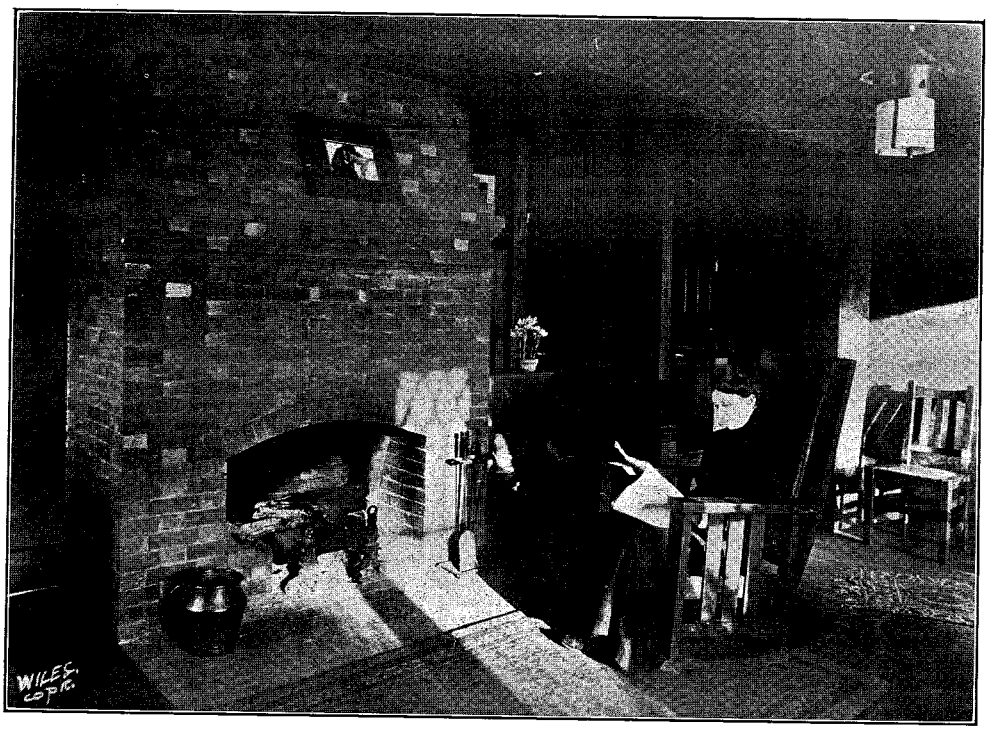
CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER, AUTHOR OF "THE COWARD OF THERMOPYLAE" (See page 419.)

Here is a piece of silver for you. But you should not sing those very shocking songs. Here is something better, a little piece of my own. Take it and sing it to any tune you like. Good-bye, my little one!" Having said that, the radiant, clean-shaven man passed on, resuming his march toward success in life; and the child, hugging her piece of silver, enquired whether any one knew who the kind stranger was. The question was passed around the ring until some one was found to answer it: "His name is Hugo—Monsieur Victor Hugo. He is a very clever gentleman who writes books." The anecdote is Arsène Houssayé's. "We may believe it if we like; or we may believe, if we prefer," Mr. Gribble comments cynically, "that Rachel and Victor Hugo imagined it in collaboration as a happy piece of symbolism in the later years when they met as equal potentates, claiming respectively to be the greatest poetical creator, and the greatest poetical interpreter of their generation.

Rachel at her apogée was almost a national institution. A member of the French Academy said to her, "Madam, you have saved the French language from destruction." To which she replied: "Sir, my credit is the greater in view of the fact that I have never learned it." For a time the Faubourg St. Germain cultivated her. Queen Victoria invited her to "declaim" at Windsor and found her, as she told the King of the Belgians, "such a nice, modest girl." In London she was invited everywhere, and the Duke of Wellington, after paying her innumerable compliments one evening, called on her the next day. When she went to Germany she was treated as the King's guest. At a time when the Crimean War was imminent the Czar invited her to play at St. Petersburg, and there both he and the Czarina lavished upon her the most magnificent presents. This Russian expedition did not increase Rachel's popularity in France. She was represented as making sport for her country's enemies. At one banquet in St. Petersburg the Russians boasted to her that they expected soon to be drinking the French champagne in France. She retorted that she hardly thought the French Government was likely to supply champagne to prisoners of war, an answer which effectually put an end to Russian homage, and failed to redeem her unpatriotic greed in the eyes of the French.

But Rachel's visit to the United States proved a dire failure. It was at a time when this country as the land of dollars, almighty and innumerable, had already reached the ears of European entertainers. Dickens, Fanny Elfssler, and Jenny Lind had gathered in these dollars in generous numbers. The last named had taken almost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in thirty-eight nights. Rachel's brother, Raphael Felix, who was her business manager, argued that his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MRS. CORRA HARRIS

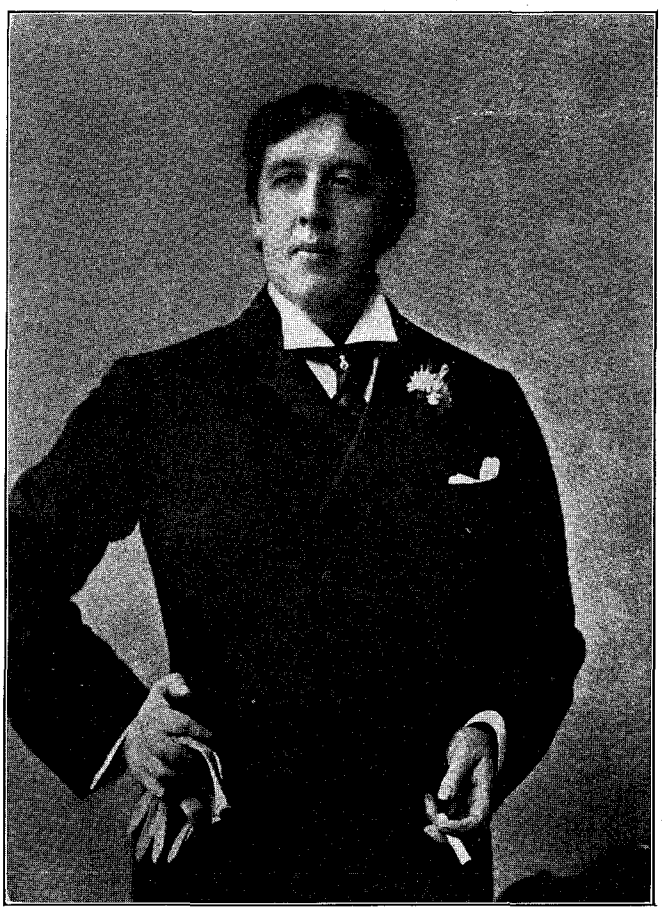
The author of "A Circuit Rider's Wife" has just delivered to her publishers the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "The Recording Angel"

sister, being more famous than Jenny Lind, would draw still larger houses, and had computed the profits of the trip to amount to exactly five hundred and ten thousand, nine hundred and twenty dollars. But Jenny Lind had been "run" by Barnum, a showman in comparison with whom Raphael was but an ignorant child groping in the dark. In addition, Americans did not need to know the language of Jenny Lind in order to listen to her night after night, whereas they were, with exceptions, ignorant of the French language, and indifferent to the masterpieces of French dramatic literature. It was enough to hear Rachel once, in order to be able to boast of having heard her. And this difference of attitude was inevitably reflected in the receipts. Rachel's first house was her best —at the Metropolitan Theatre, on September 3, 1855, she drew five thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. But Jenny Lind's first performance had drawn no less than eighteen thousand seven hundred dollars. The New York disappointment was more emphatically repeated in other American cities, and in addition Rachel's health was already seriously impaired. Long before the term of the vacation accorded to her by the Comédie Française had expired she returend to France and settled down to rest in a country house at Meulan.

Oscar Wilde in America

A propos of Mr. Richard Butler Glaenzer's paper on *The Story of Reading Gaol* it is perhaps worth while to recall some of the incidents of Oscar Wilde's visit to the United States for the purpose of lecturing. He reached this country early in January, 1882, having crossed the Atlantic on the steamship *Arizona*. Naturally he was met at Quarantine by the ubiquitous reporter and furnished columns of copy for the newspapers throughout the country the following morning. His first lecture, on "The English Renaissance," was delivered in Chickering Hall, New York City. He was attired in short breeches and silk stockings, but he did not carry the expected sun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

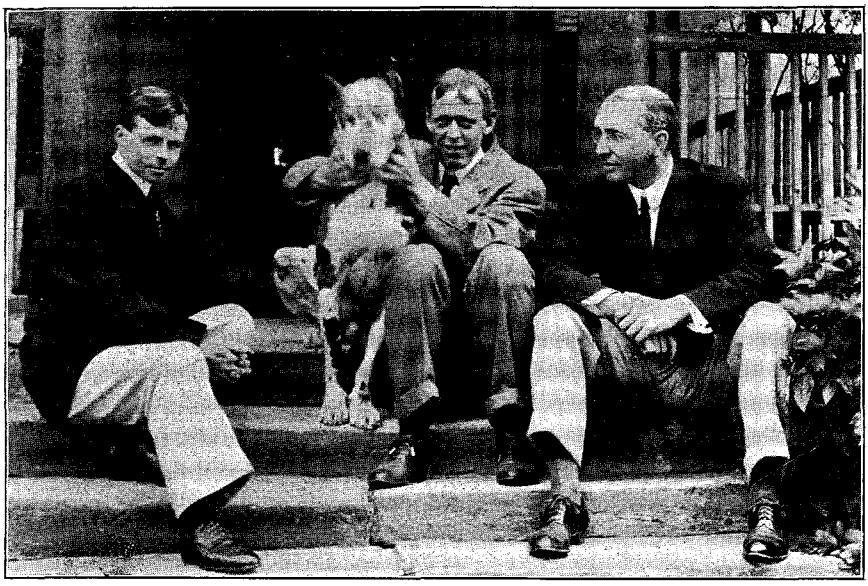


OSCAR WILDE

flower or lily. Of the lecture a writer in the New York *Nation* said, "Mr. Wilde was essentially a foreign product and can hardly succeed in this country. What he has to say is not new, and his extravagance is not extraordinary enough to amuse the average American audience. His knee breeches and long hair are good as far as they go; but Bunthorne has really spoiled the public for Wilde."

From New York Wilde went to Boston and there had an adventure which has been often retold in later years. On the night of his first lecture there the audience was large but not exactly a representative one. It was mainly composed of the curious who had been attracted by the announcement that a number of Harvard students, dressed up in a burlesque of the "æsthetic costume," intended to be present. The masqueraders waited until Oscar Wilde had stepped upon the platform, and then trooped in in single file. There were sixty youths in the procession, and all were dressed in swallow-tailed coats, knee breeches, flowing wigs and green ties. They all wore large lilies in their buttonholes and every man carried a huge sunflower as he limped along. Sixty front seats had been reserved for the Harvard contingent, and it was amidst shouts of laughter that they filed into their places. The effect that they wished to produce was, however, spoiled to some extent by the fact that Oscar Wilde had for that occasion discarded his peculiar costume and appeared in ordinary evening dress, so that those of the audience to whom his usual appearance was not familiar entirely missed the point that the Harvard students wished to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A GROUP AT GUNSTON HALL

From left to right, Paul Kester, the playwright, Vaughan Kester, the author of "The Prodigal Judge" and other novels, and Paul Wilstach, the author of "The Life of Richard Mansfield" and the play "Thaïs"

make. In addition, Mr. Wilde completely turned the tables by proceeding with his lecture with quiet dignity. He crowned his triumph by offering the Harvard students a statue of a Greek athlete to stand in their gymnasium.

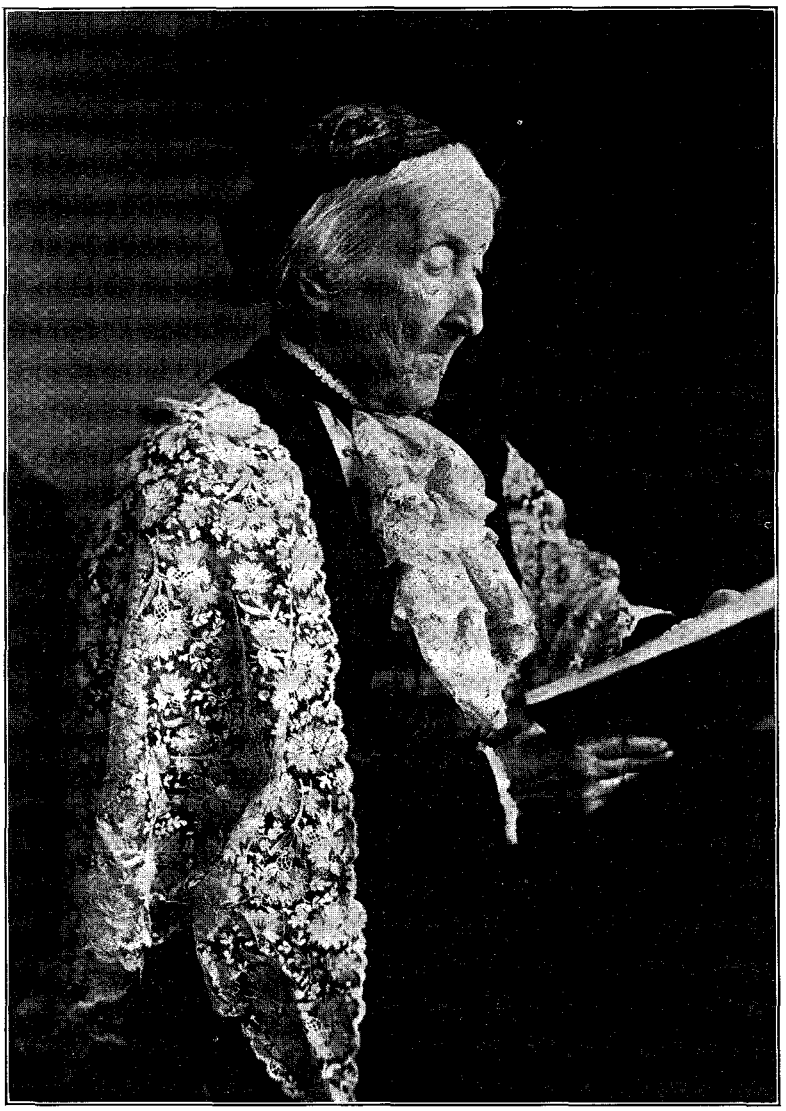
American Memories

A forthcoming volume of memories that impresses us as being of considerable interest is Marian Gouverneur's *As I Remember*. During her girlhood Mrs. Gouverneur visited in the same house with President John Quincy Adams. She was also a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish while the former was governor of the State of New York, at the time that President Zachary Taylor visited them. Her first teacher was Miss Bacon, and later she was a pupil of Maria Forbes, the daughter of John Forbes, one of the first librarians of the New York Society Libraries, and the celebrated Madam Chegaray. She married Samuel Laurence Gouverneur, a grandson of President Monroe, and all her life was spent in the most interesting social and political circles of Washington. She had the peculiar distinction of being the person to introduce Washington Irving and William Makepeace Thackeray.

The occasion of the introduction was Mrs. Gouverneur's last meeting with Irving, whom she had known for some years. She was passing the winter of 1855 in Washington as the guest of an elder sister, Mrs. Eames. Irving, who was then seventy-three years of age, was making a brief visit to the Capitol and called to see her. Thackeray was on his second visit to the United States and was delivering his lectures upon *The Four Georges*. "I had scarcely welcomed Mr. Irving into my sister's drawing-room," she writes, "when Thackeray was announced, and I introduced the two famous but totally dissimilar men to each other. Thackeray was a man of powerful build and of very direct manner, but to my mind was not an individual to be overpowered by sentiment. I cannot remember after the flight of so many years the nature of the conversation between Irving and Thackeray apart from the mutual interchange that ordinarily passes between strangers when casually presented."

Later Mrs. Gouverneur met Thackeray quite a number of times during his stay in Washington, where he was much lionised in society. "One evening," she says, "we were all gathered round the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MARIAN GOUVERNEUR

family tea table when he chanced to call and join us in that cup which is said to cheer. He entered into conversation with much enthusiasm, especially when he referred to his children. He seemed to have a special admiration for a young daughter of his, and related many pleasing anecdotes of her juvenile aptitude. I think he referred to Anne Isabella Thackeray (Lady Ritchie), who gave to the public a biographical edition of her father's famous works. I remember we drifted into a conversation upon a recently published novel, but the title of the book and its author I do not recall. At any rate, he was discussing its heroine, who, under some extraordinary stress of circumstances, was forced to walk many miles in her stocking feet to obtain succour, and the whole story was thrilling in the extreme; whereupon the author of *Vanity Fair* exclaimed, 'She was shoeicidal.' Although he was an Englishman, he was not averse to a pun—even a poor one! I remember asking Mr. Thackeray whether during his visit in New York he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had met Mrs. De Witt Clinton. His reply was characteristic, 'Yes, and she was a gay old girl.'" Our sole excuse for quoting this paragraph is that it illustrates so beautifully certain remarks that were made in the chronicle in the BOOKMAN for last August to the effect that "why is 'good morning' to a great man forty years ago considered such a pious literary relic?"

The Curse of Scotland

In an early chapter of *As I Remember* Mrs. Gouverneur recalls the story of how the nine of diamonds came to be known as the curse of Scotland. The battle of Culloden, or the "Culloden Massacre," was fought on the 16th of April, 1746. The order of the Duke of Cumberland to grant no quarter to prisoners caused the whole civilised world to stand aghast, and earned for him the unenviable title of "the Butcher of Culloden." It has been suggested in extenuation of his conduct that the Duke was "deep in his cups" the night before the battle, and that the general to whom the order was given realising the condition of the Duke, insisted that his instructions should be reduced to writing. Cumberland thereupon seized a playing card from the table where he was engaged in gambling, and complied with the request. The card happened to be the nine of diamonds.

Concerning "Discoveries"

As a general rule we are not very profoundly impressed by the discoveries of hitherto unknown manuscripts by great writers of the past. They are interesting, of course, but they are very seldom found to be serious contributions to literature. A man may not be the best judge of his own work, but that which he discards entirely is pretty sure to be more or less defective. Elsewhere in this issue there is an account of a newly discovered story by Balzac. The June number of *Harper's Magazine* (these notes are written after reading some advance page proofs of that issue) will contain a hitherto unpublished narrative by Thackeray. Both of these "discoveries" have a certain significance, but the reader may be quite sure that Balzac did not throw aside a *Père Goriot* or Thackeray a *Henry Esmond.*

The Thackeray discovery, which bears the title of *Cockney Travels,* is introduced by a note written by Lady Ritchie. She tells how her father used to keep many of his papers in a square mahogany box which his publishers had once given him. There for years the note books have remained, together with various diaries and the sketch books and scraps of manuscripts and packets of letters; and there she has gone from time to time for the purpose of clearing up various questions and problems which have arisen. In hunting for the story of the "Knights of Borsellen," which is announced for publication in *Harper's* for July, she found another manuscript which had also been put away by Thackeray and forgotten. In a corner of an outer page he had written *Cockney Travels.* It is a record of certain impressions jotted down about the year 1842, just before he crossed to Ireland and wrote the *Irish Sketch Book.* "He was in trouble at the time," comments Lady Ritchie, "but how charmingly the aspects of the world appear before his kind eyes."

In substance there is nothing about *Cockney Travels* that could be characterised as astonishing. But if for nothing else it is worth while for that beautiful, mellow style which was Thackeray's from the beginning. For example, he is musing on the Great North Road and the contrasts between the modern world and the old:

> Ah! old friends of the road, where are you? What a pleasant, kindly relationship it was which subsisted between the traveller and you! What a deal of active good-will and lasting friendship did the gift of a shilling here and there engender! Why, if you gave a waiter half-a-crown you might kick him downstairs; not that he was servile or cowardly—only forbearing and good-humoured, and, knowing your innate generosity, willing to pardon your freaks. Think of the delightful descriptions of inns which Harry Fielding has left us, and even Toby Smollett, the humorous and cantankerous Scot! Well, the Cyclopean iron-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

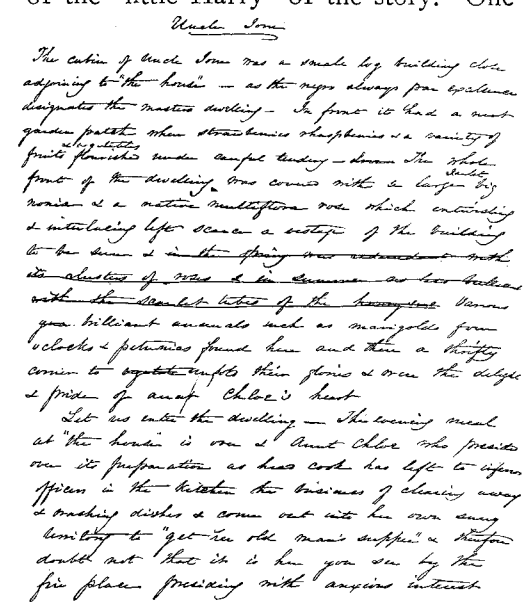
THE HOUSE IN WHICH "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN

masters have stormed and taken that heaven from us—that joyous Highroad Heaven, with all its fair inns and kind inhabitants—there are no suppers at the King's Arms, Bagshot, any more; the Lion at Barnet has dropped his old tail forever; and as for the King's Arms at Sevenoaks, I declare that only three weeks since I heard one of the daughters of the house playing a sonata of Thalberg's, which she concluded with a neat Italian song from *Norma!* Where are the coachmen and all their coats? the barmaids and their red, smiling cheeks? the post-horn (first and second turn out), the comfortable old jingling yellow post-chaises and the postboys? Let us hope that some other world has been found for them—some happy cloud, and to us unknown, *post-futurum!*

Building "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

The *Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, by Charles Edward Stowe and Lyman Beecher Stowe, contains an interesting chapter on "How Uncle Tom's Cabin Was Built." In view of the subsequent history of the famous book it will surprise many persons to learn that the author originally designed it as a work of pacification. She did not expect that the abolitionists would be satisfied with the story, but she confidently believed that it would be favourably received in the South. She was relying on the facts that two of Uncle Tom's three masters were men of good character, amiable, kind, and generous, and that she was trying to show that the fault was not with the Southern people but with the system. A friend who lived in the South and had seen the manuscript wrote her: "Your book is going to be the great pacificator; it will unite North and South." Great was Mrs. Stowe's surprise when the South protested furiously against the book, while the abolitionists received her with open arms.

The character of Simon Legree Harriet Beecher Stowe obtained from her brother Charles. It was drawn exactly from life. Charles Beecher and a young Englishman who was his travelling companion, while on a Mississippi steamboat going from New Orleans to St. Louis, actually witnessed the scene where the Legree of real life showed his fist and boasted that it was "hard as iron knocking down niggers, and that he did not bother with sick niggers, but worked his in with the crop." The scene in which the Senator takes Eliza in his carriage, after her wild flight over the Ohio River on the floating ice, and carries her on a dark and stormy night to a place of safety, is a description of an event that took place in Mrs. Stowe's own Cincinnati household. She had in our family as a servant a young woman whose little boy was the original of the "little Harry" of the story. One



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST MANUSCRIPT PAGE OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" (REDUCED)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day she came to Mrs. Stowe in great distress, and told her that her old master was in the city looking for her, and might at any moment appear and drag her back to slavery. That very night Professor Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher took the woman and her child in the family carriage over just such roads as are described in the book, and brought them to the lonely farmhouse of a man named Van Sant, who consented to shelter them from the slave catchers.

Nursing a Mystery

In England they are nursing a mystery over the authorship of *The Dop Doctor*, a novel which was brought out in this country last summer under the title *One Braver Thing*. The book purported to be by Richard Dehan, a new name to the critics and to the libraries, and though rather quietly issued, it soon proved a substantial success. Meanwhile, people began asking who is Richard Dehan? The American publisher of the book does not know, and apparently very few persons in England know. Consequently there began the old game of nursing a mystery. The most probable name suggested, in view of the scenes and nature of the story, is that of "Frank Danby," the author of *Pigs in Clover* and *The Heart of a Child*. Perhaps the most preposterous guess of all is that which ascribes *The Dop Doctor* to Mr. William De Morgan. Perhaps the mystery will soon be cleared up, for it has been announced that Richard Dehan's next book will be about the Crimean War, in which a near relative of the writer served with great distinction.

The writer of a literary column in the *Yorkshire Observer* professes to know Richard Dehan's identity, but can say nothing beyond the fact that it is a surprising secret. The subject leads to a discussion on his part of the question of anonymity in general and the cases of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod and Anthony Trollope in particular. From the time when he began to succeed as a writer, Trollope felt an injustice in literary affairs which had never suggested itself in the days of his apprenticeship. This injustice was that a name, once acquired, carried with it too much favour. The critics, he believed, sometimes fawned upon established writers even when they wrote trash. In order to test this theory he determined to be an aspirant and to begin a course of novels anonymously, in order that he might see whether he could obtain a second identity. As a result of this idea he wrote *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressel*. For these books he received four hundred and fifty pounds each, which was, of course, much less than he was earning from the books appearing under his own name. The only person who discovered Trollope's secret was Mr. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*. But neither *Nina Balatka* nor *Linda Tressel* was a success. In his Autobiography Trollope says that they were both good stories, but what he does not seem to see is that the experiment was not a fair one, because in them he tried to change not only his manner of language, but also his manner of story-telling.

It is perhaps now forgotten, comments the writer for the *Yorkshire Observer*, that Mrs. W. K. Clifford's most widely known story, *Anne Anne*, was published anonymously, as was also her next best, *Mrs. Keith's Crime*. Mrs. Clifford published *Anyhow Stories* under the signature "L. C." An astonishing result of this was that in many places the tales were attributed to the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. Bulwer Lytton was credited with all kinds of books really written by other persons. Thackeray on the other hand, in his early days, could not always get credit for the work that he had actually done. On one occasion he was overruled in his claims of authorship by an aggressive stranger, and sat silent and abashed before the company while the other lectured him severely upon the sin of imposture.

Twain's European Fame

In Mr. Archibald Henderson's *Mark Twain*, a book which in no way interferes with the formal biography that is being prepared by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, there is an interesting chapter dealing with the various European translations and appre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

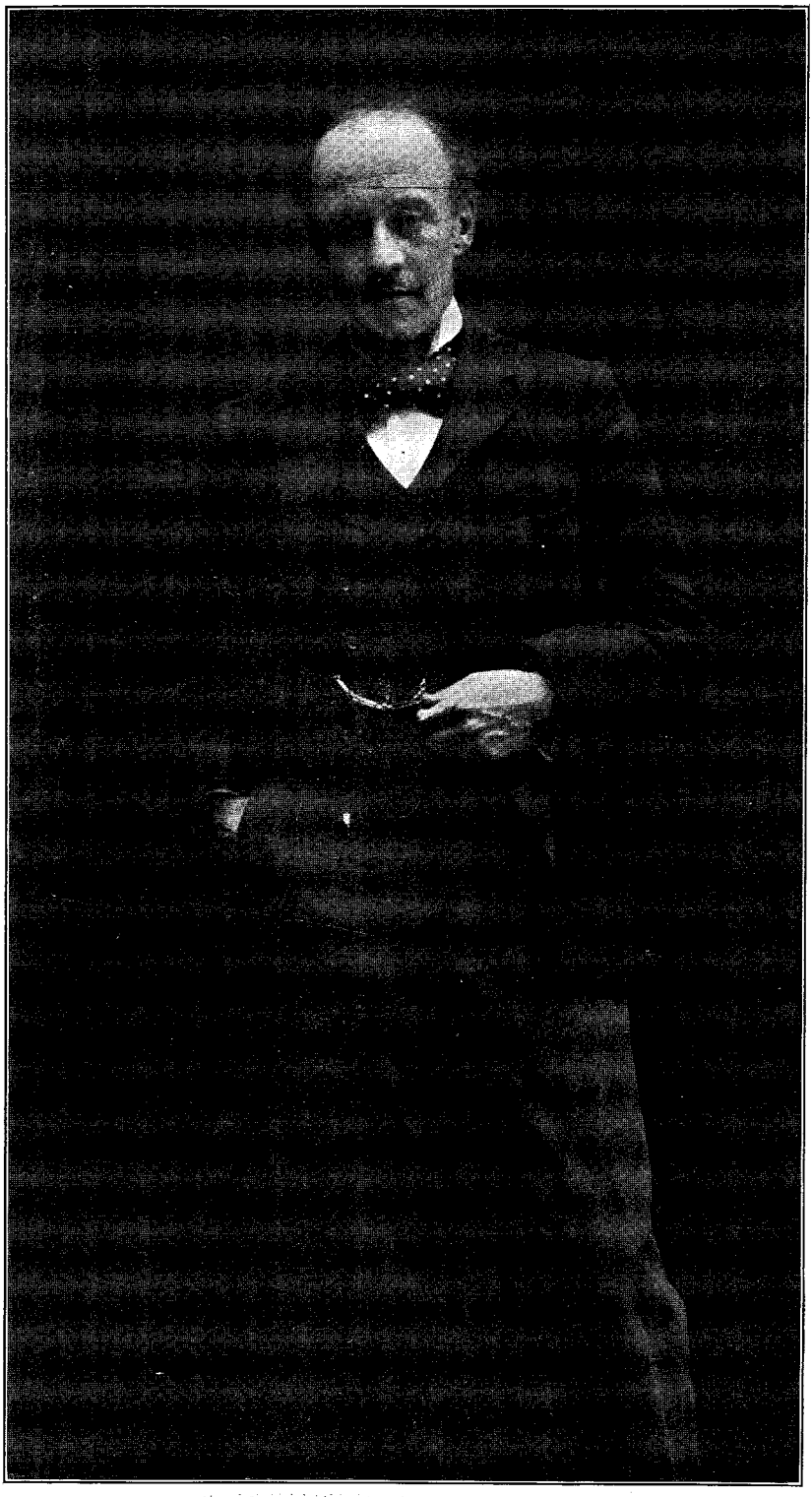
ciations of Mark Twain's work. His first recognition on the continent of Europe Mr. Clemens received in France at the hands of Mme. Blanc (Th. Bentzon). In 1872 Mme. Blanc wrote about Mark Twain in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and translated "The Jumping Frog." Three years later, in the same magazine, she discussed and analysed *The Gilded Age*. In 1881 Emile Blémont still further enhanced the fame of Mark Twain in France by translating a number of the slighter sketches. In 1886, Eugène Forgues published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an exhaustive review (with long citations) of *Life on the Mississippi*, under the title *Les Caravanes d'un Humoriste*. In his prefatory remarks M. Forgues pointed out the praiseworthy efforts that had been made to popularise these "transatlantic gaieties"; to import into France a new mode of comic entertainment. At first, however, the French public saw in Mark Twain only a gross jester, incessantly beating upon a tom-tom to attract the attention of the crowd. By some, indeed, his exaggerations were regarded as symptoms of mental alienation. But finally his humour won its way. When the authoritative edition of his works appeared the *Mercure de France* paid him this distinguished tribute: "His public is as varied as possible, because of the versatility and suppleness of his talent, which addresses itself successively to all classes of readers. He has been called the greatest humourist in the world, and that is probably the truth; but he is also a charming and attractive story-teller, an alert romancer, a clever and penetrating observer, a philosopher without pretensions, and therefore all the more profound, and finally, a brilliant essayist."

Nevertheless, at the time of Mark Twain's death the *Figaro* said: "It is as difficult for a Frenchman to understand Mark Twain as for a North American to admire La Fontaine." Also in Italy the peculiar *timbre* of Mark Twain's humour found an audience not wholly sympathetic, not thoroughly *au courant* with his spirit. "Translation, however accurate and conscientious," as the Italian critic, Raffaele Simboli, has pointed out, "fails to render the special flavour of his work. And then in Italy, where humorous writing generally either rests on a political basis, or depends upon risky phrases, Mark Twain's sketches are not appreciated because the spirit which breathes in them is not always understood. The story of "The Jumping Frog," for instance, famous as it is in America and England, has made little impression in France or Italy.

It was among the Germans and the Scandinavians that Mark Twain found most complete and ready response. As early as 1872 he secured Tauchnitz, of Leipsiz, for his Continental agent. German translations soon appeared of *The Jumping Frog and Other Stories* (1874), *The Gilded Age* (1874), *The Innocents Abroad* (1875), *The New Pilgrim's Progress* (1875), *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876). A few years later his sketches, many of them, were translated into virtually all printed languages, notably into Russian and modern Greek; and his more extended works gradually came to be translated into German, French, Italian, and the languages of Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula. Mark Twain's stories of the Argonauts, his narratives of the wild freedom of the life on the Mississippi appealed to the Germanic passion for the fantastic and the grotesque. In Vienna Mark Twain was fêted in an unprecedented manner and received honours never paid to a German writer. In Berlin the Kaiser bestowed upon him the most distinguished marks of his esteem. When the command to dinner came from the Kaiser Mark Twain's young daughter remarked that if it went on like this there soon would be left no one for him to become acquainted with but God. Mark said that it seemed uncomplimentary to regard him as unacquainted in that quarter; but of course his daughter was young and the young are inclined to jump to conclusions.

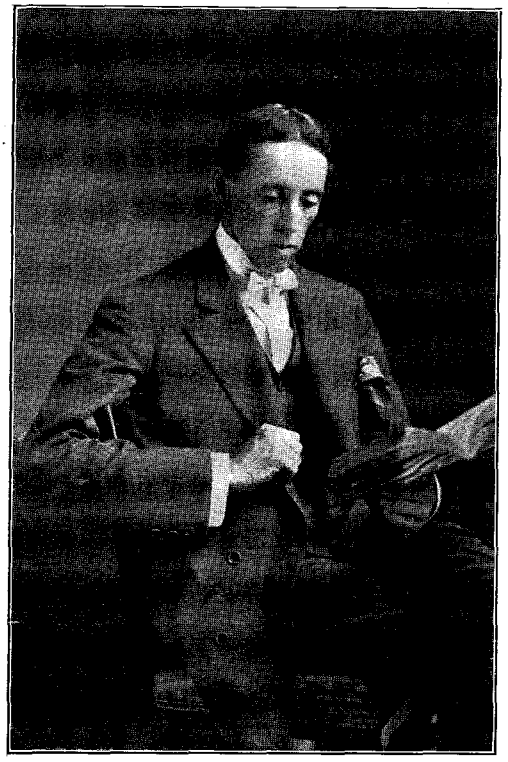
In the six-volume German edition of his works published in Stuttgart, in 1898, Mark Twain was hailed in the introduction as the greatest humourist in the world. Among German critics he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

regarded as second only to Dickens in drastic comic situation and depth of feeling. German comparisons between *Robinson Crusoe* and *Tom Sawyer* were all in favour of the latter. The Teutons, however, could never quite discover the dividing line between astounding actuality and fantastic exaggeration. The descriptions of the barbaric west possessed a marvellous fascination for the sedate Europeans. Though realising that the scenes and events of his stories could not have been duplicated in Europe, the German critics revelled in them none the less that "such adventures were possible only in America—perhaps only in the fancy of an American." "Mark Twain's greatest strength," says Von Thaler, "lies in the little sketches, the literary snapshots. The shorter his work, the more striking it is. He draws directly from life. No other writer has learned to know so many different varieties of men and of circumstances, so many strange examples of the Genus Homo as he; no other has taken so strange a course of development." It is a tremendously significant fact that the works of American literature most widely read in Germany are those of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mark Twain.

F. B. Luquiens

Professor Frederick Bliss Luquiens, who occupies the chair of French in the Sheffield Scientific School, has recently brought out a slim little volume containing *Three Lays of Marie de France* rendered into English verse. Professor Luquiens is an enthusiastic student of mediæval literature and deplores the fact that modern readers know so little about it.

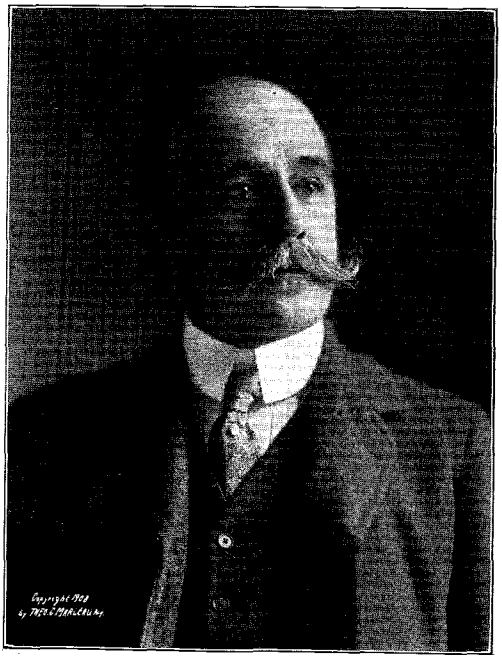
SUSAN GLASPELL, AUTHOR OF "THE GLORY OF THE CONQUERED" AND "THE VISIONING"

(See page 419.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chaucer, Dante, the Nibelungen, the Cid are, he reminds us, familiar names to every one, but no one knows the names of the early French poets and their writings. The present volume is his first effort toward popularising the wealth of material that lies at present neglected; and although containing scarcely threescore pages of text, it represents an amount of patient industry quite out of proportion to the apparent results. Before undertaking to translate these three Lays he trained himself in the methods of translation best adapted to matters of this sort, and practised the Tennysonian form of English blank verse, by making a complete version of the *Chanson de Roland*—a task requiring considerable courage in the absence of any immediate expectation of seeing the fruits of his labour in print. The three Lays that he has chosen out of the dozen which comprise the whole collection left us by this earliest of French women poets include "Sir Launfal," which, as the translator points out, is in the nature of a fairy

FREDERICK BLISS LUQUIENS

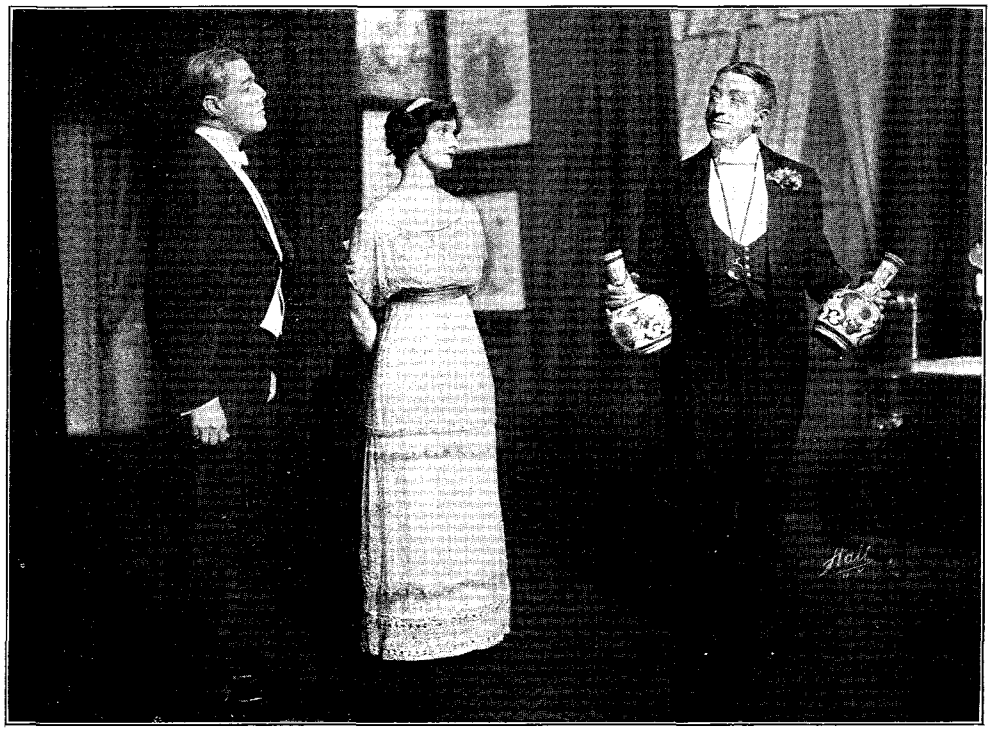


PORTRAIT BY MARCEAU

FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "THE PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH"

story; "The Maiden of the Ash," which is strikingly realistic; and "The Lovers Twain," which lies midway between, the incidents of which "shimmer in an atmosphere of faerie, rendering us incapable of deciding whether to call them stories of real life or fairy tales." The material of these Lays, like that of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, consists of Celtic traditions recast in non-Celtic moulds. They were written by a French woman living in England at the court of Henry the Second; and whether she learned them from the lips of Breton or of Welsh minstrels, she gave them a simplicity and a beauty of form that has immortalised them. It is interesting to recall the fact that Professor Luquiens's father also held the chair of the French language and literature for many years at Yale University. He left two sons, the elder of whom is the present translator, while the younger, Huc-Mazelet Luquiens, is a well-known portrait painter living in New Haven—and incidentally is the artist who provided the graceful lettering for the cover of the book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

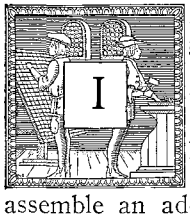


"AS A MAN THINKS"—ACT I

"The entire exposition is made concrete and visual by the clever expedient of bringing in two statuettes to supplant two vases in the drawing-room and attracting the conversation artlessly to circle round these tangible objects. Everything that anybody says about the vases or the statues serves casually to contribute to the exposition."

THE PLAYS OF THE SPRING SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IN the spring the theatre-goer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of other things; and after the song-birds of the opera have sailed away to alien shores, it is difficult to assemble an adequate audience to consider a serious play. This condition of affairs is in many ways unfortunate for the dramatic art. It forces the managers to crowd into a few months the production of innumerable plays of varied types, which inevitably cut each other's throats in a huddled and desperate struggle for the survival of the fittest; whereas, if the producing season were longer, and plays could be brought out in a procession instead of in a riot, more pieces of a modest and unemphatic merit might succeed. But a condition is a condition, and is not to be argued away; even though, as in the present case, it is difficult to discover a real reason for its existence. It would not be fair to lay the blame upon the weather; for spring is a pleasant season in New York, and this year, for example, the theatre has remained a cool and comfortable place throughout the month of May. Rather it would seem that the public becomes wearied by that very hurry and huddle of production in the winter months, which very possibly may be as much a cause as an effect of the lassitude

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and emptiness of the spring season in the theatre. In the literal sense of the adjective, we lead a fast life in New York. In the middle of the season we gulp our social pleasures, just as in the middle of the day we bolt our downtown luncheons; and, as a result, we soon become surfeited, and suffer a sickening of the palate. By April we are tired of the theatre, and prefer an evening of sedentary quietude at home or an afternoon of ambulatory idleness upon a golf-course. In this condition of affairs there are, however, a couple of compensations for the cause of the dramatic art. So many of our stages are left vacant that enterprising managers may assume an opportunity to try out plays by new and unknown authors and possibly uncover a success that may be resumed in the succeeding autumn; and so many leading players are left idle by the closing of their regular

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

"Mr. Thomas is at present the undisputed leader of our stage. . . . Alone among our playwrights he seems to have a message; and we go to his plays not only to admire their facile and accomplished craftsmanship, but also to hear what Mr. Thomas has to say about this or that phase of human nature."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH"—ACT I

"Especially entertaining are the scenes betwen the heroine and her mother; for as soon as the other characters have left the stage, the heroine drops her affectation of British speech and falls into familiar American slang pronounced with the flat vowels and burring consonants of Indiana."

runs that a manager may readily assemble a so-called "all-star" cast for the revival of some nigh-forgotten drama of other days.

"As a Man Thinks"

Of all the plays that have been presented during the latter part of the current season, the most notable is *As A Man Thinks*, by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Mr. Thomas is at present the undisputed leader of our stage. He has served a long apprenticeship in the theatre and has attained a technical mastery of means in which he stands unrivalled by any other American author. At the same time, he has gradually grown from a mere man of the theatre to a public and serviceable citizen. He has thought out an orderly and consistent philosophy of life which, while neither novel nor profound, is healthy and manly, optimistic and encouraging; and in his later plays he has employed his mastery of theatric narrative to expound and to illustrate his philosophy. Alone among our playwrights he seems to have a message; and we go to his plays not only to admire their facile and accomplished craftsmanship but also to hear what Mr. Thomas has to say about this or that phase of human nature. He has a definite purpose and a definite personality; and thereby he has won for himself a definite following among theatre-goers. The fact that his latest piece has played to crowded houses every night is more a tribute to the author than to the leading actor, though the latter is a very able and a very popular performer; and this tribute to an author is so rare in the American theatre that it demands especial notice as a proof that an American dramatist really can rally the public around him if he labours earnestly and sincerely to expound from play to play the best and biggest that is in him.

The success of *As A Man Thinks* is very gratifying to the well-wishers of American authorship in the drama; but a careful study of the piece discloses that it is not nearly so good a play as *The Witching Hour* nor even as *The Harvest Moon*. What the new piece lacks is unity of theme. All that was shown and said upon the stage in *The Witching Hour* served to expound or to illustrate some

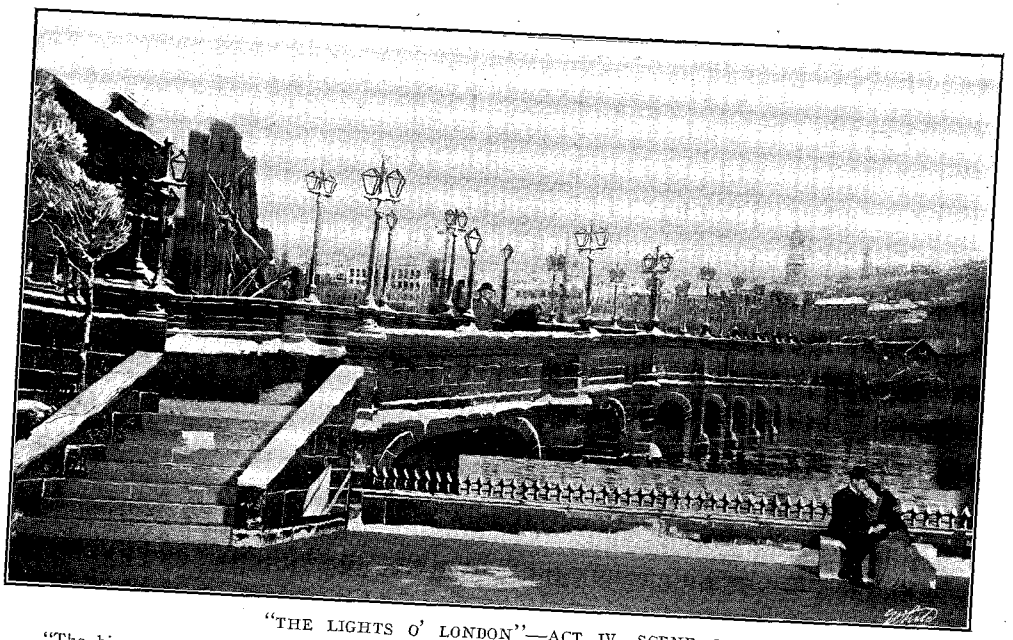
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phase or other of a single central idea—namely, that thought is a dynamic force and that thinking enfolds within itself the virtue and to some extent the power of action. Likewise in *The Harvest Moon,* though the structure of the story was meandering and unstraightforward, all that was said and done served in one way or another as a commentary on the central theme—namely, the influence upon character of the suggestions of environment. But *As A Man Thinks* discloses a mosaic of many ideas instead of a thematic development of one; it produces on the mind an impression that is plural instead of single. During the course of its four acts, Mr. Thomas talks of many things, and nearly all he says is interesting; but it is impossible for the auditor to seize upon any one topic as the central and informing theme of the discussion. In his two middle acts, Mr. Thomas seems to be groping vaguely about in quest of a centripetal idea; he takes up and subsequently lays aside several distinct propositions that have little logical relation to each other, without ever making up his mind as to which of them he prefers to develop as the theme of this particular play. For a time it appears that he wishes to discuss the status of the cultured Jew in present day New York society; but he relinquishes this topic without having said anything significant concerning it. In the second act he launches forth upon a lengthy and somewhat rhetorical eulogy of the Semitic race as the sole conservator throughout the centuries of a belief in monotheism; but subsequently he utilises this motive merely as the basis for an utterly unphilosophical objection on the part of his middle-aged Jewish hero to the marriage of his daughter with a Gentile. Quite apart from these points, he develops an intricate intrigue to serve as a basis for expounding the physiological and sociological reasons for the so-called "double standard" of

"THAIS"—ACT III

"The story is naturally dramatic; because within the souls of both the hero and the heroine it sets forth a stern conflict between sensuous desire and spiritual sanctity—a double conflict, in which what is noblest in each character conquers what is basest in the other. . . . The piece, besides, offers opportunities for the display of gorgeous scenery and costumes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON"—ACT IV, SCENE 3

"The big scene of the play is set on London Bridge. The villain quarrels with the assistant villain and hurls him into the Thames; whereupon the hero, tearing himself from the clinging arms of the heroine, leaps into the ominous flood and saves the poacher's life."

"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON"—ACT III, SCENE 2

"A troupe of strolling players, consisting of a comedy father and mother and an inspired and insufferable child, who have been gathered from the gallery of Dickens."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morality. What he has to say on this point is thoroughly sound and, therefore, entirely commonplace. In the last act, he preaches that the emotion of hate is bad for the mental and, in consequence, the physical health of him who harbours it, that doubt is destructive of personal equilibrium, and that forgiveness and a rushing recurrence of kindliness are the only sure cures for the mental ills that have resulted from erring impulses and unkindly recriminations. The middle-aged Jewish hero, who is a physician of philosophic mind, is utilised throughout as the mouthpiece of the author, to offer a reasoned comment on the twists and turnings of the several plots.

So many distinct and logically unrelated threads of narrative are woven into the plotting of this play that it would be utterly impossible for the critic to offer any adequate summary of the story. A writer can clearly summarise a story only when he understands what it is all about; and it is evident that even Mr. Thomas does not understand what the present play is all about. Heaven only knows; and Heaven has for once neglected to take the author into its confidence. Yet this statement is not to be taken too emphatically as a reproach. Life itself is most frequently incomprehensible in exactly the same way; a typical drift of actual incident is usually lacking in simplicity and singleness of theme: and it must be admitted that this play of Mr. Thomas's preserves at all points the very look of life and tantalises the spectator toward a comprehension of its meaning.

And underlying the artistry of the work there is a baffling paradox; for, though the play has no theme, and exhibits a chaos of unrelated ideas, it is curiously coherent in expression. In subject-matter it is faltering and unconsecutive; but in the technics of representment it displays an unfaltering and continuous command of all the means of theatrical expression. In structural pattern it seems far more coherent than *The Harvest Moon,* which had the advantage of a single central theme. Supreme workmanship has been applied to materials imperfectly selected: the author's reach is fumbling, but his grasp is firm.

The first act, which, considered from the technical standpoint, is by far the best of the four, is a marvel of expository skill. Indeed, this initial act should be studied carefully by the whole host of younger authors who are striving to learn the difficult art of exposition. It is interesting to compare the method of it with that employed in some of the best-made plays of ten or twenty years ago. In this respect, Mr. Gillette's recently revived melodramas, *Held by the Enemy* and *Secret Service,* will serve us as a standard for comparison. In Mr. Gillette's plays the exposition is effected in a series of duologues. Two characters, in conversation, make three or four points completely clear to the audience; they are then succeeded on the stage by two other characters, who bring out a series of other necessary points; then one of these characters is supplanted by another, who asks and answers leading questions; and so on, until at the end of the act a dramatic incident is suddenly introduced to tie up all the threads of exposition into a neat knot at the curtain-fall. But in Mr. Thomas's first act, there is nowhere a set and formal duologue of exposition. One or two questions are casually suggested in an off-hand conversation; the talk is immediately interrupted by an entrance or an exit; new questions are brought up; one or two answers to earlier interrogations are passingly suggested; the characters are shuffled and shifted once again; a single unobtrusive line answers one point and asks another; and so on, until at the end of the act the auditor perceives with surprise that he has gradually been made aware of all he needs to know. And the entire exposition is made concrete and visual by the clever expedient of bringing in two statuettes to supplant two vases in the drawing-room and attracting the conversation artlessly to circle round these tangible objects. Everything that anybody says about the vases or the statues serves casually to contribute to the exposition of one or another of the many threads of narrative. And the dialogue is wonderfully written. It imitates the inconsecutiveness of actual conversation. It is not punctuated with periods, semicolons, and commas; it is, rather, punctuated with dashes. In the very middle of a necessary sentence the heroine pauses to launch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Two lumps, please" toward the tea-table. The curtain line gains all its force from breaking off in the middle of a word:—"Mean anyth . . . I love you." This is the way that people talk: the writing is brilliantly real.—Never have entrances and exits been more skilfully effected. An embarrassing duologue between a man and a woman is terminated by the man's sitting at the piano and beginning to play. The sound of the music recalls three characters from the adjacent room. While they are listening in silence, a servant enters from the hall with the card of a visitor; and the latter is shown in just as the piano-playing is cadenced to a close. The whole pattern is a marvel of stage-directing.—The expedient of the opera-libretto in act two, and that of the telephone in act three, though rather obvious, are exceedingly effective. In many minute points the play exhibits the uttermost artistic accomplishment: technically, it is worthy of the highest praise. It is therefore to be regretted all the more that an author so skilful in managing his means should have neglected to determine in advance precisely what he wished most to talk about in this particular play.

"Thaïs"

The success of *Thaïs* as an opera moved Mr. Paul Wilstach to revert to the original romance by M. Anatole France and make a careful dramatisation of it for presentation in the theatre. The result is a piece that is certain to be popular in every considerable city of the country. It is no longer necessary at this late date to summarise in detail this story of the Christian anchorite who fares forth from the starlit solitude of the Theban desert with the purpose of converting the most notorious courtesan of the superb, voluptuous city of Alexandria; who succeeds in awakening a spiritual yearning in her by dint of being strangely different from all the other men that she has known; and who leads her to a sanctuary where she grows to be a saint and subsequently saves him in turn from the perturbations which have been induced in his own spirit by a growing earthly passion for her. This story enfolds within itself many elements of abiding popularity. To begin with, it is naturally dramatic; because within the souls of both the hero and the heroine it sets forth a stern conflict between sensuous desire and spiritual sanctity—a double conflict in which what is noblest in each character conquers what is basest in the other. Then, the story is obviously moral; and there is nothing more popular than obvious morality. Furthermore, all history teaches us that the most popular of all emotions is religious emotion. The piece, besides, offers opportunities for the display of gorgeous scenery and costumes, which are taken full advantage of in the present rich and colourful production. The action, to be sure, moves a little slowly, and at times the dialogue is weighted down with rhetoric; but in the main the play is well planned and more than adequately written. A fine poetic fancy shows itself in many of the speeches; and though there is some confusion in the dialogue between the pronouns *thou* and *you,* the general tone of the writing is dignified and often beautiful. Granted his task, Mr. Wilstach has accomplished it commendably; and he fully deserves the popular success which *Thaïs* has achieved.

"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh"

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, a three-act comedy by a new author, Mr. Harry James Smith, consists really of a couple of Beatrice Herford monologues intermingled with each other and supported by a framework of contributory exposition that dates back to the days of Scribe. As a play, it is crude and badly made; but it is transformed into a pleasing and almost brilliant entertainment by the talents of the most accomplished high comedienne in America.

The name of the heroine was originally Sales. She was brought up in Missionary Loop, in Indiana; and her father made a large fortune by selling a patent medicine with his face upon the label. With her father under the sod, the heroine decided that, in order to live up to his money, she would have to live down his notoriety: therefore she moved to Washington and changed her name to De Salle. Subsequently she transferred the scene of her climbing to England, where she succeeded in marrying a mild

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ecclesiast with the hyphenated name of Bumpstead-Leigh. In her arduous ascent to higher levels of society, Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh has been carrying along, as baggage, her mother and her sister. She adopts herself, and also teaches them, an exaggerated British mannerism of speech. After this superficial transformation, the three return to America as pretended English gentlewomen, and are invited to visit a family of rich New Yorkers at their Long Island home. It is Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's immediate endeavour to marry off her sister to the rather worthless elder son of the family she has camped upon. But along comes a certain Peter Swallow, a tombstone manufacturer from Missionary Loop, who used to dangle the heroine upon his knee in days gone by. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh cleverly faces him down, staring at him blankly through a lorgnette, examining him laughingly as a provincial specimen, and overwhelming him with a flood of fluent Britticisms. But subsequently her sister, who really loves the younger brother of the man she has been instructed to angle for, can stand the cheat no longer and deliberately gives the game away.

This piece, as has been stated, is made up mainly of two extended monologues—that of the heroine and that of the tombstone-maker; but both of these monologues are amusing. Especially entertaining are the scenes between the heroine and her mother whenever they are left alone; for as soon as the other characters have left the stage, the heroine drops her affectation of British speech and falls into familiar American slang pronounced with the flat vowels and burring consonants of Indiana. The dialogue is not precisely witty, but it is at least vivacious; and the piece as a whole, in spite of its insufficiency in art, is entertaining.

There is a sharp contrast in artistry between such a bungling bit of work as *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* and the symmetrical and satisfying comedies of Mr. A. E. Thomas, another newcomer to the theatre, who—incidentally—is not related to the author of *The Witching Hour*. Mr. Thomas's first play, *Her Husband's Wife*, was produced successfully a year ago; but it was brought to New York so late in the season that it was impossible to review it at the time in the pages of this magazine. The piece was an orderly development of a novel and entertaining idea. The heroine, like Molière's Argan, is an imaginary invalid. Convinced of her prospective demise, she becomes solicitous of picking out a second partner for her husband. Naturally she selects a girl who is apparently the plainest and dullest woman of her acquaintance. But the latter, being informed of her selection, immediately spruces herself up and begins an eager flirtation with the husband; and thereby so emphatically awakens the jealousy of the wife that the latter is compelled to forget her hypochondria in a desperate endeavour to win back the husband she had all but resigned to the successor she herself had chosen. The piece was neatly built and neatly written; and it was beautifully human in its humour. For this reason the reviewer of THE BOOKMAN was moved to travel to Trenton, to witness the first—and, as it transpired in the tragic outcome, the last performance for the present—of the author's second comedy, entitled *What the Doctor Ordered*. Three days later the leading actor, Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr.—a delicate and finished artist and a well-beloved man—died suddenly of pneumonia; and, in respect for his memory, the managers postponed a metropolitan production of the play until the fall. This new comedy continues the high promise of its predecessor. A young husband and wife, who have been married a few years, have begun to get upon each other's nerves. What they really need is a brief vacation from each other. Instead, they continue nagging at each other in their daily association, until in a sudden flare-up at the dinner-table each of them vows to cease speaking to the other. Throughout the second of the three acts, both hero and heroine maintain their vow of silence. The communications which are necessitated by the daily business of living are carried on in pantomime, or by speaking to a third and disinterested party, or by writing on a blackboard, or in any of a multitude of other amusing ways. Finally, in the last act, a recon-

Mr. A. E. Thomas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciliation is effected, the long silence is broken, and the couple return to a homely and mutual relation. In both of these plays Mr. Thomas has dared to write pure comedy, without stiffening his plot with the sterner stuff of drama or leaning for more than a passing moment upon either sentiment or pathos. He has created real people, set them in an unusual and amusing situation, and allowed them to work out their own destinies for the entertainment of the audience. His comic power results from his insight into human nature. He is not a satirist: he prefers, rather, to call forth sympathetic laughter. His lines are not funny in themselves, as formulas of words; he is not a manufacturer of epigrams; but his dialogue is rich with a real humour that results from the human nature of the characters and the incongruity of the situations in which they are projected. He builds his comedies with symmetry; and instead of writing them in slang, like the majority of our younger playwrights, he writes them with a careful literary finish. *What the Doctor Ordered* may be commended to the notice of the discerning when it is produced at the Astor Theatre in the fall; and those who are seriously interested in the promise of new playwrights will do well to watch the future work of Mr. A. E. Thomas.

"The Lights o' London"

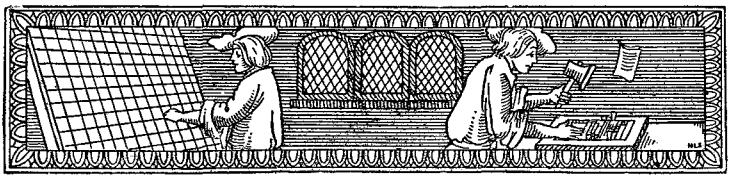
Just as the mood of a healthy individual varies from hour to hour—so that he is reverent one moment and profane the next, uproarious and poetical within a single evening—so the mood of the public at large varies from generation to generation, and the horse-hair sofa that indicated a bourgeois comfort and solidity in one age becomes the ridicule and eyesore of the next. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. George R. Sims's melodrama entitled *The Lights O' London,* which was taken seriously when it was first produced at the Union Square Theatre in 1881, should be received with ribald merriment after the lapse of thirty years, in its present revival with a so-called "all-star" cast. As is the case in every "all-star" production, the acting as a whole is very uneven; but this fact has nothing to do with the direct appeal that this old play now makes to our sense of the absurd. This melodrama is in truth a creaking and lumbering concoction, and leads us a little to distrust the sentimental sighing of white-haired critics like Mr. William Winter for the grand old days that were. It is plotted with no reference to life and written in ludicrous heroics and rhetorical inflations. The very virtuous hero is a person set apart by destiny to be misunderstood and persecuted. By marrying the lily-white heroine he incurs the anger of his rich and testy father, and is supplanted in favour by his cousin, a deep-dyed and despicable villain. The latter, aided by a sinister poacher whose daughter he has falsely promised to marry, robs the old man of his jewels and his papers and assaults him with a violence that causes him to die; and they contrive, of course, to fix the blame upon the innocent hero. The latter escapes from prison, and is harboured by a troupe of strolling players, consisting of a comedy father and mother and an inspired and insufferable child, who have been gathered from the gallery of Dickens. Through the kindly ministrations of the strollers, the hero is reunited with his wife; but the villain still pursues them. The big scene of the play is set on London Bridge in a murky gas-lit evening. The villain quarrels with the assistant villain and hurls him into the Thames; whereupon the hero, tearing himself from the clinging arms of the heroine, leaps into the ominous flood and saves the poacher's life. In an ultimate court-room scene, the poacher peaches on the villain, and a providential lawyer enters with a will which leaves the ancestral estate to the long-suffering hero. It is this final intervention of the long arm of coincidence which most emphatically titillates the risibilities of the contemporary audience. But the whole play is really just as funny, and offers a striking object-lesson in the progress of the stage.

Historical Matinées at the New Theatre

At the very close of its second season, the New Theatre offered a series of four historical matinées, illustrative of four successive periods in the development of the English drama. Each matinée began with a thirty or forty minute lecture by Professor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brander Matthews of Columbia University—the foremost living student and critic of the drama in America—setting forth the conditions of theatrical production in the chosen period; and the lecture was in every case supplemented by a presentation of all or part of a play of that particular period in approximately the manner of its time. At the first matinée the miracle play of *Noah's Flood* and the morality of *Nice Wanton* were presented; the second matinée set forth some scenes from *The Winter's Tale* on an Elizabethan stage; the third disclosed several passages from *The School for Scandal* on an apron stage with eighteenth century scenery and appointments; and the fourth exhibited an act and a half of *The Thunderbolt* under contemporaneous conditions. The lectures were both entertaining and instructive, and the illustrative performances were admirable. But the most significant point about the whole experiment for the critic of the theatre was the fact that the enormous auditorium of the New Theatre was completely sold out for this series of matinées several days before the first performance, and that this academic exercise was, in the business sense, the most successful of all the New Theatre's undertakings. Earlier in the season, when the management was attempting to cater to the taste that is vaguely called "popular," by renting the house to Miss Nethersole, reviving *Old Heidelberg,* and importing Miss Tempest to appear in an utterly inconsiderable dramatisation of *Vanity Fair,* the judicious public staid away; but when at last the institution showed an inclination to fulfil the purposes for which ostensibly it was founded, the public walked and motored to the box-office in droves. Studious people who refused to waste an evening over *Vanity Fair* came eagerly to witness the only performance of *Nice Wanton* that had been given in over three hundred years. This is only the latest of many evidences that the heads of the public are higher than our managers imagine. There are in New York, and in fact throughout the country, thousands of people who wish to learn about the history of the drama. A whole host of theatre-goers are eager to pay their money for instruction regarding the past and present of the stage. And an institution like the New Theatre can attain the fullest measure of success only after its conductors have learned to look up to the theatre-going public instead of down upon them.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASUAL READER

BY F. M. COLBY

Among the Ideas in the Air

I wonder why people write so much nowadays about Woman in General. That lively creature, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has been saying that "the female holds up with two strong arms two pillars of civilisation, dignity and thrift," and that she is enabled to do so by "her curious position of private omnipotence." Rather sweeping, is it not? I might set it down to Mr. Chesterton's mental haste and verbal generosity. He hates a narrow word. He would think it stingy to say only what he means, even if he were not in too much of a hurry to find out. In this passage, you see, even the word woman is not wide enough for him; he must needs say female, throwing in the rest of the animal kingdom for good measure. But I have found quite as large sayings about Woman in General in many recent writings that purported to be altogether matter of fact, with none of that "towering levity," that "amateurishness of the universe" about them which Mr. Chesterton has praised and practised. Last summer, for example, a very serious person summed up Woman for us in every age of the world, and proved that she could no longer please men, if she took to thinking, or bear children, if she voted. He wrote without a tremor of indecision, often exclaiming, "All history shows." He said that if Woman went on, the race would have to stop, and that if the race were to go on, Woman must remain affectionate, motherly and almost idiotic. There was a magazine debate on this proposition, lasting several months.

The need of writing about her in this earnest, rapid way arises, I suppose, from some sort of social misunderstanding. No private mind ever remains for five minutes alone with Woman in General. Privately these writers are too much gnawed by women in particular, torn by specific anxieties, dubieties—kinks in a concrete wife, perhaps, anomalies of some mere Aunt Sarah—for any of these wider certainties. Yet publicly there is no checking the rush of firm convictions. Though privately possessed, henpecked, perhaps, by the lawless exceptions, their minds elope in public with some general rule. It seems a singular divergence—this public message that "All history teaches," and private swearing that God only knows. What so balloons man's thoughts of Woman just on the eve of publication and at no other time?

But so it is, I suppose, with most of our public certitudes; they are not only matters of private uncertainty; they are matters about which we have not thought at all. They seem too frivolous for private thinking; fit only for public speech. Minds do not act together in public; they simply stick together; and when the private activities are resumed, they fly apart again. Public discourse abounds in just such large positive assurances about Man, Woman, Nature, Democracy and Progress, in which the mind of the speaker has never personally taken any part. Public opinion is not consensus; it is coagulation.

Believing that the private human mind is a better thing than could be guessed from its public appearances, and often guiltless of its public opinions, I have for some years past kept a note book for the entry of similar divergencies which I have found in current publications. I have something of a collector's mania for collapsible opinions, that is to say, those large, ownerless public thoughts which almost any one will display on a public occasion, but which deflate instantly in solitude or in the comparative candour of private conversation. A public opinion about Woman in General is of course always collapsible and I have many entries under that head. Education, "Culture," sociology, literary criticism, and "the signs of the times" have also supplied me with good specimens, being subjects on which hardly any one can retain a public thought for private uses. Then there are one's political opinions, which of course nobody ever uses privately except in sheer absence of mind. He would as soon think of raising an umbrella while walking in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his house. Never in its private stirring times could a mind be Democratic or Republican. Those are its public fixities. Party politics seem a device for suspending the mind's private animation that action may be taken on a public thought. Hence the peculiar aptness in American politics of the term "stump" speech, proceeding as it does from the stump of an intellect.

It seemed to me that taking notes on these customary divagations was a harmless and perhaps a useful practice at this time. when everybody is publicly saying larger things than he privately believes, professing to love humanity in bulk, trying to spread his mind over great masses of mankind, shoot it at a moment's notice across Asia or down to the roots of civilisation or through posterity or into the temper of the Middle West—a time of mad altruisms and premature leaderships, when people are clean gone into other-mindedness—and believe it selfish ever to stop and think, when one may be up and doing, filling some other person's head with something. It seemed to me that somebody ought to be taking notes on these too early philanthropies. But a thoughtful person whom I asked to read my notes the other day has told me that I am altogether wrong. The practice, he said, was supercilious and the results were trivial. His comments were very disagreeable.

Why so much ado, he asked, about these obvious and too familiar trifles, superfluities of press and platform, reiterations of the stage and books, Woman in a nutshell, flippancies of reform, compliments to Mother Nature, guesses at the nations, guesses at mankind, taste-battles, "Culture's" cares and the irritable gentilities, and all the rest of the snobberies, pomposities and Podsnapperies you have caught from flying printed matter—mere rubbish of spent days which sensible folk sweep from their memories? Why recover these discarded things merely for the pleasure of recording them? For you seek neither cause nor cure, but write only as a virtuoso of the waste-basket.

And are you, he asked with embarrassing directness, at all unlike the people you describe or a whit nearer the truth or any less than they a creature of forced notes and the thousand and one needless subserviencies—with all the marks of the social harness on you, callosities of trade, angularities of a mean experience, the twang of your own little group, and the rigidities and evasions of compromised, disingenuous middle age? No sign that I can see of any free and wind-swept spirit about you, said he to me, but the self-same spirit of the men you mention, living in no hypæthral temple but in quite the usual tight-roofed little mental domicile, fancy-proof and habit-shingled, doorless and windowless toward the truth, though with peep-holes for counting other men's opinions, and so broad and glad an entrance for applause, ten dogs might stand abreast wagging their tails in it.

Thus did that disappointed thoughtful person, out of his element, reading me, grow more abusive as he reckoned up his wasted minutes. And I bore it meekly, knowing that I had but drifted down the tide with these colossal commonplaces, lost in a foolish wonder at them, and shown no better way, being myself too bent in false observances, and humdrum daily practice of large lies, conceding too much to staling customs, cheating and being cheated in my turn. What man has got his forty years and odd and kept his own? Little of the individual remains. So hard is it to be a docile social unit in one's mass and still retain one's self-possession. Most of us, I fancy, looking in some honest moment for our souls, will find them gone to social smithereens inside us.

Yet there is a small abstemious personal relic in a man, which looks back with some astonishment at the convivial excesses of his public speech. I suppose a writer on Woman in General sometimes feels toward his vast conclusions as I do toward my company manners, wondering how they ever got so far away. Never have I put my best foot foremost in company without feeling afterward that it was no foot of mine, but might be anybody's, perhaps belonged to one of them that carried out Ananias. Fancy trying to catch a train with the best foot one puts forward in company. I have never hurried to meet a public expectation without leaving myself behind. And it must be worse still with literary folk, conscious as they are that ten thousand eyes are on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them and eager that each one shall open very wide. It must give a writer something of a turn when he sees afterward what he has been up to in some small book on a giant subject, say, how to prevent Woman or what to do with Man, and he might even like to confess to some discreet, kind-hearted person that personally he had not reached those huge conclusions, but often had the smallest notions when he said the largest things, and had not really thought at all of Woman and meant his Susan every time he said the female sex. But it is just as well that Susan should not know. They say the home life of that serious person who summed up Woman last summer has become very bitter now that his wife has learned the chief source of his literary inspiration. It seems that whenever he said "All History teaches," he meant her. And God speed her vengeance. There is a class of writers on feminism whose wives, I hope, will hammer the very hominism out of them.

To be sure I myself once took notes on one woman, thinking to deceive—plotting a book on Modern Woman merely by expanding her, but I soon gave up the cowardly attempt as altogether hopeless. Only one man, I found, had ever succeeded in summing up even his wife and he a hero and accounted legendary. I mean Peter the Pumpkin-eater who "put her in a pumpkin shell and there he kept her very well." This writing on Woman in General is the mad attempt of lesser men to do as Peter did. Mr. Chesterton uses a Female Cosmos "vast, broad, universal and liberal," and Mr. Shaw has tried a Superwoman "ever pursuing Man at the behest of the Life Force," but not Mrs. Chesterton or Mrs. Shaw or any other particular woman will ever stay inside. And it is a mercy. If the clever people had their way they would expel all wildness from the world. If we were all as clever as they, how should we get our daily surprises? And who would care to talk to a foregone conclusion, no matter how large she was or handsome—even to that Mrs. Cosmos, even to the Superwoman?

Clever people seem not to take any natural pleasure in bewilderment, and are always answering questions when the chief relish of a life is to go on asking them. Proud as I should be of having summed up Woman for two thousand years, I should be sorry if any one of them remained inside my propositions for a week—however cosmical they were or superladylike. That is the consolation of a little mind; you have the fun of changing it without impeding the progress of Mankind. I suppose if you have a very important head you feel that you must never let it spin. Mine may spin with a clear conscience, knowing as it does that it will come off some day and vanish liks a puff-ball, not a very noticeable extinction, and leaving the world as it is. But to the clever writer it is the world that may vanish like a puff-ball unless he goes straight on. Hence the activities of a certain group of gifted English writers on behalf of civilisation. To them it is a potted geranium and they go to bed of a frosty night wondering how they will find it in the morning. Good souls but sent to the wrong address. There must be some other planet, some very little planet, they might have dusted off each night.

Of course I myself have always merely slid along, or been blown rather, free from this awful stewardship, and never had the care of a consciously powerful intellect, which must be managed always for the good of the race. But I do believe these people are solving social problems to excess. They are so preoccupied with everybody that they have little time for anybody and least of all for themselves, and their books are written out of an insufficient solitude. And solitude is necessary for the exposure of society and especially for any effective satirical assault on Modern Man. That is the trouble with those who aim to lash, bite, excoriate and unmask any large part of the population. They bustle about far too much. They would extend the area of devastation, simply by remaining pensively at home. By rights, satire is a lonely and introspective occupation. Nobody can describe a fool to the life without much patient self-inspection.

And by the way how foolish it is to say as some do that we no longer value solitude because fewer of us are now to be found in caves or trees, or on our pil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lar-tops. Why trouble to get out of ear-shot when one has ceased to hear? There is a vast amount of hermit-power in the world though not expended in the mediæval manner. As crowds increase we build our forts of inattention, and the more we talk the easier is it to mean little and listen not at all. Thus are the outer demands met by the inner apathies till a man may buzz all day like a mechanical toy, socially wide awake, personally drowsing. Talk does not balk the solitary instincts but, as is well known, is often the alternating and lonely cry of the mentally separated, a grasshopper antiphon, and we all meet many anchorites in conversation who are safe from intrusion as in a cell. Few would care to lose their precious faculty of not listening, closing the mind to the cruel peltings of unassimilable things, and there is seldom any need of listening, but only of looking as if you were. And it has been my experience that people on the whole are disposed to fair play in the matter, requiring no more attention than they give, showing mercy to my wandering mind as they would have mercy shown to theirs. Talk ought always to run obliquely and not nose to nose with no chance of mental escape. I hate a man who holds the eye. Last night a man I met talked straight into me for fifteen minutes, following the least deflection of the nose, and we revolved slowly beak to beak like hostile chickens afraid to peck. It is not the noise that is unpleasant; it is the acquisition of undesired information. It is proof of some violence done your mind when you find yourself remembering things that at the time you desired passionately not to know. I recall now the names of six hotels that he stopped at last summer.

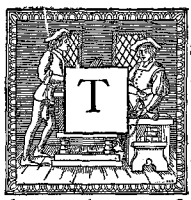
Still we do, I think, contrive wonderfully in conversation to keep each other off our minds, and most of it is now done turtle-wise, with the mind snug inside its egotistic carapace whereon the patter of a friend's talk is as rain on the roof. Talk moves mostly in parallels and few minds ever meet and even if they do they seem to part with equal enthusiasm. We have great gifts of isolation and even the woman who marries a bore needs little sympathy, for he does but sharpen her natural knack for inattention. I do not believe the women of my family are unhappy when I talk. They are merely driven inward, and make next summer's plans.

Now as we pass our lives largely in these reserves and silences with many doubts that we do not care to mention and many hopes that we do not share, the talk of the day is not the key to us. And that is the mistake of this brilliant group of social problem-solvers. They are too much engaged with the "ideas in the air," applying logic to them, denying, maintaining, and too little with the ideas at the back of their heads and ours. Men's thoughts are not coincident with the "ideas in the air," but run back into a vast hinterland seldom visited in speech. And that is the chance for literature. Literature never remains behind with Progress, but advances always into this back country of the mind, and reports at least what one man sees there. But these men judge us merely by what they hear us say, and then rush into social shepherd work, guessing at everybody, while unacquainted with themselves. So there is a great hurry of words and a preposterous certitude, with Woman and Man and Marriage and Cosmos and God all bundled into nutshells. They do not think like that, but they can spare no time for personal accuracy in their writings. The better sort of books speak to us severally, but their books speak to us as groups or classes using only our own poor, makeshift party cries and watchwords. It is the stuff of platforms and of market-places, and not the stuff of honest books. Honest books are centrifugal forces sending souls about their business. Honest books are not impudently certain of all things, and they bear toward the world a sort of *morituru te saluto* courtesy. They are not written for the side of us that talks, but for the silent side that wonders at the lies we tell. And above all, they are permanently inquisitive, as these clever ones are not; and every man should be inquisitive through every hour of his great adventure down to the day when he shall no longer cast a shadow in the sun. For if he dies without a question in his heart, what excuse is there for his continuance? So devil take these clever people and their certainties.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN UNKNOWN STORY BY BALZAC

BY ALBERT SCHINZ



HERE has come to light a novel by Balzac the existence of which had remained unknown to the world for two-thirds of a century. This novel, *L'Amour Masqué,* or as the author at first called it, *Imprudence et Bonheur,* was written for the famous Duchesse de Dino. Balzac had been her guest repeatedly; he had recognised in her one of those rare women of former times, who by their intelligent and, as if it were, instinctive appreciation of genius can compensate for a great "incompris" like Balzac, the lack of recognition on the part of his contemporaries; one of those women near whom, thanks to tactful treatment, a man will in hours of depression regain confidence in himself and courage to go on. Although strong physically and powerful morally, Balzac was as tenderhearted as a girl, and as sensitive as a child; those delicate and angelic women that he liked to place in some of his most brutally realistic stories ought, of course, to have opened the eyes of people. Very few understood; but among them that woman in whose honour he wrote, as a token of his gratitude, this little novel. The manuscript was luxuriously bound by the artist Lesort, and occupied a place of honour in the collection of the Dino family. The present Duc de Dino presented it as a gift to Lucien Aubonel, the man of letters, who agreed that the editors of the collection *In Extenso* (Guillequin & Cie) should print it.

L'Amour Masqué has indeed the two chief characteristics of Balzac fiction: a very romanesque adventure, treated in a very philosophical spirit. Here lies the difference between all the famous novelists of the Romantic period who were so successful—the "best sellers" as we would say now—and Balzac, who was very much less so: Dumas' romanesque, e. g. is entertaining only; Balzac's forces one to think besides; Dumas' romanesque is its own end, Balzac's is only a means for some higher purpose.

It is on a Lundi gras, in Paris, at the Bal de l'Opéra. Léon de Préval, an officer, meets a bewitching masked woman. She is evidently a lady of good breeding, but her actions are disconcerting. She leaves the man desperately in love with her, only promising that he will see her in three weeks again. He tries in vain to trace her. She then persuades him to meet her at her own house, but on the condition that he will allow every precaution to be taken so that he will never know where he went. He accepts, prompted not so much by some romanesque turn of mind as by sincere love, and because she has inspired him with perfect confidence. The day after the mysterious *rendezvous* an explanation comes in the form of a letter. Léon learns that she is the daughter of a very rich planter in South America, has been married to a brute, who, fortunately for her, dies when she is twenty-five. She swears never to accept the law of a man again, and sails for Europe with friends. Still she is unhappy; her life is empty, she wants to devote her affection on some one; she wants to become a mother. Léon, unable to forget, is ordered with his regiment to some other town, and later to war. She herself has left Paris for Touraine. One day Léon receives a secret message that he is the father of a little girl. Two years later, on a visit in Paris, Elinor (it is the name of the unknown woman) accidentally hears that Léon is suffering terribly, and begins vaguely to realise that she has overstepped her rights . . . suffice it to say here that lucky occurrences bring one day the officer dangerously wounded to Elinor's country home; she saves his life, loves him. He, having seen her only masked, does not recognise her; and as he cannot resist her charm, while at the same time he feels unable to forget the masked woman, Elinor finds herself in the romantic situation of being her own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

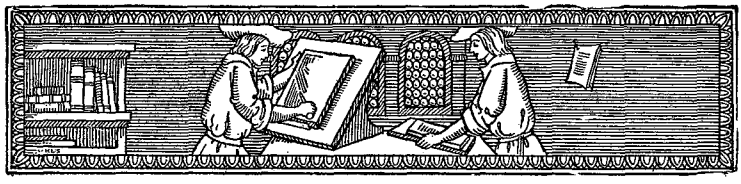
rival. She decides to reveal the truth to him in a romantic fashion again, namely in inducing some friend to take him to the Bal de l'Opéra, where she meets him masked as he had seen her three years before. Things do not go as easily as she had at first thought; but all ends well.

Typically Balzacian as one sees. As romanesque an adventure as one may wish; but that is by no means the end of it. Elinor is not a capricious woman. As a matter of fact, it is her very earnestness that leads her into that imprudent adventure. It was a very human feeling of revolt that made her detest matrimony, and it was again a very deep natural feeling that caused her to desire to own a child. "Do not believe me to pose for an *esprit fort,*" she writes Léon, "and that I consider laws useful to society to be mere prejudices. No; I respect them, and if in this circumstance I have violated them, it was only for once, under special circumstances, allowing me to save appearances and my reputation."

At the same time, while Balzac will only have a superior character in his story, namely, one whose motives of action are sincere and worth looking into, he does not fail to be a moralist of the solid conservative type. Elinor has thought over her case, but not enough; she speaks of her case as of an exception; but there are no exceptions, answers Balzac. There is a natural order of society which is a divine order; and moreover, in spite of all appearances, everything is so arranged by God that it will turn out for the ultimate happiness of all concerned. "I am convinced of it now," admits Elinor at the end, when she sees that her dispositions would have wronged everybody, including herself, had they not been interfered with—"it is only at the expense of her own happiness that a woman can try to throw away the severe fetters which were imposed upon her sex."

Neither did Balzac ignore the psychological elements of the case: The woman comes to realise her wrong not directly by reasoning better than she had done at first; she was prompted to it by the instinctive pity of a woman for the suffering of a man. In other words, she does not finally love Léon because she understands, but she understands because first, divine nature has inspired her with compassion and love.

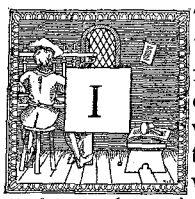
Balzac has been the only great writer of his time who understood thoroughly the social dangers of Romanticism; when everybody around him was imprudently preaching individualism. Balzac said: Take care; our social laws have deeper roots than any philosophy of an individual, no matter how great he is. And this is why his contemporaries, who all went to Musset or Vigny, refused to listen to him; at the same time, this is why he did not suffer wreck with the other writers of his generation, but on the contrary his fame grew with the fall of Romanticism; and finally this is why he is getting more popular every day. We are still discussing the problems brought about by the French Revolution and Romanticism; the evils proved to be much greater than was anticipated, and the good perhaps not as great. Balzac preached reform instead of revolution; that is all.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIBRARIES ON THE TRANS-ATLANTIC LINERS

BY CALVIN WINTER



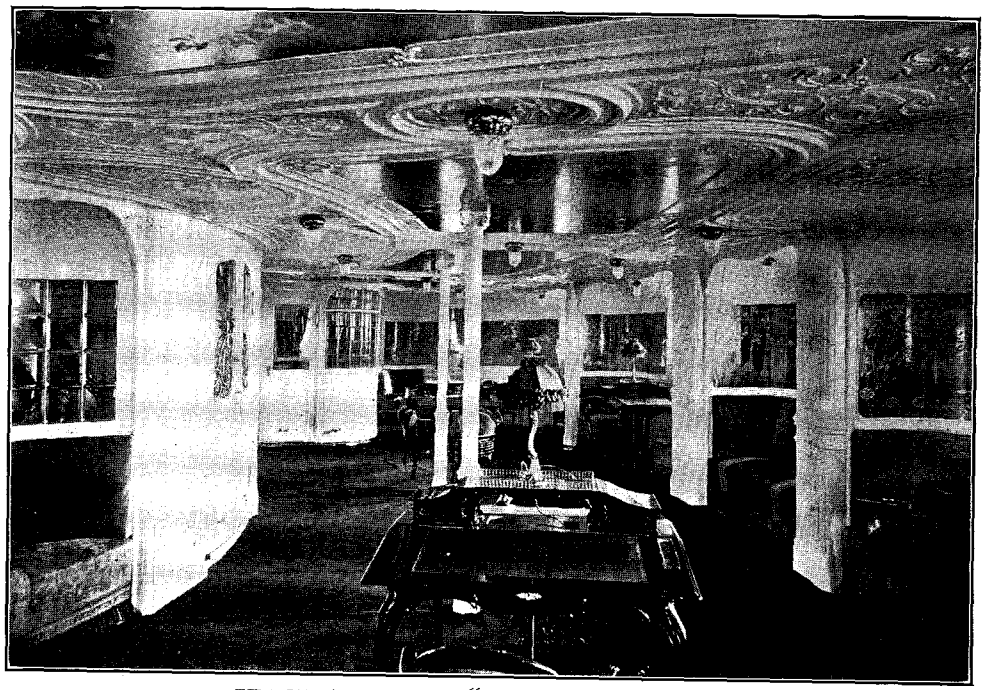
T was Mr. Howells, in *The Easy Chair,* who a few months ago genially discussed the question whether Transatlantic travel at the present day, with all the luxury of parlours, lounging-rooms, libraries, reading-rooms, elevators, and other equipments of huge floating hotels, is really and substantially an advance upon the old-time liner in which the dining saloon served also as a sort of general living room—the one place of refuge when rough weather and wet decks drove passengers below. The phase of this question which interests us for the moment is that of the ship's library. The newest and best equipped of our modern passenger steamers make quite a feature of spacious rooms fitted out with attractive desks and tables and flanked on all sides with tempting book-cases, closed and locked and guarded by a special Library Steward; rooms finished in soft, neutral tints restful to the eye and inducive of pleasant and tranquil thoughts. And the question naturally arises: To what extent does the average traveller profit by all this special provision; and does he extract more benefit and pleasure from this increased attention to his literary needs than he did in the old days from the few open shelves in the general dining saloon —shelves usually placed under the cupboard where the ship's linen was kept, and equipped with a few score of venerable and shabby volumes whose very decrepitude testified to long and honourable service?

Now, of course, the answer to this question depends upon just two facts: first, whether or not it is possible to find out what sort of books people wish to read at sea; and secondly, whether these floating libraries of to-day adequately provide that special class of reading. Now, as a matter of fact, the amount of reading done at sea at least during a comparatively short trip such as from New York to Liverpool is almost always in any individual case a great deal less than is expected. Has it not been the experience of almost every traveller who has taken with him a few carefully chosen volumes which he promises himself to read *in transitu,* that hardly one of them is finished and a good many remain with their leaves uncut? There is a certain drowsiness born of the monotony of motion, which is not conducive to concentrated thought. Most writers, when they have expressed themselves at all, have acknowledged the great difficulty of any intellectual activity on the ocean. Thus, James Russell Lowell, in his essay "At Sea," says: "The dampness seems to strike into the wits as into the lucifer matches, so that one may scratch a thought half a dozen times and get nothing at last but a faint sputter;" and Oliver Wendell Holmes in *Our Hundred Days in Europe,* says even more emphatically: "As for the intellectual condition of the passengers, I shall say that faces were prevailingly vacuous, their owners half hypnotised, as it seemed, by the monotonous thrust and tremor of the great sea monster on whose back we were riding." And who has not read and sympathised with Mr. Kipling, who, in his *Letters From the East,* confesses:

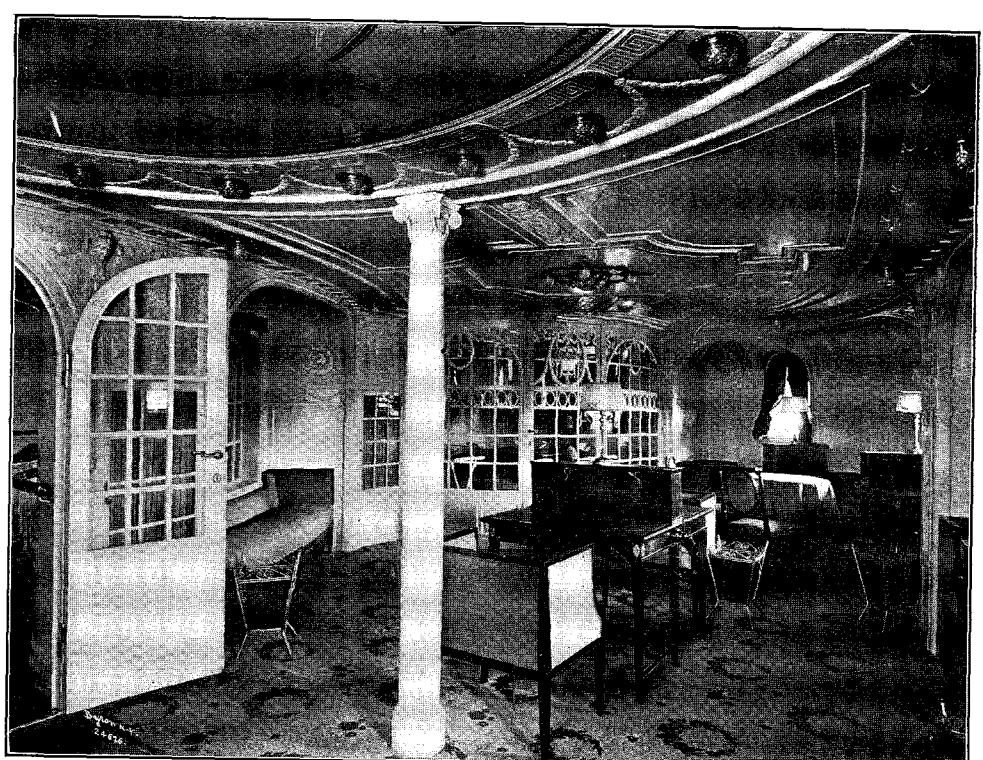
> I give it up. I *cannot* write, and to sleep I am not ashamed. A glorious idleness has taken entire possession of me; journalism is an imposture; so is literature; so is art. . . .
>
> "Professor," said I, "there is a foolish little paper in Allahabad called the *Pioneer.* I am supposed to be writing it a letter—a letter with my hands! Did you ever hear of anything so absurd?" . . .
>
> There is no such place as India; there never was a daily paper called the *Pioneer.* It was all a weary dream. The only real things in the world are crystal seas, clean-swept decks, soft rugs, warm sunshine, the smell of salt in the air, and fathomless, futile indolence.

On a long voyage, where time lengthens out from days to weeks, perhaps

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LIBRARY ON THE "KAISER WILHELM II"



THE LIBRARY ON THE "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORNER LIBRARY OF THE "MAURETANIA".

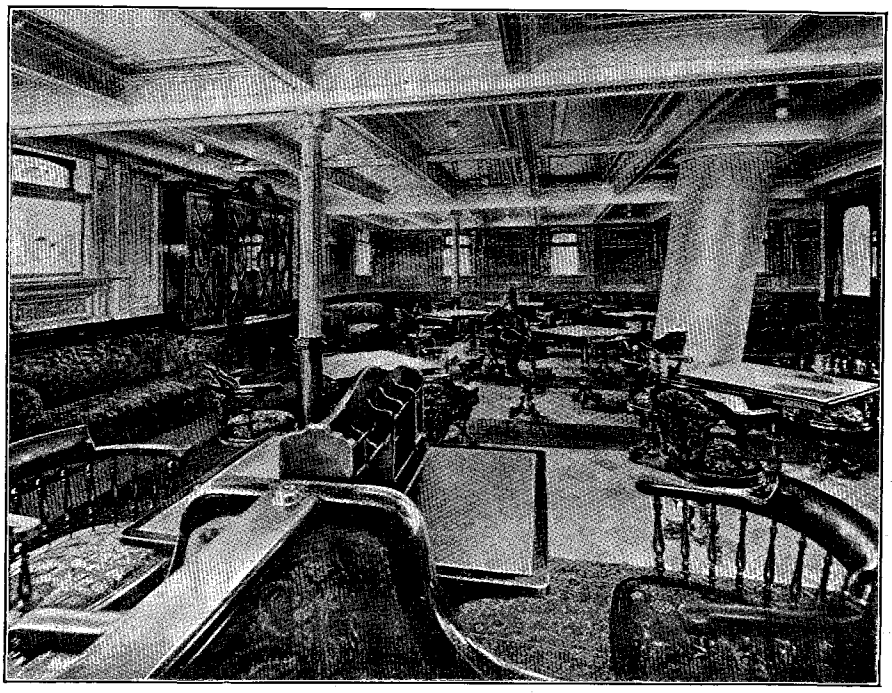
from weeks to months, there comes a time when reading, through the sheer necessity of giving the mind something to do, becomes imperative and when the craving for a printed page is satisfied by almost any volume, no matter how stupid, no matter how often read. Here is a case in point: a large oil steamer conveying its freight of kerosene from here to England, there to receive orders to proceed, it might be to the Black Sea or to Japan. The captain never knows how many months may elapse before he may return to his starting point. In that captain's cabin, beside his books of navigation, tables of logarithms and the like are just a few well-thumbed volumes, which had drifted to him through forgotten channels: *Tom Jones, Pilgrim's Progress,* and one or two others. Now that captain has no inborn liking for Fielding; it is doubtful whether he has any real appreciation of the literary merits of *Tom Jones;* and yet he has read it through at least nine times and knows it almost by heart. The mechanical task of running the eye along the printed line serves to kill time in a way quite similar to that of putting the thread over the needle in the endless sameness of knitting a stocking.

On the steamers of a generation ago, and to this day on the boats of many of the smaller lines running to various out-of-the-way places, the ships' libraries, such as they are, have been gathered together in the same haphazard way as that of the captain of the oil-freighter. Usually, the nucleus is formed and continues to grow from books abandoned by passengers at the end of each voyage. In other words, these libraries form a sort of literary *salon des refusés,* being made up of books which the owners did not think worth the trouble of carrying ashore. Perhaps for that very reason they serve their purpose better than the larger modern collections on the bigger steamers that have been carefully selected in accordance with diligently compiled statistics. The mental palate, like the physical, is apt to be exceedingly capricious out of sight of land. It would be an interesting and rather enlightening experience to collect from a number of well-known people, writers and artists, clergymen, statesmen and financiers, a frank confession about the books, if any, which they have succeeded in reading—reading to a finish—during an ocean voyage. One feels safe in hazarding the guess that the result would show a surprisingly large proportion of books which these same people would never have thought of trying to read ashore. The present writer, for instance, remembers very well a certain voyage made thirty years ago in one of the old Cunard boats long since retired from service; and a certain shelf screened with red plush curtains hung on big brass rings tarnished from the action of many sea fogs—and on that shelf a motley collection of books which made a curious appeal and were eagerly devoured—and not one of which has this particular reader ever been able to revert to with any real pleasure. The list included, if memory is not at fault, the complete works of Bulwer Lytton, Spenser's *Faerie Queen* and Susan Ferrier's *Marriage.* One and all, these volumes were comfortably dozed over and intermittently absorbed from the somnolent depths of a steamer chair—in those good old days when a steamer chair was personal property and not temporarily hired like a public cab or a Coney Island bathing suit. And all the time the ship

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was rocking itself drowsily onward and now and again a spatter of salt spray would be flirted across the open page, and the reader's eye would wander from the monotonous rhythm of the gentle knight pricking on the plain to the still more rhythmic monotone of rolling grey-green waves. It is quite true, as Irving wrote, that "to one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes." And that is precisely the reason why, if you walk the length of the promenade deck and steal surreptitious glances at your fellow-passengers enshawled, mummy-like, in their chairs, you will find a surprising number of volumes dealing with worldly themes reposing either closed or upside down in the laps. Put this matter to a practical test on your next trip; you will find the results rather entertaining.

All of this helps to explain the present wide diversity in the nature and the care of libraries on board the different lines and to some extent on board the different boats of the same line. The plain fact is that what the passengers want to read is a matter of guess work, and the passengers themselves prove to be rather poor guessers, or else they would bring literature enough to last them without appeal to the ship's library and book stall. At the present day the Hamburg-American line is conspicuous in the effort it is making to find out just what its different classes of passengers want and to meet their needs. For its transatlantic service, where a large proportion of its patrons are Americans, it equips its libraries mainly from New York. It has its specially appointed agent whose business it is at stated periods to select and purchase a new instalment of the latest popular books and to send them to the head office in Hamburg, where, in most cases, they are stripped of their bindings, and rebound in uniform dark cloth covers and distributed according to the needs of the several steamers. The largest and most comprehensive libraries are those carried by the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* and the *Amerika*. They are divided into three separate groups placed respectively in the reading rooms provided for the first, second and third-class passengers; and, in-

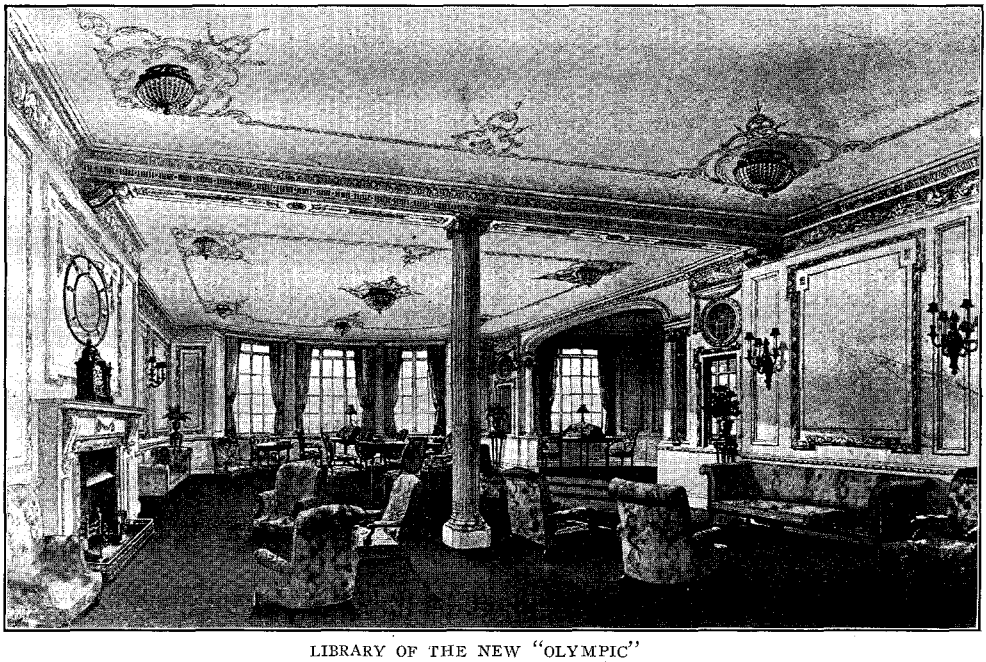


SECOND CABIN LIBRARY OF THE "LAURENTIC"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clusive of the English, French, German and Spanish books and the collection of bound music, they aggregate altogether between sixteen and seventeen hundred volumes.

A glance over one of these libraries, chosen admittedly to meet the conjectured popular demand, reveals some curious results. In the first-class library of the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria,* for instance—which, by the way, is distributed in two separate saloons, one for English books, the other for German—we find upon consulting a catalogue of over four hundred *Allah.* Marion Crawford, with his cosmopolite tastes, is always a favourite with travellers; it would be interesting to know how many thousands have read *Saracinesca* in Rome, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance* in Munich, *Paul Patoff* in Constantinople—but the *Auguste Victoria* possesses only *Arethusa, Stradella,* and *Mr. Isaacs.* Robert Chambers, the prolific, shows three volumes, all recent; Owen Wister only one, *Lady Baltimore.* The Hamburg-American Line, by the way, is one of the very few which at the present time possesses a book plate.



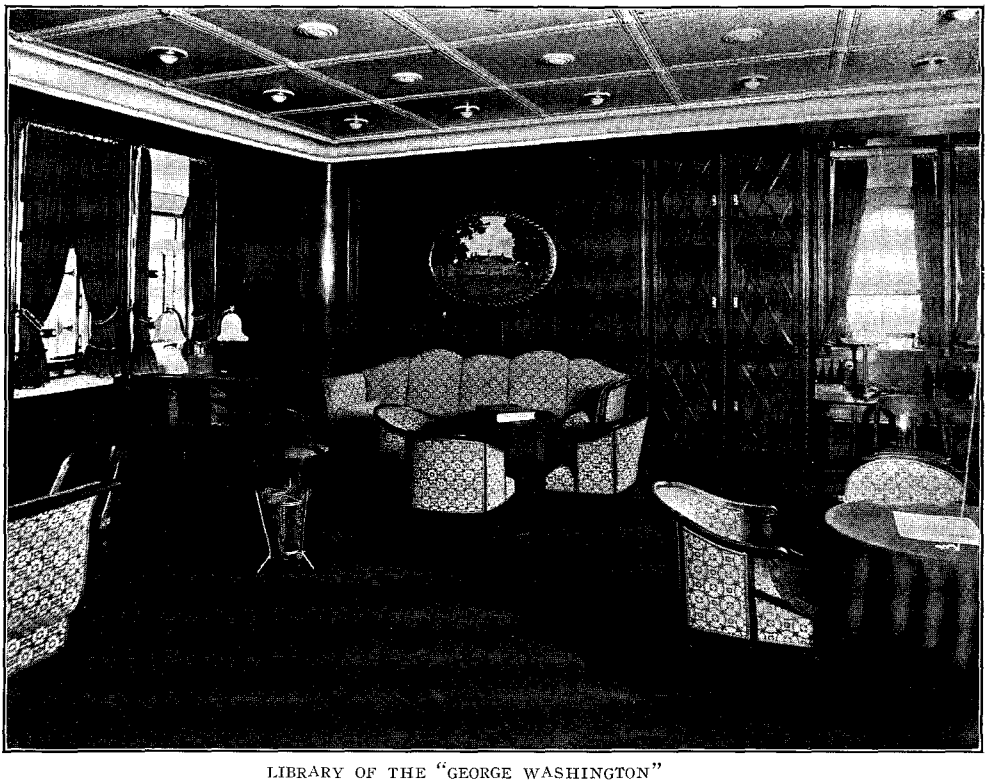
LIBRARY OF THE NEW "OLYMPIC"

novels that the standard novelists are conspicuous by their absence. We look in vain for a single volume of Scott or Thackeray or Dickens, of George Eliot or Meredith or Hardy. Kipling, on the contrary, is represented by three volumes; but the choice is odd: *Stalky and Co., Actions and Reactions* and *Abaft the Funnel.* How disconcerting to that part of the general public which insists that Mr. Kipling's importance began with *Soldiers Three* and ended with the *Jungle Books!* Sir Conan Doyle is represented by three volumes, but *Sherlock Holmes* is not among them; Robert Hichens, by a like number, but not by *The Garden of*

The North German Lloyd steamers also make a rather important feature of their libraries; and while it is invidious to draw distinctions where in both cases the intentions are so excellent, one cannot help being struck by a greater attractiveness, a more artistic colour scheme in the reading-rooms of the Lloyd line than in those of a number of its competitors. On the other hand, the principle of selection of books in the separate libraries is far less obvious. The results may or may not be better; but at least the volumes seem to have been gathered together far more at random than, for instance, on the Hamburg boats. Take, for instance, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kronprinzessin Cecilie: the list of fiction is conspicuously weak in American writers; and the reason for this is quite simple: the English part of the library is very largely made up of recent volumes of the familiar Tauchnitz edition; and, as everybody knows, the proportion of British authors in this series over that of American is as ten to one. We find, to be sure, Mrs. Wharton's *House of Mirth,* Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rose o' the River* and *New Chronicles of Rebecca* and no



LIBRARY OF THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON"

less than five volumes of Crawford. But to offset these is a long array of the more familiar British novelists ranging in quality from Kipling to Rider Haggard, from Hewlett to Sir Conan Doyle. In the midst of this library of fiction it seems a little incongruous to come suddenly upon Emerson's *Representative Men* and Ruskin's *Modern Painters;* and one questions seriously whether statistics really would bear out the assumption that the general public really does prefer light reading in such overwhelming proportions, even at sea. To be sure, one remembers how, a number of years ago, this very question came up for discussion between a number of passengers belonging to the literary fraternity; and in order to decide it they spent a few hours in wandering up and down the ship and taking sly glimpses of the books actually being read by their fellow-travellers. A rather careful canvass of the entire ship resulted in the discovery that the book which easily carried off the prize was one of those familiar yellow covered novels by Archibald Clavering Gunter, at that time at the height of his popularity.

On the English lines of steamers the system of the travelling library is gradually displacing the individual ship's library. It has this great practical advantage of making possible a constant ebb and flow of new books at a minimum expense. The Cunard Steamship *Mauretania,* for instance, possessing one of the largest and most cheerful of all existing reading rooms, has only a scant hundred and fifty volumes that it can call its own —and these are mainly reference books

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

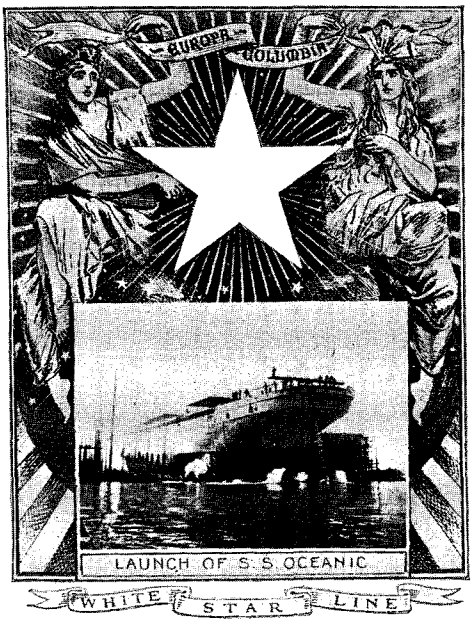
BOOK PLATE OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

like *Who's Who,* Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates,* Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* and *Cavendish on Whist.* But on the other hand, it carries a carefully selected *Times* Library of five hundred volumes changed at the end of each voyage—a small library selected on the assumption that the passengers have something better to do than spend their entire time upon romances; and accordingly it contains a wide selection of the best recent work of biography, travel and other serious books in the various departments of human interest. And what is more, the wisdom of this sort of selection is justified by the fact that a special privilege allowed by the *Times* Library, namely, that of purchase by the passengers of any volume they desire to retain, is one of which advantage is freely taken.

In recent years two rivals to the ships' libraries have sprung up: on the one hand, the ship's newspapers and on the other, the book stalls where the latest books and magazines can be purchased. These innovations are of course quite in line with the modern tendency, fostered by wireless telegraphy, to abolish that sense of seclusion, that temporary isolation from the cares and worries of practical life, which in the past was the great charm of an ocean voyage. The more we do away with those factors which make life on the ocean different from any other form of living, the more completely do we also do away with any logical reason for the existence of a ship's library as a thing apart, a group of books chosen on a principle of its own. Now that you can casually leave your steamer chair, drop down a floor or two via the elevator and purchase the latest issues of the current magazines from the news stand; or when one can look in the ship's bulletin for the latest Wall Street quotations, it is rather difficult to feel with Mr. Kipling that the workaday world one has hoped to leave behind is nothing but "a weary dream." The Atlantic highway is being converted into a ferry and soon there will be no more need of a special ship's library than on a trip to Hoboken.

But of course we all have our individual ideas about the gathering together

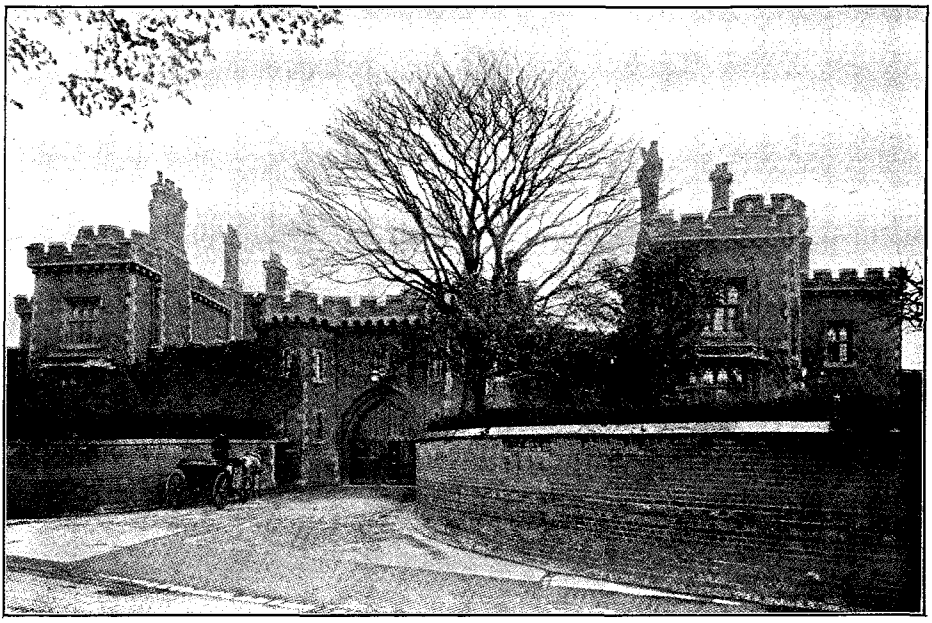
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BOOK PLATE OF THE "OCEANIC"

of a group of books, whatever their purpose and whatever the length of shelf. Most of us have heard at one time or another Mark Twain's reply when asked what he thought of the library on a certain ship. It was, he assured the captain, the best ship's library he had ever seen. And then, after one of those pauses, which he has elsewhere explained, make up the whole trick of successful story-telling; he went on to explain to the flattered captain that the reason it was the best library was that it did not contain a copy of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Now we personally may not share this antipathy to the volume which Henry James once defined as "the spoiled child of our literature;" but we all of us have other prejudices equally vigorous. Now, to be shut up on a ship for a week or ten days with just a few books is a good deal like being thrown into close quarters with just a few people—you are quite likely to make friends even with your enemies, unless during the process you pitch them overboard. For this reason it seems to the present writer that an ideal ship's library should be a rather small one containing at least a few volumes of the sort that we all ought to read and seldom, if ever, do; it should have, moreover, some books of travel, and whatever fiction it contains should be frankly of the adventurous sort that will rouse us from somnolent day-dreams. But let there be no books of the sea in it. Travellers who are not good sailors read for the purpose of forgetting where they are: while those who love the ocean for its own sake have no use for second-hand impressions when they have before their eyes its vast and ever-changing expanse.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



READING GAOL

THE STORY OF "THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL"

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

I

EARLY one summer morning, a train pulled out of Reading, carrying a number of Americans to Henley. They were bound for the Regatta. Yale had entered her crew for the coveted Grand Challenge Cup: An Englishman pointed out Reading Gaol. "And a soldier fellow will be hanged there—hello!—it should be about now—eight is the hour!" Some kept their eyes on the gloomy towers, while others consulted their watches. "Seven fifty-nine!" cried one. "He's surely swinging by this time," growled the Englishman and buried himself in the *Times*. "All over!" piped a freshman and returned to his discussion of "our" chances. So from without was greeted the death of Charles T. Woolridge, sometime trooper of the Royal Horse Guards, hanged July 7, 1896, for the drunken murder of his wife.

We waited for the stroke of eight:
  Each tongue was thick with thirst:
For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate
  That makes a man accursed,
And Fate will use a running noose
  For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do
  Save to wait for the sign to come:
So, like things of stone in a valley lone,
  Quiet we sat and dumb:
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
  Like a madman on a drum!

The eve of the Regatta was a merry one in Henley. The Red Lion Inn had become the Sign of Good Fellowship. Healths were pledged into the dawn. At Reading, Queen's Hotel was as gay as a garden party; Chinese lanterns, dainty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frocks, white flannels, and laughter! Rosy-cheeked English girls were twitting American cousins on their certain defeat.

That night the empty corridors
Were full of forms of Fear,
And up and down the iron town
Stole feet we could not hear,
And through the bars that hide the stars
White faces seemed to peer.

The gray cock crew, the red cock crew,
But never came the day:
And crooked shapes of Terror crouched,
In the corners where we lay:
And each evil sprite that walks by night
Before us seemed to play.

If Monday night was merry, Tuesday afternoon was both merry and memorable in English boating annals. Leander had kept the cup despite the lusty cheering of Old Eli. Oxford was jubilant, but as usual discreet in her applause—a hand-clapping less remarkable than her striped blazers, which made the Thames resemble an old-fashioned garden.

So they kept us close till nigh on noon,
And then they rang the bell,
And the Warders with their jingling keys
Opened each listening cell,
And down the iron stair we tramped,
Each from his separate Hell.

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garbs
With crooked arrows starred,
Silently we went round and round
The slippery asphalte yard;
Silently we went round and round,
And no man spoke a word.

For where a grave had opened wide,
There was no grave at all:
Only a stretch of mud and sand
By the hideous prison-wall,
And a little heap of burning lime,
That the man should have his pall.

There is no lesson in this parallelism, but surely there are elements both pitiful and grotesque. These constituted the gall in the cup of bitterness of the poet who chronicled the *revers* of that golden day. A distinguished graduate of Magdalen College, he had really venerated his Oxford. As apostle of æstheticism, he had lectured in New Haven, a scant fourteen years before. There was what he might have termed a "monstrous" gulf between *causeries* on blue china and on the "pleasant ways of Camelot" and the actual tearing of

. . . tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails.

"For us, there is only one season, the season of sorrow," he wrote not long after in his *De Profundis*. "The very sun and moon seem taken from us. Outside the day may be blue and gold, but the light that creeps down through the thickly muffled glass of the small, iron-barred window beneath which one sits is grey and niggard. It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart."

II

There is something wilfully blind in describing as the irony of fate what even superficial analysis reveals as the inevitable consequence of folly or unwisdom. One reaps in the field wherein one has sown. But sometimes there occurs a concatenation of sombre incidents, so maliciously at odds with their victim's vaunted prearranged scheme of life, as to lend a sense of almost awful reality to this hackneyed catch-phrase.

When in January, 1895, Oscar Wilde remarked to Gilbert Burgess in an interview *à propos* of the recent production of *An Ideal Husband:* "It is indeed a burning shame that there should be one law for men and another law for women. I think," he hesitated and smiled, "that there should be no law for anybody," he spoke, of course, with characteristic flippancy. There was no foreboding of the Ides of March. A moment before he had said: "The colour of a flower may suggest to one the plot of a tragedy—but whatever actually occurs gives the artist no suggestion. . . . To introduce real people, is a sign of an unimaginative mind." This was a part of the Credo of the author of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol,* one of the most realistic poems in any language. It was a theme he had played upon for years with such variations as: "The only real people are the people who never existed, and if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages, he should at least pretend that they are creations and not boast of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them as copies." To question his belief in one of these *dicta,* was to stumble into a verbal *impasse.* "What people call insincerity is simply a method by which we can multiply our personalities," would have been the probable reply, if not his intentionally cryptic: "Truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true." As well wrestle with a will-o'-the-wisp as fence according to Jevons with one of the epigram-headed puppets whom Wilde delighted to send forth from Tite Street disguised in the garments of their master. They were the foster-children of a teasing fancy, inverted Schlemihls, lacking substance, but casting a violet shadow, an elusive impertinence provocative of rage in the breast of the average beer-drinking Briton, whose fetich is common sense.

But while it was one thing to be what Arthur Symons so nicely termed an "artist in attitudes," a poet of ephemeral poses, adopted more or less whimsically to baffle the critics, advertise a novel or even to test an honest theory, it was quite another thing to have imposed upon one the rôle of a prisoner in a common gaol. It was neither Narcissus nor Nero but an already broken and ruined man who stood in the dock at Old Bailey's, May 27, 1895, and as Oscar F. O'F. Wills Wilde was sentenced by Mr. Justice Wills to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

His four successful plays had already been taken off the boards. Not very long before he had written a friend: "Personally I like comedy to be intensely modern and my tragedy to walk in purple and to be remote. . . . The public swallows, so it seems to me, honey-cakes and hellebore with equal avidity."

Wilde had at least correctly estimated his public.

III

The preface to *De Profundis* states "that it was the only work he wrote while in prison. . . . The *Ballad of Reading Gaol* was not composed or even planned until he had regained his liberty." Yet the latter is in many respects the more autobiographical of the two.

The manner of *De Profundis* differs little from that of *Intentions.* As regards the subject-matter, the author of *The Young King* might well have endured its every misery, and imagined and solved its many problems, vicariously. Substitute for Wilde's cry of "The Mystical in Art, the Mystical in Life, the Mystical in Nature . . . this is what I am looking for," his hedonistic pronouncement, "the new Individualism is the new Hellenism," and we have *The Soul of Man Under Socialism.* Though with obvious sincerity he now writes: "A pedestal may be a very unreal thing. A pillory is a terrible reality," a few years earlier he would have used the same formula only to give precedence to the pillory. Unconsciously he had become the slave to a stylistic Frankenstein which he had created unawares. So enamoured was he of pursuing some charming bit of fancy or an alliterative phrase to its logical or, its more often, illogical conclusion, that at last in a moment of astounding forgetfulness he blunders into a self-stultifying misquotation. In alluding to one of his prose poems as of "the man, who from the bronze of the image of the 'Pleasure that liveth for a moment' has to make the image of the 'Sorrow that abideth for ever,'" he overlooks the fact that his original text reads: "And out of the bronze of the image of THE SORROW THAT ENDURETH FOR EVER he fashioned the image of THE PLEASURE THAT ABIDETH FOR A MOMENT." Yet this citation is intended to prove that "all this"—referring to his doom—"is foreshadowed and prefigured in his books."

And so in spite of its appeal to the ear and the eye and to that sympathy which is ever ready to go out to all intense suffering, *De Profundis* abounds in false notes and grating discords. Wilde had begun to suspect that the double-faced proverb can be more dangerous than a two-edged sword. Whereupon he discards that Truth, "whose contradictory is also true" for the "truth in art which is the unity of a thing with itself: the outward rendered expressive of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body instinct with spirit." He was for once guilty of an axiom, one which he made a law to himself: not, unfortunately, in the prose where it appears, a document marred by its perfervid insistence on an "absolute

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

humility," but in his poem, the *Ballad,* with its gaunt exposition of ever-present anguish and inconsolable self-pity. He may have gone to extremes, as Arthur Symons suggests, and taken humanitarianism and realism "at more than their just valuation in matters of art," yet how difficult not to ignore every canon of Art in laying bare the feelings aroused by association with "plank bed, loathsome food, harsh orders, silence, solitude, and shame."

We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails;
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones,
We turned the dusty drill;
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,
And sweated on the mill:
But in the heart of every man
Terror was lying still.

IV

Wilde was set free in May, 1897. He went to France, remaining until some time in September at Berneval, a little village near Dieppe. André Gide, who visited him there, found it bleak and gloomy. Wilde seemed content enough, however: "Did I not do well to come here? My friends wanted to order me South. I begged them to find me a secluded little spot by the sea, somewhere in the North of France, where it would be very cold and there was scarcely any sunshine." This to the Frenchman was inexplicable. As a matter of fact, it was perfectly natural. Two years before at Biskra, the Sybarite had arrogantly cried: "I am running away from art. I want to worship only the sun. The sun is jealous of art." Wilde had not forgotten.

In July he left the Hôtel de la Plage and rented a small châlet, the Châlet Bourgeat, according to Mr. Stuart Mason. To André Gide he outlined his ideas for two plays, *Pharaoh* and *Ahab and Jezebel.* There was no mention of the *Ballad* or of its subject.

On August 4th, he wrote to Leonard Smithers, "The wonderful parcel of books has just arrived—I hope very much that some day I shall have something that you will like well enough to publish."

These books may have included *A Shropshire Lad.* Certainly there is every reason to credit Mr. Stuart Mason's statement that Wilde found his inspiration in the verses of A. E. Housman beginning:

On moonlit heath and lonesome bank
The sheep beside me graze;
And yon the gallows used to clank
Fast by the four crossways.

Three weeks later, he wrote again: "Will you do me a great favour and have the poem I send you typewritten and bring it with you . . ., or if you cannot come, send it by boat to Sebastian Melmoth, care of Hotel Sandwich, Dieppe. . . . It is not yet finished, but I want to see it typewritten. I am sick of my MS."

No doubt it was Housman's poems which stirred him to action. With a feeling of admiration tinged with jealousy, he started out to better the performance. After all, except for a verbal similarity between Housman's

And sharp the link of life will snap,
And dead on air will stand. . . .

and Wilde's

But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

the two poems differ radically. Wilde's lines form a part of the verses added in October. He had forgotten Housman's exact wording.

In his search for a fitting vehicle of expression, he seems to have gone elsewhere for aid. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has been suggested as his model. That is hardly possible. It is in the sestets used by Hood in his *Dream of Eugene Aram* that are found the same stanzaic and metrical form; the same, often makeshift, evocations of the deity.

Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dare not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some time in September, Leonard Smithers agreed to print the *Ballad*. "He was the only publisher I could find," to quote Mr. Ross, "who had the courage to issue his works." By this time Wilde had reverted to his old-time over-confidence. He deserted Berneval for Italy. His demands for money became incessant. The good resolutions of July seem to have vanished upon his completion of the *Ballad*. The air of injured innocence assumed in his correspondence with Smithers must, even after allowing for obvious *badinage*, be taken with more than the proverbial grain of salt.

VIA POSILLIPO, NAPLES, October 2, 1897.

. . . I am asking for a small advance on my poem which you are about to publish.

When you asked me my terms at Dieppe, I said I would be ready to leave the question to you. You said you would give me the entire profits of the book.

This offer, I may say, was made before, not after dinner. . . .

I said . . . that I would take half the profits. This was agreed to.

At that time I proposed to publish it first in some paper, but since then I decided not to. . . . Previous publicity would, of course, have damaged your sale. People will not pay half-a-crown for what they can buy for a penny. Why, I cannot understand. But it is so everywhere, except perhaps at Naples. . . .

In case that you have not yet grasped the idea that an advance of £20 on my poem is really a thing that I have a perfect right to expect on business grounds, pray do so at once. Application to you for a personal loan may, and, I have no doubt, will follow later on, but up to the present time our relations have been merely the usual ones of poet and publisher, with the usual complete victory for the latter.

I also—such is the generosity of my nature—send enclosed four more verses of great power and romantic-realistic suggestion—twenty-four lines in all, each worth a guinea in any of the market-places for poetry. Will you kindly . . . insert them in Part II of the poem: after the sixth stanza—the one ending "had such a sin to pay"? They come in there splendidly—and improve Part II, as it was a little too short compared to the others.

Also, I hope that you have already written to me on the question of having an illustrated *second* edition of the poem. . . .

The five verses enclosed were those beginning

> For oak and elm have pleasant leaves
> That in the spring-time shoot:

and ending

> For none can tell to what red Hell
> His sightless soul may stray.

The illustrated edition was never realised. What a chance for a Doré! Two temperaments so equally dramaturgic would have supplemented each other admirably.

On the 9th of January, 1898, he again wrote from Naples: " . . . As regards your suggestion, or request, that I should revert to 'in God's sweet world again' instead of 'for weal or woe again' (Canto II, somewhere), certainly! Pray make the correction yourself. Second thoughts in art are always, or often worst. The C.3.3., I enclose, seems excellent. . . . . . As regards America, I think it would be better now to publish there *without* my name. I see it is my *name* that terrifies. [Besides] the public like an open secret. Half of the success of Marie Corelli is due to the no doubt unfounded rumour that she is a woman. . . . I have had many misfortunes since I wrote to you: Influenza, the robbery, during my absence in Sicily, of *all* my clothes, etc., by a servant whom I left at the villa, ill-health, loneliness, and general *ennui* with a tragi-comedy of an existence; but I want to see my poem out before I take steps. . . !"

This was not his only hint of the sort. During most of this period, he was living on the Posillipo, the *Pausilypon* or *Sans-Souci* of Roman times.

VI

The several revisions suggested in the last letter reached his publisher too late for the first edition. This was already copyrighted in January and eight hundred and thirty copies were issued in England early in February. Five more distinctive editions appeared before the end of the year, the second containing some twenty changes in text.

In America the *Ballad* was after all not published until April, 1899. Before the end of 1906, however, over fifteen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

separate editions had been printed in this country, not to mention innumerable reprints. To France perhaps belongs the prestige of the first translation. It was in prose, as are all of the versions in the Latin tongues. Five years ago the *Ballad* could also be read in Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, modern Greek, and even Yiddish.

VII

Wilde wrote the *Ballad* as Sebastian Melmoth. To St. Sebastian, to whom he had likened Keats, he now sardonically compared himself. Also was it flattering to discover so fair a prototype in Guido Reni's martyr, "bound by his enemies," and like Wilde, "with crooked arrows starred." As for Melmoth, he was the Wanderer, compounded of Faust and the Wandering Jew by Lady Wilde's grand-uncle, Charles Maturin, that fantastic divine, novelist, dramatist, and *protegé* of Scott and Byron, who also "appears to have had no idea of measure or conduct in life."

Wilde fathered the *Ballad* as C.3.3., the occupant of cell 3 on landing 3 of Block C in Reading Gaol. To thus sink his flamboyant personality in anonymity so connotative of horror was a brilliant stroke of audacity, both a gag and a sop to his detractors.

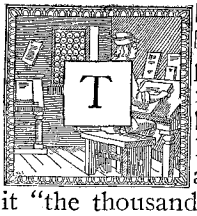
The art of Wilde was of the nature of an opal: full of flaws, polished but undefined by facets, given to dull greys adjacent to equally bright crimsons, dependent on light for either—a precious thing long associated with misfortune, a brittle thing which a sudden blow or excessive heat might scatter into invisible dust.

In the wrath of remembered tortures, in the emotion of their quickening into the nascent word, in the agony of their parturition, Wilde's mind gave way. Like his opalescent art, it *seemed* most alive the moment before its dissipation. And so *The Ballad of Reading Gaol,* this last child of a wayward intellect, may be said to have earned that distinction by having been the first to follow his release from prison. For its creation, crucified talents were resurrected and forced to labour by a supreme and final effort of will. Because of it, his second *Intentions* were made naught—those brave intentions so wistfully expressed in *De Profundis,* his self-styled *Epistola: in Carcere et Vinculis.*

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

VI—Strange Stories of the Secret Service



THE Secret Service may be likened to the centipede, which insect derives its name from the belief that it possesses a hundred legs, and the average person in calling it "the thousand leg" credits it with ten times that number. The entomologist swears by his microscope that the ordinary centipede has but twenty-four pairs of legs and four pairs of eyes; which are really necessary in its occupation of pursuing and devouring such insects as secrete themselves in dark holes. The Secret Service, like the centipede, is regarded with repulsion by the majority of persons, who believe that it has unlimited motive power and is charged with fatal venom, which it directs against the innocent as well as the guilty. This arises naturally from the fact that we have been furnished many proofs that the Secret Service has gone into places where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it had no legitimate business; but—to follow up the analogy—like the centipede it is often chased where it does not wish to go.

THE THREE HUNDRED

In the Congressional investigation of the Secret Service, held during the last months of President Roosevelt's term of office, Assistant Chief Moran of the Secret Service testified before the committee that, though the law restricted the uses of the Secret Service to the detection of counterfeiters and for the protection of the President, it had been called to do other work. He said that during that year the Secret Service had carried on its rolls twenty men who were not necessary for the purposes of the bureau which is under the Treasury Department, for the accommodation of other departments of the Government. That the Secret Service, like the Civil Service, has an eligible list from which it may select for emergencies. The number runs as high as three hundred. These men are placed in different parts of the world, and are not connected in any way with detective agencies. If they are called into active service they are designated to the territory in which they reside, and come under the immediate supervision of the Special Agent stationed in such territory. These Special Agents are controlled by a Supervising Special Agent, and their compensation is rated at $6, $8, $8.75 and $10 per day—according to the extent of their duty and their living expenses. For instance, a Special Agent stationed at New York City should, because of the onerous duties and the high cost of living, receive more compensation than an officer of the same grade stationed at Galveston, Texas. (This statement applies to times of peace.) Under the division of Special Agents, come the confidential agents stationed in foreign countries. The most important of these are stationed at St. Gall, Berlin, London, Cologne, Yokohama and Paris. It is no wonder that the average person who believes that the centipede may even have a thousand legs, also believes that many thousand pairs of legs are set running on secret missions when the head of the service at Washington directs. To compare the Secret Service to an endless chain is logical. Not from hour to hour can our government officials say when, or where, a man will be needed in order to find out things which may be of vital interest to us.

There has not been a war in our history which has not been preceded by the silent hunting and pointing of secret agents; nor has it been possible to carry on war without them. It was a wise man who said in speaking of our relations in the Orient—"First the missionary, then the consul, and then the general," but he would have been even more discerning had he said—"First the secret agent, then the consul, then the general." If it were not for the fact that, since the establishment of our consular service, these men have been most effective in giving points about other matters than trade to the State Department, the consul's part might be eliminated in war. But very often he plays the cards for the dummy while he plays his own hand in this tense game of whist, the credit going to the Secret Service. But the Secret Service is one in which honours are negative. In war the spies who come into prominence are generally shot or hanged, and in peace it amounts to the same thing, when a man is recognised as a spy his career is practically at an end.

WOMAN AS A FACTOR

Every now and then stories of stolen codes appear in the press. They frighten some persons; especially if it is rumoured that the code is one used by our State Department in its diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations. The fear is almost groundless, for this country, and many others, frequently change the codes; not taking chances.

About the time that some of the war dogs in Washington were straining on the leash, growling and whining alternately for a fight with Spain, the most subtle force which men have to encounter, the "gentler sex," silently or loudly testified their eagerness to participate. Some were anxious to push the men of their families into the fray; others wanted to join the Red Cross; and many planned to stay home and manufacture hampering truck to be sent, along with cheering letters, to the front. In contrast to these women, were not a few who loved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adventure, in a form that would call out and gratify all the feline in their natures. They have heard women credited with being at the bottom of every mischief under the sun; and they are determined to have the game as well as the name; and, as with many male spies, they do not care what friend they may sacrifice in their schemes. If they accomplish nothing else, they usually succeed in making one more man enlist in that great army of woman-haters, of which Adam was probably the recruiting officer.

A STORY OF A CODE

In the spring of 1898, there was a well-developed romance in Washington in which the hero was a middle-aged man in the United States Diplomatic Service —in Washington for special instruction, it was believed—and the heroine a physically charming young woman who had come from her home in California to spend the season at the National Capital. She was an unreconstructed Californian —that is, she had an inherited hatred for the United States; because it practically trampled on the pride of California's first families—the Spanish—when it acquired California after the Mexican War.

In the Californian the flame began to blaze when she heard so much talk of war against Spain, and she was not one moment in deciding where her affections were; but she determined to take her stand silently. She was a favourite with many in the Spanish circles in Washington and New York, and was not long in secretly proclaiming herself with them, in case the worst came. But she did not neglect her American admirer; on the contrary, she cultivated his acquaintance the more; and even consented to be one of the guests at the little dinners which he gave from time to time in his bachelor apartment. She had extracted from him, bit by bit, in their waxing friendship, many of his duties, and he told her some things which he thought would pass in one of her pretty ears and out of the other; among these, the fact that he had use of a special code. He even showed her the big envelope in which he kept it in his desk, one evening when she was with a party at his abode, and playfully asked *what* she would do with it, did he show it to her—which he had no intention of doing.

A few weeks later war was declared, but the woman with Spanish blood in her veins did not grow cold toward her American admirer. She was biding her time, and it came one evening when she, with some acquaintances, were at his house for supper after the play. She managed to elude the others and to slip into the room containing the desk which she supposed contained the secret code. She pressed the spring of the secretly locked compartment and extracted the envelope, and was just stooping to pin it to her petticoat with some safety pins which she had provided for the occasion, when her host entered the room.

She lost her nerve, and betrayed herself to the man who to that moment had loved her. After he passed judgment and sentence, he coolly informed her that, even did she succeed in conveying that code to the enemies of his country, it would avail nothing—for the code had been changed!

JAPANESE STRATEGY

In that era when the echoes of the Civil War had ceased and no rumble of approaching war was heard, general vigilance was relaxed on government reservations. The writer personally knows how freely parties with cameras were admitted to forts, and secured many good negatives of their plans, works, etc., without special permission, or any question. When the Spanish War broke out it was different—special passes were necessary to enter some of the forts, and under no circumstances were cameras allowed, or anything which resembled a camera, or other agent capable of reproducing the plans. It was a rule which every good American respected; and it is generally observed to-day, when so many rumours of war with Japan or Mexico are heard.

Several years ago, a certain "private family" living in the shadow of the United States Capitol, accepted as a "paying guest," a Japanese student attached to the Japanese Embassy. He was one of those progressive Japanese who would like to acquire American wives; so he accordingly paid court to the daughter of the house—a pretty girl attending the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High School. She had a silly, nerveless mother, who was as much flattered at the attentions and presents of the young Japanese as was the girl; and if the irate American father had not interfered there would have been another unpleasant international marriage to add to the long list. The Japanese had to leave the house, and, in consequence, harboured a fierce hatred toward the father. The mother and daughter connived to see the Japanese, until at length he went home to Japan—from their inditing truly poetic and dramatic compositions to the fair American. In one he openly bragged that the American women would yet choose Japanese men in preference to those of their own land—for wasn't all the average American man cared for money, gambling and drinking—greatly to the neglect of the woman? He said that this girl whom he pretended to love would be glad, with thousands of others, to have a Japanese man take her from that bondage! She would help him do it!

When he was in Washington, he instructed the girl in photography, so that she took some very good pictures with the camera he presented to her. He never attempted to get in any of the fortications around Washington with it; but in one of his letters from Japan—accompanying a packet of beautiful prints of his native scenery—he asked the girl if she would not take some photographs of the inside of Washington's fortifications, and views along certain points of the river. He wanted them to make complete his Washington collection.

The foolish girl read this part of his letter—as she had read some of his poetic effusions and his rantings—to a woman some years her senior, who, truth to tell, was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair, as she held a decided race prejudice where marriage is concerned.

"The wily Jap!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you know what he is trying to do? He's trying to use you as a tool for his spying schemes. I declare, if I thought you'd even attempt to photograph a single thing in this vicinity which might give aid to those Japanese—or men of any other country, for that matter—I'd report you at the Secret Service Bureau to-morrow morning!"

The girl was thoroughly frightened. The protesting woman, however, was her enemy from that moment. Last year, that woman was thankful when she read notice of the girl's marriage to an American. This is not fiction. It is a fact, and should waken the departments at Washington to the knowledge that, in the foolish young girls and women who encourage the attentions of the Orientals, and who prattle to them all they hear about the government's doings—and some of them hear a great deal from their thoughtless male relatives employed in the departments—they have much to fear.

WASHINGTON AND THE SERVICE

The American Secret Service had its origin in the prelude to the Revolution; being then employed to find who were true to the cause of the colonists. When the war began Washington had a well-organised system of spies, and his generals had theirs, in touch with the main branch. There is a story that impassive Washington's steel-coloured eyes became misty when he read André's letter begging to be shot—not hung. For well Washington knew the inglorious, dangerous part a spy had to play—André especially so; for his talent for drawing made him valuable in more ways than one to the British Secret Service. But the people clamoured that André should die as Nathan Hale did—by the rope; and, much as Washington regretted this ignominous end to the brilliant, fascinating young officer who was his enemy, he was compelled to obey popular demand.

It appears that when Washington became chief executive the Secret Service continued under his control; and this prerogative was held by his successors for over three-quarters of a century. In 1846, war on the methods of the administration regarding the Secret Service was precipitated in the House of Representatives when Representative Ingersoll of Pennsylvania charged Daniel Webster with having perverted the funds of the Secret Service at the time he was Secretary of State in Tyler's Cabinet. Webster was firmly planted on the pedestal of Fame; and this attack on his honour aroused a storm among his admirers; though Ingersoll had many adherents, and he succeeded in securing the adoption of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a resolution calling for information as to the uses to which the service had been put. John Quincy Adams, then a member, arose to oppose the resolution; for he was utterly opposed to disclosures of the service's work; and went so far as to state that, when he was President he signed one year's appropriation for a certain mission, the secret of which he told none but his successor—and him only because the work was incomplete owing to the inadequacy of the sum already expended for that purpose.

Adam's defence heartened President Polk to reply to the House resolution, under date of April 20, 1846, to the effect that two classes of service, public and private, are authorised by the Secret Service law; and the President is sole judge of applying them. All public accounts are subject to calls of Congress, and open for public examination; but no President can expose to the public the secret business of his predecessor; if he did, the term Secret Service would be a misnomer.

Two days later, Webster hurled his great vindication at Ingersoll, concluding his declamation with the scathing consignment—"I leave the author of these slanders to the worst company I know of in the world—I leave him with himself!"

THE PLOT AGAINST LINCOLN

Long before the Civil War opened, many men and women were engaged in secret service work by helping slaves to escape *via* the "Underground Railroad," and they were in practice, ready to enlist in the services of the Union when war was actually declared. Prominent among the men—perhaps the most notable of all—was Allan Pinkerton, who under the name E. J. Allen, became field chief of the Union Secret Service. Notwithstanding the fact that John Brown committed a capital crime against the United States Government in seizing the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in October, 1859, Chief Pinkerton was proud of proclaiming the fact that he was a bosom friend of Brown's; had worked with him in Kansas, helping slaves to escape; and that, when he learned of Brown's capture and pending execution, he strived unceasingly to effect his escape.

When Lincoln was on his way from his home at Springfield to the National Capital, where he was to be inaugurated, March 4, 1861, it was revealed through agents of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad that a plot was brewing among some of the most prominent men of Baltimore to assassinate Lincoln when he reached that city, about February 23d. Pinkerton moved his headquarters from Chicago to Baltimore, and succeeded in getting two of his best men, and one of his women workers, to win their way into the confidence of the conspirators, by posing as Southrons, and so obtain the details of the plot. It was learned by two Pinkerton men, who were admitted to the secret society of men, that the assassin was to be chosen by ballot—this was proposed by the leader and president of the society, Captain Fernandia, an Italian, who was evidently adept in the black arts of conspiracy and assassination. In order that none should know who drew the fatal ballot, except the appointed murderer, the room was made black as coal. But the wily leaders did not place only *one* red ballot in the box, they placed *eight*, in order that eight men would believe themselves the appointed, and Lincoln's escape would be well-nigh impossible. So eight trembling men sat in that room, when the lights were turned high, and the maniac-like leader denounced Lincoln and the North, and hailed as a hero the man who would kill Lincoln before he had a chance to take the oath of office.

It was reasoned that a great crowd would be present when Lincoln arrived at Calvert Street depot. The detail of police, owing to the fact that some secessionists controlled the force, would be small, and this squad should have its attention diverted from Lincoln's party by a preconcerted row at the other end of the station—thus giving the assassin time to fire his shot, and then get away in the general confusion, and embark on a vessel awaiting him on the Chesapeake.

Lincoln's itinerary called for a stop at Philadelphia, on the 21st of February, in order that he might make a speech and raise a new flag over Independence Hall on Washington's birthday; then he was to return to Harrisburg on that afternoon to visit the Legislature and to make a public speech to the people of that sec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. Mr. Pinkerton was in Philadelphia before Lincoln arrived, and was not long in securing a personal interview with him, for he claimed Lincoln as an old friend. When Pinkerton revealed the Baltimore plot and suggested that Lincoln proceed to Washington that night by the eleven o'clock train, and thus outwit his would-be assassinators, Lincoln, after going over the situation carefully, said he would do anything except cancel his engagement to raise the flag over Independence Hall, and meet the people of Harrisburg.

It was finally arranged that he should do that, but that he come back from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the night of the 22d, and go from there to Washington. Mrs. Warne, Pinkerton's woman confederate, had engaged a section of the sleeper for herself and an "invalid brother," and ordered that it be kept free from intrusion; which was promised. Into this section Mr. Lincoln went, about ten o'clock on the night of the 22d, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 23d he emerged from his sleeper in Washington; not even the conductor of the train knowing the stooping gentleman with a heavy shawl thrown over his coat. When Pinkerton returned to Baltimore, he found that the conspirators, getting news of Lincoln's safe arrival, and knowing their plot had been discovered, had fled.

THE SERVICE AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Until the spring of 1864, Pinkerton and his men were under the direction of the War Department, of which General L. C. Baker was the Chief Detective; but when on the field they came under the supervision of General McClellan. After leaving the Army, Pinkerton was detailed to look after cotton claims and frauds coming under the Department of the Mississippi. Fascinating bits of the history he and his men helped make may be found among the reports of President Lincoln, the Secretary of War and the Provost Marshal. Some of these narrations Pinkerton incorporated in his interesting book, *The Spy of the Rebellion.*

The best authorities on the subject of the Civil War have declared that next to the Secretary of War, General Baker, the Chief Detective, was the most important officer in the Government. His enemies were legion; for there was no man more fearless, and at the same time more subtle, than Baker, who began his career as number 208 of the silent army of 2,200 men known as the Vigilance Committee, called into existence during the lawless period of California, 1856. By his work in clearing the Pacific coast of gamblers of the worst type and "ballot-box stuffers," he showed his detective ability, which in time gained for him the reputation of being one of the greatest detectives of the world. During the war he never tired and never considered himself off duty. He could spot a deserter on sight, and no matter what the time or place, he did not waste a moment in holding up a suspect. A bronzed face showing above citizen's clothes; spur marks on boots of quiet-looking men; callous on the palm indicating where a gun-lock had pressed on the march; red lines on Government stockings—which the soldiers may not have noticed, etc., were some of the unfailing signs of a deserter that General Baker read. One time, he came across a man whom he suspected, but who had none of the marks by which the detective generally worked, and then he resorted to strategy. The man fell into a doze in his chair, whereupon Baker shouted suddenly, "Fall in, men!" at which the suspect jumped to his feet and made motions of preparing to march. General Baker immediately arrested him and proved that he was a deserter from the Twelfth New York Battery. He also arrested many female spies in men's clothes. One so attired was drinking at a public bar, evidently without any repugnance, when her male companions asked her to join them. Baker sat watching the interesting youth, and on such a slender clue as the fact that the masquerader frequently made a motion as if brushing back truant locks under her broad felt hat, he convicted her. Men who worked into the government service on the plea of patriotism, for self-aggrandisement, especially contractors and men connected with the commissary department, were creatures toward whom Baker had no mercy. He was well aware of the fact that President Lincoln's bowed back was due more to the thieves and traitors within his lines than to the open fight of the Confederates.

General Baker's reminiscences are con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tained in a large volume, *History of the United States Secret Service,* which he published two years after the close of the war.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

When the Civil War was being waged, many minor terrors made the lives of those who remained at home scarcely less dreadful than that of those on the battle-fields. In the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, a lawless gang called the Molly Maguires held sway. Its name was derived from Cornelius Maguire, who took part in the Irish Rebellion which occurred in the middle of the seventeenth century, and whose men, disguised as women, "Mollies," made forays throughout the country. The Pennsylvania Maguires were miners, saloonkeepers, mechanics, and loafers, who held regular meetings, which they opened with prayer for divine guidance, and then they planned devilish schemes to get rid of, or murder, those who interfered with what they regarded as their rights. After the Civil War their crimes became greater and bolder—or perhaps they were more noticeable when the great conflict was finished—and when, in 1871, no less than forty-eight murders were committed, numerous assaults made, and much property destroyed, the Secret Service and its outside men were called on to aid the Government in running the offenders to the gallows.

In 1873, James McParlan, who was largely instrumental in the conviction of Harry Orchard as the assassin of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, was sent into the Maguire stronghold. He was then twenty-nine years of age, with a personality which soon won him many friends. He assumed the name of McKenna, secured a job in the mines, and soon became a trusted member of the Maguires.

Stealthily he learned their ways, and every day sent reports to headquarters in Chicago. One arrest followed another, and it soon became apparent that some one was turning traitor. Some of the observant Mollies suspected McParlan, because he had managed to avoid doing this crime or that. One morning the papers published all the signs and passwords of the order. Alert as he was, McParlan failed to notice that he dropped a letter containing information while on the way to the post-office. He was held up by the Maguires, but he played his part so well, showing himself to be a terribly misjudged man, that even some of the most suspicious apologised. But there were two who did not believe his protestations of loyalty, and they determined to kill him at once. They ordered him to kill a mine superintendent, and he promised to obey. He asked the men to drink with him before he went on the death errand, and they did so, so well and so thoroughly that they were in a drunken stupour for two days. McParlan went to save the superintendent in the meanwhile, but when he arrived at the town where the man lived he found a crowd awaiting him with a rope. They were men who recognised him as a Maguire and believed his errand was murder. With drawn pistols he faced them and told the truth. The detention was fatal for the superintendent, for in some way the Maguires got wind of McParlan's ruse, and detailed another member for the deed. But McParlan secured the conviction of the murderers. The work told on him, so that he was almost a nervous wreck; but he appeared at the trial of fifty Maguires accused of murder, in 1876, and his story, which was four days in the telling, being flawless, settled the fate of the Molly Maguires forever.

BURNS AND THE COUNTERFEITERS

Detective William J. Burns—now prominently before the public for his part in causing the arrest of members of the International Union of Bridge and Iron Structural Workers, charged with dynamiting buildings in Los Angeles—began his career as a member of the United States Secret Service in 1890, working in the Southwest. In 1894 he was promoted to Washington for meritorious work. He was giving a roving commission, which took him into the Brockway-Bradford-Courtney case in New York and vicinity. Brockway was a notorious counterfeiter who went in for big things. He forged Erie Railroad bonds, gold certificates and Canadian notes. He used a woman—rather, a mere girl—employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, as his tool in counterfeiting a $1,000 compound interest note. He had her run a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sheet of tinfoil through the press to get an impression of the plate. From this he had an electrotype made, and printed notes without number, and so successfully did he operate that the Government accepted over $80,000 worth of them before it suspected anything wrong. Uncle Sam had to stoop to employ a counterfeiter to help discriminate between the genuine and the false notes. It was this counterfeiter, Ulrich, whom Burns used to capture the gang, persuading him to join it for the purpose of turning informer. The gang was arrested at their plant in West Hoboken.

VARIOUS DUTIES

After the close of the Revolutionary War, while the President was the nominal head of the Secret Service, the greater part of its work came under the direction of the State Department. In February, 1862, that department transferred most of its authority to the War Department. General Baker is credited with using the service for so many purposes that he established a precedent for its use for purposes for which it was not originally intended. Even after the Reconstruction Period it worked like an army of moles and often did damage in clean fields, so that, in 1882, Congress began an investigation which resulted in the passage of a bill limiting the appropriation and the duties of the service to cases coming under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department—counterfeiting, forging, smuggling, etc. In 1906, an amendment to the bill added to the activities of the service, "the protection of the President of the United States." Notwithstanding this limitation, men were drawn from the Secret Service at the Treasury Department to apprehend those believed to be implicated in the Panama Canal steal, the Western Land Frauds, the Agricultural Department Cotton-leak scandal, and the Brownsville affair. It was also drawn upon, so evidence shows, for strictly private purposes, as, for instance, when a Washington woman appealed to the Secretary of the Navy to find her daughter—a married woman—who had eloped with a naval officer. A Secret Service man detailed in the case found the couple, and the officer was punished by the Navy Department, not on account of his social sin, but because he failed to comply with the rule that every man in the Navy should leave his last address with the department.

FALSE BILLS AND TRUE

The Congressional investigation of 1908-09 resulted in a strict order that all such abuses of the Secret Service should cease, and the Treasury no longer lend men to other departments unless the law provided for such duties. This has made it imperative for the establishment of secret forces in other departments, in which the Department of Justice will probably lead.

But the Treasury branch will not lack work. Counterfeiting and smuggling keep it busy. Arrests for counterfeiting paper money are so common that newspaper accounts, like the Japanese War scare, are taken "with a grain of salt" by the average man, who prides himself on never having been the victim of a bad-money passer. The banks report the majority of counterfeit cases to the Treasury Department, and start the Secret Service on the trail. Gold is not counterfeited to a great extent, for there is small profit in working it over—a ten-dollar coin, for instance, can have no more than four dollars worth of gold removed, and be reasonably safe from detection. This gold is extracted from the centre of the coin, which is filled in with a base alloy. In silver baser metals are also worked, but the favourite game is to use Latin-American silver coins much below ours in value—and work these over into perfect-appearing United States coins.

In sections remote from sub-treasuries the inhabitants are suspicious of new bills, and the receiver of such generally looks both note and presenter over very carefully before accepting the money as good. In Washington, D. C., clean notes are the rule. A visitor from one of the Far West States was so delighted to handle clean, crisp money that he had his chewed-up-looking wad exchanged at the Treasury for a new green and yellow roll before he set out for his home. On the way he stopped at a little town, where the majority of the people never saw a note until it had the appearance of having

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

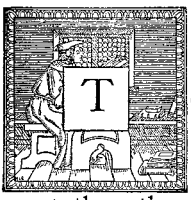
travelled hundreds of miles in a man's boot, under his foot at that. When the stranger began to pay out new bills they were certain a counterfeiter had come among them, and one of the leading citizens telegraphed to the largest town in that vicinity for help. A Secret Service man came to arrest the supposed counterfeiter, but was confused, then amused to find that the suspect was a distinguished man in his own State, and was scheduled for a prominent place in the coming administration. After explanations and laughter came a treat, paid for with the new money of the man, who enjoyed a joke at his own expense.

NARRATIVE AND THE FAIRY TALES

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

I



THE chief reason why it is so extremely difficult to tell a good story is the essential simplicity of the task. For the complex things are by their nature easier of accomplishment than the simple things which any one may in some fashion attempt. Thus it is easier to organise a vast business than merely to be good; thus it is easier to build a house, which only requires the co-ordination of a multitude of details, than to cut a gem perfectly; and thus while thousands of men have painted well and hundreds greatly, we tell it as a wonder that Giotto could draw a circle free-hand. Now, to tell a story effectively it is only needful to arouse the reader's interest at the start and to increase it until the end; or, as Wilkie Collins once put it: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em weep, make 'em wait." It is as simple, almost, as the Golden Rule; and it is nearly as difficult to practise.

It may well be that, although most of our modern story-telling gains, at least in facility, from being complex and elaborate in its form, we tend in that very complexity, in the tangle of types and schools and methods, to lose sight of the simple first principles underlying all narrative art; and that this, as well as advertising, overproduction, contempt of craftsmanship, and the natural proportion of things, may have something to do with the small percentage of really memorable fiction amid the great mass which we continually make. Now, there is one class of old stories so simple that any child can appreciate them and so difficult to make that the best of them can be counted on your fingers, which embody all the fundamental principles of the art reduced as it were to the lowest terms; and so well made that they have held a very restless and critical public for many years and throughout many lands. *The Three Bears* illustrates the whole technique of the casket scene in *The Merchant of Venice; Jack the Giant Killer* and *Beauty and the Beast* exhibit the norm of two eternally great types in fiction, the picaresque story and the story of the uncouth lover; Bluebeard is the ancestor of all mystery-stories; and a detailed analysis of Cinderella would show almost the whole craft of construction. Nor is this meant in any merely strained or whimsical sense. The fairy tales are trifles, of course; but they are perfect trifles, working models on a small scale of the same machinery which moves the greatest fiction; and the working of that machinery may be the

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of these articles is the librettist of "Mona," the opera which was awarded the prize of ten thousand dollars, offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House. A few years ago Mr. Hooker won the prize for the best Yale battle hymn with his "Mother of Men: Old Yale."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more easily observed in them, as the circulation of the blood may be more readily seen in the transparent web of a frog's foot than in the more highly organised human body. Their making had the enormous advantage of being traditional: so that their form depended not upon the skill of any one author, but was pushed and coaxed and patted into perfection by innumerable successive narrators; and in that process whatever was bad art and therefore uninteresting was dropped out and forgotten, while every touch that could enhance the tale was added by whoever thought of it. It may be interesting therefore to make some analysis of these old and simple stories in comparison with greater kindred examples: not exhaustively nor in detail, for that would be to induce a treatise upon the whole art of narrative; but casually and in passing, with a view to some of the primary essentials of the story-teller's craft.

II

To begin with, each of the more familiar fairy-tales sets forth emphatically a single idea of immediate human interest. This is in nowise to be confused with the plot or narrative outline of the story: the idea is what a story is about, and the plot is what is told about it; the idea is that impression which the artist pretends to convey truly and movingly to his audience, and the plot is the means of its conveyance. But the two are constantly confused: nine people out of ten would say that the story of Washington and the hatchet is about cutting down a cherry tree; whereas it is really about telling the truth. Thus *Jack the Giant-Killer,* as one critic and philosopher has already pointed out, is the story of the battle of the weak against the strong; the idea of *Cinderella* is the idea of the Magnificat, *exaltavit humiles;* and the idea of *Beauty and the Beast* is that love makes unlovely things lovable. Just so the idea of *Macbeth* is that vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself and the idea of *Romeo and Juliet* is that "these violent delights have violent ends;" while the plot is in each case a web of character and action wherein the idea is embodied. The idea is the soul of the narrative, and the plot its body. Now, the story which has evidently an idea behind it will always have the advantage over that story, otherwise of equal merit, which exists only to reflect the personality of the writer or intangibly to suggest some lyric emotion. Poetry and the Essay may deal with these things; but a story has no other hold upon existence than its hold upon human interest. The *Iliad* will always be more familiar than the *Odyssey,* and *The Scarlet Letter* than *Vanity Fair,* by virtue of their clearer emphasis upon the underlying idea. Furthermore, the ideas of these old fairy-tales are invariably ideas of native and fundamental concern. Even a child cares about adventure and the triumph of humility, chuckles over the clever trickery of *Puss in Boots* or thrills to the suspense of *Bluebeard;* nor has the oldest and wisest of us outgrown his interest in these things. Raffles is only another Marquis of Carabas, Kim another giant-killer, and Sherlock Holmes the opener of a succession of rather less horrific blue chambers. But observe, the idea of a story need not by any means be a statement of truth, such as can be formulated in a sentence. The idea of *Beauty and the Beast* happens to be such a one; but it may equally well be an idea of character, as in *Jack the Giant-Killer,* or an idea of situation, as in *Cinderella,* or an idea of environment and emotion, as in *Bluebeard:* such as can only be formulated in a phrase. And finally, it is worth considering that none of these ideas is treated as a moral. Most of the stories have not a shred of explicit morality about them; and although *Cinderella* and *Beauty and the Beast* are built around moral ideas, they treat these ideas as truths rather than as precepts. Every now and then, some pedagogue wishes to amend the old tales in the interests of ethics and infant psychology; but the child, like his normal elders, is not greatly concerned with ethics or facts in his fiction, but with art: he does not care particularly whether pumpkins really turn into coaches, or whether they ought to do so. What he wants is to have Cinderella go to the ball; and this not so much from any feeling that she deserves to go there as simply because he has for the time being identified himself with her and her desires.

And this identification of the reader with a single character in the story is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first step toward arousing and sustaining his interest therein. The foundation of all is indeed the idea; and all great stories are written around ideas humanly momentous. But it is possible enough, of course, to give a great theme a very stupid embodiment, or to build like Boccaccio entertaining tales out of almost nothing. The reader must become (as the phrase goes) absorbed in the story; and that is done, primarily, by absorbing him sympathetically into the person of one of its actors, so that he shall behold the fiction feelingly as from within. This need of a Hero the nursery tales are invariably careful to supply; and so great a story as *Paradise Lost* may illustrate the disadvantage of neglecting it. It is carelessly said that the real Hero of *Paradise Lost* is Satan; but that is not structurally true. The attitude toward everything is Adam's even before he appears; but because too little of the story is actually seen through his eyes, and because Satan is better realised, the reader's personal interest is weakened. Now in the fairy tales, this *rapport* of Hero and reader once produced is scrupulously preserved. We follow the fortunes of Jack or Beauty or Fatima from beginning to end, without once turning aside; seeing the whole story, as far as possible, only through their eyes. The author knows what is in the blue chamber, but the reader does not know until Fatima opens the door; and *Bluebeard* is by this means made more enthralling than *Puss in Boots,* where the reader must see beforehand the devices by which Puss imposes upon the King. Yet even here the point of view is in part preserved, for although he understands the trickery, he realises its purpose only gradually with the Marquis. Thus even in farce, where the reader must see beyond the Hero, he must still be made to feel with him; and Epic and Tragedy, whose moving force is the working out of an impersonal law or impersonal historic event, must still be humanly felt in the person of the Hero.

III

But in order that this may be so, it is not at all necessary for the Hero in the technical sense to be heroic or even admirable. Jack the Giant Killer is a heroic figure; but his namesake of the Beanstalk is only an adventurous blunderer. Beauty is as lovely a personality as Cordelia; but Goldilocks and Fatima are very ordinary inquisitive little persons, and Puss in Boots only a cleverly disingenuous cat. These characters (as in actual life) are sympathetic to us by their very weaknesses. We sympathise with Cinderella because, having desires like our own, she is like ourselves desolate and oppressed; we should probably have married Mr. Bluebeard ourselves, in our schoolgirl days, under the spell of his Byronic personality, and pried into his family secrets afterward. We are, of course, too wise to sell a cow for a hatful of beans; but then, it was a very natural and comprehensible folly; and if we had been innocent enough to commit it we should (let us hope) have emulated Jack's courage and address in taking advantage of opportune results. Whereas I for one have always felt that the Giant Killer's invariable success made him, if not a prig, at least a creature remote and godlike; and I have wished that one of the giants might get the best of him now and then, just to bring him nearer. This principle of the fairy tales obtains as well throughout the whole of fiction. Nobody is expected to approve of Hamlet or Othello or Camille; for Tragedy necessarily puts its Hero in the wrong. But we put ourselves in their places by what they have in common with ourselves. Raffles the burglar is as near of kin to us as Sherlock Holmes the detective; Cyrano and Don Quixote are more grotesque but not less human than Odysseus; and those two young scamps Huckleberry Finn and Kim O'Hara take hold upon all our boyhood. The Hero may be wrong or blind or even absurd; but it must be in such a way that we cannot escape identifying ourselves with him. We must stand in his shoes, though they be seven-league boots; and even so wild a figure as Cyrano must, like the Greek gods, transcend humanity only by exaggerating its commonplaces. In this the nursery stories are excellent models, that their Heroes, moving among dragons and hippogriffs in a world of wonders, are themselves profoundly normal. Browning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself could hardly have written *Jack and the Beanstalk* from the Giant's point of view; and in our detached and scientific modern fiction no fault is more frequent than a failure to humanise the Hero. *The House of Mirth,* for example, despite its flawless realism, is injured by the ordinary reader's difficulty in sympathising with anybody in it; yet he sympathises perfectly with the characters of *The Scarlet Letter,* who are less ordinary and just as wrong.

We have thus far the testimony of the fairy tales that a story should have behind it an interesting idea, and within it an interesting hero. So the portions which loom up most brightly out of huge legends are the portions which are not merely adventurous but expressive: the great loves of Tristram and Launcelot in the Arthurian cycle, and the story of Siegfried in the chronicles of the Volsungs. And so the memorable periods of history are best conjured up through the magic of a mighty name: Cæsar, Elizabeth, Napoleon. But an idea and a Hero do not make a story; and the chief problem after all is how to make things expressive of the idea happen to the Hero, in such wise that interest shall be aroused and sustained: in other words, how to construct a plot. Obviously, the simplest method is that of *Jack the Giant-Killer*—to carry the Hero through a series of adventures connected only by his dominating presence and by sufficient similarity to bring them all into relation with the idea. Jack fights only with giants, one after another until the narrator's invention fails; and the interest is kept up by making each giant more monstrous than the last, in a sort of crude climax. Simple as this type is, it has a long line of famous examples, from *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote* down to *Huckleberry Finn.* This, however, is practically to write a number of stories about one Hero; and modern literature, with its keen technical consciousness, tends frankly to recognise their separation, as in the case of the Sherlock Holmes series. The problem still remains, how to make the individual episode interesting, so that the reader shall desire more. And here *The Three Bears* furnishes a suggestion at once fascinating and mysterious: that the mere iteration and parallelism of events is somehow interesting, like the repeated refrain of a song, provided some one feature be changed; and that this is most attractively done in threes. Each bear has a stool, but they are of different sizes; each a bowl of porridge, but differently flavoured; each a bed, but variously stuffed. This balance of things alike in all respects but one is the mainspring of *The Comedy of Errors* and of most farces; while in the counterpoint of character against character and scene against scene, it is almost universal in literature. And the triple iteration, with an unexpected climax, is everywhere —the three caskets, the three tilts of Ivanhoe and the Templar, the three attempts of Bedivere to fling the sword into the lake, the three episodes of Greek Tragedy, and even in the vision of Elijah the lightning, the earthquake, and the still small voice. Indeed a glance at the pervasion of the number three through all myth and mystery suggests an almost magical appeal to the imagination of mankind; but there is no need to seek so far after a reason for the triple climax in narrative. It interests by presenting something first as to come, then as about to come, then as coming: rise, suspense, and fall; beginning, middle, and end. The reader is aroused, held, and satisfied; and with that we have a glimmering of the very essence of narrative form.

IV

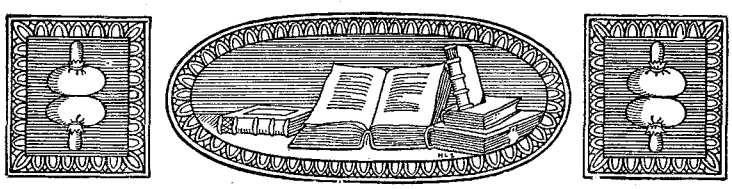
Yet the device of iteration, valuable as it is, belongs rather to the tactics than to the strategy of fiction: it pertains rather to single scenes and episodes than to the narrative as a whole. It suggests, indeed, the germ of all artistic form, that the work shall create in the observer a desire which the work shall satisfy; but in order to see more fully the specific application of this principle to the working out of a narrative plot, it will be necessary to analyse in detail some more artful and organic structure than we have yet examined; and for this purpose we select *Cinderella* as the most perfect piece of sheer plotting among the fairy tales. Its theme has been already stated; and in this particular embodiment, whose formula may be phrased "abuse the Heroine," it is one of the most successful stories of all time. Iphigenia, Antigone, Griselda,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elaine and Undine, Esmeralda, Amelia, Jane Eyre, the Two Orphans, Pompilia and Tess—the list is limitless; and Shakespeare himself has no more favourite character than the hapless maid. The reason why this story should have a Heroine instead of a Hero is obvious enough; but there are subtler reasons why the office of the Villain should be divided between two female characters. First, it tells the truth; for hell has no tormentor like an envious woman in power over the woman she envies; secondly, although one sister could maltreat Cinderella effectively enough, two can maltreat her in divers and contrasting ways; and there are other reasons to be observed as they appear.

The story opens with a rapid sketch of the essential situation. The Heroine is at once introduced as in a position both unfair and unhappy; and the reader is immediately in sympathy with her because her troubles and her wants are so humanly easy to understand. No little girl likes to be dirty and hated, and to have to scrub kettles while other girls go to a ball in fine clothes. The reader desires already precisely what the narrator has in mind for a conclusion—the triumph of Cinderella and the discomfiture of the sisters; and for the moment, he wants exactly what she wants: that she shall go to the ball in spite of them. This is not merely because she deserves better things: if she were represented as a saintly creature who deserved no less than heaven, and presently went there, the situation would be far less poignant; or if she desired not dresses and dancing, but freedom to develop an artistic temperament or to uplift the masses, and this desire were granted, the solution would be far less satisfying; or if she received not her special wish, but something greater and better for her, we should all be disappointed, children and elders alike. The appeal is merely to the basic human sympathy with the under dog. Through identification with a character the reader has been brought into the story, and made to want something: his interest is aroused.

At this point, the narrative begins to move. The initial situation is brought to a head by the departure of the sisters in their finery, leaving Cinderella hopeless among the ashes; and then by the appearance of the Fairy Godmother the whole face of things is abruptly and emphatically changed. There is no more exquisite bit of truth in all fiction than this introduction of the god (or Godmother) from the machine at the commencement instead of at the close of the action. For so in life the beginnings of things are arbitrary and miraculous, like the Creation or the beginning of love; whereas their working out is commonly ordered and logical. Moreover, and perhaps for this reason, one accepts the improbable most readily at the outset of a story. Only less admirable than the truth of the episode is its technical economy. The Fairy Godmother is left unmentioned until the moment of her appearance, because to anticipate her would have weakened the suspense; and the accessories of the Heroine's rescue are craftily transformed out of the very details of her desolation: her robes are made from her own rags, her horses and attendants out of mice and rats, and her coach out of a pumpkin. Here is not only suggestive symbolism but clever structure as well; for the artist should get his effects from the materials ready to his hand, and there is no surer test of form than the turning of single details to several uses. But the structural keystone of the whole episode is the strict injunction laid upon Cinderella to return before midnight, without telling her what will happen if she disobeys. By this device the very satisfaction of the reader's interest is made the means of sustaining it: he has been given what he wanted in such a way as to make him want more.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VALMY

THE ART OF WILLETTE

BY GARDNER TEALL

TO make a business of life's pastime, a pastime of life's follies, a life out of the whole of the world's light-heartedness—that has been the occupation of Montmartre. William Caxton's mountain of martyrs has long ceased to concern itself with acts of piety, and the sounds of the gaiety of the Boulevard de Clichy as surely invade the quietude of the Sacré-Cœur as do the tones of its famous bell, "Françoise-Marguerite," *La Savoyarde de Montmartre.*

But it is not Balzac's Montmartre, nor Heinrich Heine's (he sleeps in the Cimetière du Nord), nor the tuneful Offenbach's, nor yet the Montmartre of Henri Murger, who discovered Bohemia, or the Montmartre of the kindly Théophile Gautier with which this paper deals, but the Montmartre of the group of French artist-illustrators who have made it what it is to-day—Caran d'Ache, Steinlen, Forain, Léandre, Toulouse Lautrec—most of all of Adolphe Willette. Steinlen has shown the world the brutal, sodden side, the under-seams of life on the mount of martyrs. Caran d'Ache entertained it with his merry-making from the day his silhouettes cast the shadow of his great gifts upon the little screen of the *Chat Noir,* and Léandre set forth its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

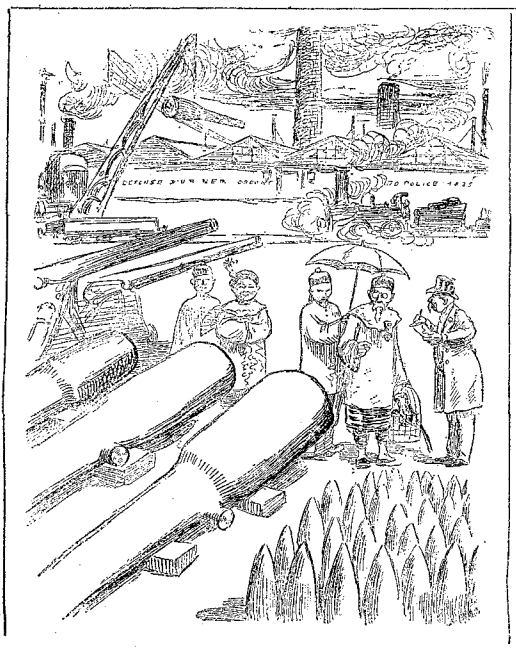
VALOUR

hilarity, but above them all Adolphe Willette has entertained Montmartre the most gracefully.

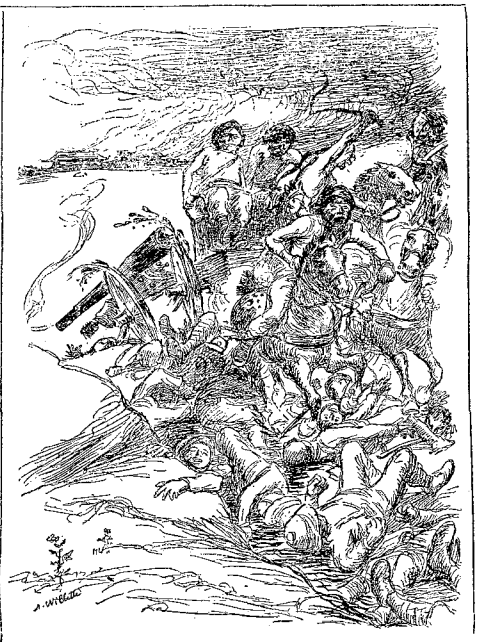
Willette, who was born fifty years ago at Chalons-sur-Marne, came to Paris from the provinces in the days before Rudolph Salis started his famous *cabaret* of the *Chat Noir,* which later Willette was to help to make famous, where all Paris afterward went. Those were the days when the mount of martyrs became the Mount of the Windmills, the playground too for the *Quartier Latin,* when the *Boul' Mich'* became too tame. How this Paris opened the eyes of the young Frenchman! Adolphe Willette from that day has never seemed to lose his early enthusiasm. Of course there was hard work and hard study before him—fame in Paris was no more easily won then than now. He had been an indifferent student in the lycée at Dijon, where his father, Colonel Willette, had sent him. Willette entered the École des Beaux-Arts, under Alexandre Cabanel. Ch. Blanc, also, was his master in æsthetics. But it was Montmartre, above all, that developed young Willette's art. In the old Moulin Rouge, in the Moulin de la Galette—well every place in this realm of fantasy he found inspiration for his especial talents. He inherited all the joyousness that was Watteau's, all that which was Fragonard's, and his art remained essentially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GRISETTE TYPE



WHEN THE CHINESE BUY ARMS IN EUROPE, THAT IS CALLED CIVILISATION



WHEN THEY USE THE ARMS AGAINST EUROPEANS, THAT IS CALLED BARBARISM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French, expressing itself in a way all its own. Just who Willette's intellectual masters were is hard to say—but one may guess Voltaire, Madame de la Sablière, and Fontaine among them.

Je m'avoue, il est vrai, s'il faut parler ainsi,
Papillon du Parnasse et semblable aux abeilles
A qui le bon Platon comparait nos merveilles:
Je suis chose légère et vole à tout sujet,
Je vais de fleur en fleur, et d'objet en objet
A beaucoup de plaisir je mêle un peu de gloire.

. . . . .

Je suis chose légère et vole à tout sujet; je vais de fleur en fleur et d'objet en objet: that brings one to the art of Willette, an art never indifferent, in its thought of beauty, to things of the heart, of pity, of enthusiasm.

When Salis founded a little journal, *Le Chat Noir,* his *cabaret* became its editorial offices, and thither Willette, Steinlen and the others found their way. Then Jules Roques founded the *Courrier Francais* in 1884 and brought many French artists' names into prominence. Willette probably has never surpassed the drawings that appeared in the *Courrier Francais.* They won him his greatest renown as an illustrator, though he is likewise a painter. Besides the *Chat Noir* and the *Courrier Francais,* Willette has drawn for the *Journal, Le Rire, L'Assiette au Beurre, Pierrot* and many other French illustrated periodicals.

The very mention of Pierrot to a Frenchman brings to mind Adolphe Willette. Who else has depicted poor Pierrot so delightfully? Indeed Willette *is* Pierrot! And to Willette Pierrot has be-

TO ARMS! THE COSSACKS!

The Russian troops visiting France at the time of the cementing of the Dual Alliance were received with great enthusiasm. To the aged veteran of the Crimea, however, the sight brings strange memories. Instinctively he reaches for the scythe at his feet, and utters his cry of warning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come a symbol. He draws him every way, everywhere, in every conceivable situation; it is Pierrot more often than not who strikes poignantly the heart of French sympathy when Adolphe Willette has a lesson to teach, a rebuke to administer. Some day some one will collect Willette's Pierrots—he will bring them all together; there will be gentle Pierrots, cruel Pierrots, joyous Pierrots, and *Pierrots malheureux*—and then the Colombines, and *Pierrette,* and Pierrot's baby! And then, when Pierrot is dead, *voilà! la veuve de Pierrot*—smiling!

Life, again, is sometimes depicted by Willette pêle-mêle—almost always in his painting; the writer finds greater interest in his drawings. Perhaps few artists of France have done more than Willette for the propaganda of peace, through the strikingly haunting lessons conveyed by his depicting the horrors of war, despite the fact that the "glory of France" is ever dear to his heart. In considering his paintings—one may see them in the Hoentschel Collection (*Le Marié*), the Bal Tabarin, the Hotel de Ville and elsewhere in Paris—one remembers that Willette was a pupil of Cabanel, but his invention is always happy and his exuberance here, as in his drawing, is always natural.

A WILLETTE PIERROT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONG AT ENDING DAY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Meseems as though a ghostly light
  Had round me flung its beams to-day—
An airy mantle, warm and white,
  To keep the cold away.
  Sad things are of a sudden gay,
And in me wakes an old delight.

The heaviness, the pain are fled,
  Filled as with music are the rooms
Where yesterday a human tread
  Rang hollow as in tombs;
  And all the garden blows and blooms
With lilies white and roses red.

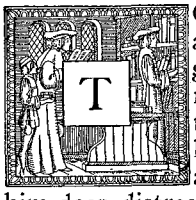
Has she returned, who went from me?
  So near she is, so near, so near—
It seems that I might almost see
  Her happy eyes, and hear
  Her gentle chiding for the tear
That wakened in my ecstasy.

Here by the high-walled garden's gate,
  Here is the bench she loved so well.
Perchance she comes again, elate,
  Some mystic thing to tell!
  My heart is as some far clear bell,
Tolling. I close my eyes—and wait.

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION

OF THE PRESENT DISHEARTENING CONDITION AND QUALITY OF FICTIONAL LITERATURE WRITTEN IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGES

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



TO the sensitive and well-attuned observer two great facts relating to the modern fictional literature written in the English languages must be apparent, and must cause him deep distress. One is the great falling off in the number of novels, and the other is the great slump in quality.

It is not my intention to draw conclusions from the merely amateurish remarks of the general reader of fiction, who may have bought a novel with a perfectly good three-colour portrait of a girl on the cover. His opinion is worthless. He may read novel after novel, remarking regularly, after each is finished: "Rotten, punk, all to the bad!" but his critical ability is negligible. He might say the same of *Pilgrim's Progress* or *Paradise Lost*. Probably he would.

Neither shall I exemplify my contention by drawing from the scathing words

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the professional critics. We all know too well that the critics of to-day do nothing but scathe. Many a critic has taken a novel that was at least as good as anything done by Balzac, and scathed it all to pieces. We all know that the critic does nothing but condemn. And he gets free copies, too!

No, these are not signs of the times. The reader may hoot and the critic may scathe, and they leave us unconvinced, but when the publisher himself voices his discouragement, we may well listen. Particularly true is this when his depression appears in the public prints, and regarding fiction put forth by himself. The fact is this: the publisher is utterly disheartened. Time was when a publisher could present a book of fiction to his public with a few words of recommendation. He had a belief in the merits of his wares. But to-day he is so disgusted, so sick at heart over the sort of fiction he is obliged to put forth, that his optimism is dead. It is in the tone of his announcements that we read his hopeless depression and the small opinion he has of the novels he prints. Not once, so far in 1911, have I read an announcement in which a publisher ventures even the modest assertion that a novel of his printing is "the greatest work of fiction ever produced by the hand of man." When the publishers feel thus the condition of fiction must indeed be low.

In most instances the publishers actually disparage the novels they are offering. I suppose they are ashamed to say a good word for them. What can we think of a novel of which the publisher has no more to say than that it is "tremendously dramatic . . . presents a fascinating character . . . ?" Or of another in which "the characters are particularly strong and convincing . . . a big book in more than one sense of the word . . . a fine, clean, spirited romance of sentiment and action?" If that is all the publisher has to say it is evident he does not think much of the novel.

A few sporadic instances such as these might indeed prove nothing. The publishers putting them forth might be suffering from dyspepsia or chronic melancholia, and the novels might really possess merits, but when this same deprecatory tone appears in all announcements of new fiction we can and must believe that fiction is in a bad state. Of the books of the Spring season the publishers have nothing better to say than such things as "weird and alluring . . . conceive that Du Maurier . . . Poe . . . Hugo . . . De Maupassant. . . ." or "the year's best novel. . . . One of the great novelists . . ." and "the reader remains enthralled . . ." and ". . . quiet strength. is infused with sincerity. . . ." and of another " . . . sensuous charm of word and idea, the grace and flexibility of style . . . render even more beautiful a love story, the intrinsic charm of which makes an instantaneous appeal." The publishers hardly seem to care whether any one buys their books or not.

This reserve of expression is not due to modesty on the part of the publishers, either. Publishers are not modest. In the past they have, on occasion, been known to mention that such or such a book was good. The truth is that they have not the heart to speak words of praise for the spring crop of novels. If they had would they damn them with such faint praise as

. . . told with vigour and full of cleverness and freshness.

An engrossing mystery story.

The sprightliest romance of the season.

The "Prince of Story Tellers" in a new vein.

Displays . . . the lost art of Poe.

An engrossing romance.

The detective story of 1911.

. . . inimitable flashlights. . . .

One of the most extraordinary detective tales ever written.

. . . few stories so sweet, so tender, so humanly convincing. . . .

. . . masterly understanding, . . . brilliant perception, . . . intense power.

. . . a strong story.

One of the cleverest, most captivating, most complicated, most delightful of love stories.

. . . a virile story.

. . . sparkles with humour.

. . . transcends the limits of mere fiction.

. . . without parallel in contemporary fiction for sustained and quiet beauty.

. . . throws into the shadow all the novels of the last decade. . . .

. . . original, powerful, different. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . stirring. . . .
. . . brilliant. . . .
. . . vivid and enthusiastic. . . .
. . . clever. . . .
. . . delightful. . . .
. . . Strongest. . . .
. . . fascinating. . . .

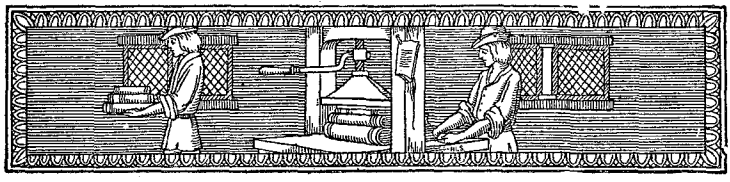
Would they? They would not! The publishers have evidently lost faith in the English-writing and translating-into-English authors. They see nothing hopeful in the outlook. They are distinctly pessimistic, as may be seen from the few excerpts quoted here.

The fault is with the authors. Our fiction writers are not satisfying the publishers. No wonder the publishers openly condemn the novelists in such cutting words as "Miss ——— has rare gifts for character drawing and her talents have been used to the full." It is cruel to condemn an author in this ruthless manner, but the taunt is deserved. Even those who have done well in times past seem to have lost their ability. As one publisher says, "Mr. ——'s first novel since '——— of ———,' and the greatest of his life work." This is an admission of lack of confidence that touches the hardest heart.

I see no hope for the future. That is the worst of it. The authors are authoring as hard as they can, but the publishers are steadily losing faith. As one publisher says, "First edition to be 175,000 copies," thus utterly condemning the book in question in advance, for if the publisher shows no faith in his books how can he expect the public to have faith in them?

But, if the outlook is black, now is the time to make an appeal to the publishers. The time of panic is the time to talk prosperity, and the time when our publishers feel as their announcements indicate they feel is the time when they should try to arouse the drooping art of fiction-writing by throwing a word of praise into their advertisements now and then. I propose that every publisher of fiction hereafter, in announcing a new book, drop some little word of praise into the advertisement. It need not be much—just some mild little phrase such as "this novel, by far the greatest the world has yet seen, will go thundering down the ages. It will live forever," or "Cervantes, De Foe, Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Thackeray, Dickens and Shakespeare must weep with jealousy to think they, alone or in company, could never have produced a novel so noble, so thrilling, so true, so world-without-end everlastingly jim dandy as this."

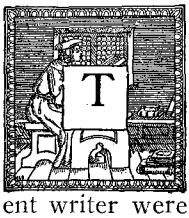
If you are a publisher, do this. If you are a friend of a publisher, beg him to do this. If you are a reader, write the publishers to do this. Tell the publishers. Telephone them. Urge them to look on the brighter side of things. Who knows? Perhaps in a year fiction may take an uplift. Perhaps in two years things will be brighter. At present only six books are able to find their way each month into the fold of the "six best sellers." If the publishers will only say a few good words for their publications, when advertising them, fiction may take such a brace that in a year or so there may be twenty, or thirty or even forty "six best sellers" every week.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMEDIANS OF THE EDITOR'S MAIL

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



HE editor of one of the most widely known short-story magazines, the editor of one of the combination fiction-special article magazines of large circulation and the present writer were indulging in a shop-talk not long ago over the midday mutton chop and baked potato. In the course of his assault upon the paprika-sprinkled vegetable accompaniment, the first editor hazarded the remark that, in his own way, he, too, was a species of Diogenes. "I am looking," he supplemented, "for that one honest contributor who, in the letter he sends with his manuscript, will state his case simply and straightforwardly instead of indulging in attempts to be funny or smart for the perfectly obvious purpose of 'jollying' the editor." And the second editor coincided so enthusiastically with his colleague's opinion that he accidentally ordered three forty-cent fancy-tales in his excitement.

Subsequent conversation with numerous metropolitan magazine editors and the direct evidence that has come before the present eyes certify that something like eight out of ten persons who send their fiction products to the periodicals usually seek to ingratiate themselves subtly with the editors through the enclosed aid of facetious letters. These eight persons are the so-called volunteer contributors, that is, the contributors of the literary outlands who believe in their heart of hearts that they possess the writing genius of Chesterton, Shaw and Phillips combined and who, despite this beautiful belief, have yet to see their first products in print. Indeed, statistics indicate that even the other two persons, the more firmly established contributors, have not always been above the practice of the humorous, or quasi-humorous, enclosure, although, to be sure, the latter proportionately small class of writers is by no means a regular offender in this regard. Frequently the letters of the outland contributors employ the semi-ironic style in their effort to get the editor's eye and subsequently win that eye over to the attendant manuscript. But one and all, the letters are meant as levers to gain the editor's possibly recalcitrant smile and one and all are set down in the inside editorial circle as the work of the so-termed "contributing comedians." A reprint of some of these subsidiary contributions may throw a new light on this comparatively obscure branch of the curious magazine editorial tree. But before quoting it must be insisted that the reader remember that no general opinion as to whether or not these letters prove effective in their intended purpose is hazarded.

The editor of one of the New York fiction periodicals recently received the following letter from a feminine contributor in Philadelphia:

MY DEAR, DEAR EDITOR: I am not going to be conventional and start off by assuring you I have read and enjoyed your magazine for many years. True, I have taken the trouble to read three numbers, but I have not liked them. What your magazine needs is stories like the one I am sending you by this mail, love stories that *are* love stories and not the usual "conservatory smugglers." I am not writing you in this vein just to attract your attention to my manuscript, because I feel sure that you are the sort of editor who knows in his heart that the stories he is printing are really not the kind he wants. Here, then, is your chance! If you are anything like the picture of yourself I saw printed in a weekly publication the other day, you are a strong enough type of man not to be bound by the cut-and-dried sort of fiction you have used in your magazine in the past.

The manuscript that followed this letter, upon reading, proved to be a pultaceous story of the Glyn-asterisk brand, and the editor, in returning it, could not resist the temptation to write the lady that she had been mistaken. "That photo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graph you saw," he dictated, "flattered me."

The managing editor of several fiction magazines not long ago showed the writer the quoted script that, he said, had been the resistance piece of the season in his office. The author was the editor, so he wrote, of a small newspaper in an even smaller town in Nebraska. (The adjectives were, of course, not his.)

REVERED COMRADE: Your publications have a circulation of several hundred thousand. Mine has a circulation of one thousand. You do not come into direct contact with your readers. I do! I know, therefore (and I think you will grant the truth of what I say), what the reading public wants. It wants *news* with a capital *N*. The newspapers, following this idea, make barrels of money. Why, then, if the magazines followed the same idea, would not they make more money than the newspapers? More, I say, because they would print stories in addition to the news and would give readers, therefore, twice as much for their money! In accordance with what I think on this subject, I am sending you a combination of the two ideas, namely, a fiction story built around the character of an editor, or man who knows and gets the news. If you will use it and send me a cheque for it, I will send you at intervals other editorial tips as good as the one in this letter.

At the bottom of the letter, in fine handwriting, was this postscript: "Read the story—it's only 2500 words in length—and then decide which of us is crazy—you or I!" The editor read the story and discovered it to be anything but devoid of merit, the letter, as may be guessed, having been written purposely to mislead the editor as to its author's mental balance and to get him to read the manuscript out of sheer curiosity. This method is said to be a not uncommon one among the contributing comedians.

In the all-star cast of comedians of the editor's mail women play the leading rôles. Probably, therefore, this paper should employ in its title the term comediennes instead of the masculine form of the word that has been used. Here is a sample letter from one of the array of comediennes, received two weeks ago by the managing editor of one of the all-fiction magazines

"Honourable Sir!" (*in soft tones*) "do you like the story I sent you yesterday?" (*Editor's gruff voice*) "I haven't read it yet!" (*Softer tones*) "Please, will you read it soon and write me you will accept it?" (*Editor's gruffer voice*) "Yes!"

Oh, I thank you so much. You are a perfect dear.

Sample number two, received by the same editor a month ago:

I have been told that the proper way to send a manuscript to a magazine editor is to accompany it with some little gift in the form of an embroidered linen handkerchief or a dainty pen-wiper or something of the sort. I am going to be original, however, and not do anything of the sort. But I should be delighted to embroider you a handkerchief with my own hands if you will let me know what initial you wish on it. *This is not bribery,* because I feel confident my manuscript is good enough to stand on its own merits. I simply mean to do the handkerchief for you as a mark of my gratitude toward you for reading my story, which is my first effort. Please do not misunderstand my motive. I am not endeavouring to bribe you. You must believe me! My story, as you will see by the title, is relevantly called "The Princess's Handkerchief."

The present writer, in the preparation of this article, asked the managing editor of one of the well-known fiction magazines to show him what he considered to be the best "comedian letter" that had come to his attention recently. The editor pulled open his desk drawer and drew out this masterpiece:

You naughty man! You have spoiled my baby's nose and it will go through life looking totally unlike its parent. Why, oh why, did you change the name of the heroine? Why, oh why, did you do so and thus alter the contour of my brain-child's chief feature. Eucalypta seemed to me to be a far better name for my New York society girl character than the less euphonious Clarissa which you bestowed upon her. I have known several society girls bearing the name of Eucalypta. However, I will forgive you if you will accept the new story I am sending you to-day. I have left the name of the heroine blank this time and herewith submit several names that may please you. You can choose the one you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like best. As you know, my own first name is Hilda.

On a separate sheet of paper were these four names: Hilda, Trathura, Doloretta and Varoyilla. The editor confided to the present writer that he had written the comedienne in question to this effect: "The last three names you have submitted may be suitable for race-horses and petticoat silks, but I scarcely believe would look well (aye, even decent) on a 'society girl.' Moreover, the story you have submitted resembles the names in that it may be suitable for some publications but not for ours."

A contributor from Chicago recently sent this letter to one of the editors in New York:

I am sending you my first story, 2,200 words in length. I am employed in a garage and get fifteen dollars a week. Unless you accept my contribution and pay me well for it I will graft enough out of automobile repairs and gasoline fillings to pay me for my trouble and time in having written the story. So help a man keep in the straight and narrow path. Acceptance is the best policy!

Many of the comedians lie in ambush until they ferret out a typographical error or author's error in a magazine and then seek to take advantage of such an error in referring to the merits of their own particular contributions. One of the most interesting instances of this kind on the magazine records follows:

My Dear Editor: Why will American authors, in their effort to be learned or smart, insert foreign words and phrases in their stories when they are not even able to spell those phrases or words correctly? In a story in your last number (citing title) there appears a French word that is misspelled. I believe the writer did not know any better. I am a Frenchman and I am sending you an English story with numerous French words and phrases which, you will discover, are all spelled correctly. You will ingrate yourself with me if you accept this story.

The editor's reply to the Frenchman is appended:

I have looked up the French word in the story entitled —— and agree with you that it was not spelled properly. Will you kindly accept my thanks for your criticism and, as a mark of my gratitude, accept this bit of criticism in return? In the last sentence of your letter I see the word "ingrate." The word you wish to use, I believe, is "ingratiate." With sincere regards, believe me, etc.

Writers of verse are given to the species of letters under discussion in even greater numbers than the prose contributors. Every poet, be he a good poet or a bad, bad poet, believes in his soul that he is something of a letter writer. The standing of the contributors of poetry subsequently treated shall not concern us. Their letters will suffice. In the same envelope with a bit of verse sent to a magazine a few months ago, came this letter:

As a magazine editor I presume you are deficient in poetic sense and lyric appreciation. Permit me to tell you, therefore, that the poem I am sending you is possessed of deep merit and amply worth the space you may assign it in your esteemed publication.

Poet sample number two, received by the same editor, reads as follows:

Oh, gentle man, if e'er you can
Accept my poem, pray please do!
For if you can't I must e'en rant,
For my apartment rent is due.

The editor's reply to this effusion may not be uninteresting: "Dear Sir," it went, "which poem do you wish to submit for publication? The one about your rent being due is far and away the better of the two. Poetically yours ——"

Let us quote a third specimen of the handiwork of one of the poet-humourists.

From Arcady, oh editor, I greet thee! 'Twill be as nectar to my lips if you, in your infinite wisdom, will print my humble effort and give me an ample stipend therefor. Read my little poem. 'Twill make you a better man—and you can certainly stand improvement. (Now I am even with you for turning down my last contribution!)

Even the volunteer contributors of special articles are said not to be above the comedian letter-writing sin. In witness whereof, a reader on one of the general magazines submits this feminine outburst:

I suppose you employ a special staff of men to get up your special articles and I would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

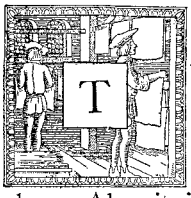
not intrude were it not for the fact that I believe there is one subject they can know little about and that they might suffer some embarrassment investigating the same. I refer to "The Art of the Kimono." Accordingly I am submitting to you an article on this delicate subject, handled as only a delicate creature like myself can handle it. I realised that you are a man and that you may foolishly dismiss my article after merely glancing at the title. For your benefit and education, therefore, permit me to tell you that the kimono is to the home of the present day what the "God Bless Our Home" motto used to be. If you don't believe me, ask your wife. Or if you are not married, ask your aunt. If you want to please your women readers, accept my article. If you don't want to please them, use in its stead one of the conventional specials on "The Alaskan Controversy" or some other such fit-only-for-curl-papers topic.

THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN THREE PARTS—PART III

WINDOW DISPLAYS



THERE is probably no form of work into which vanity enters more charmingly and subtly than authorship, and nothing delights an author more than a window display. Also it is a most effective form of advertising. The mere piling-up of books is convincing to the passer-by; he is the last one to guess that nine-tenths of them are only the paper-jackets. But this device, like all devices, will occasionally fail—a well-known house displayed a nature-book for three days in perhaps the most prominent New York window with no results whatever; but, on the other hand, it has been known to succeed under the most unlikely circumstances. A certain dealer bought a lot of dictionaries which refused to leave his shelves. One day a broken-down vaudevillian struck him for a quarter, and this gave him a bright idea. That afternoon a man stood in the window and juggled dictionaries; he kept three going at once—more than had ever gone before; and by assiduous barking within, the display was a complete success. Yet no one would have said that an appreciable number of people would be reminded that they needed anything so staid as a dictionary by the sight of it spinning in the air. The chief form of advertising for *Mrs. Wiggs* was a window display of the cabbage patch. *Max* was so arranged that the books spelt the title. A model of a cowboy on horseback handing out a miniature copy of the book and the whole picture framed in real copies, formed a striking exhibit for *The Virginian*. The display of *The Lightning Conductor* was the best that Holt ever put out. It was a toy automobile and various firms supplied the models. Possibly it was this fact which set going the persistent yarn that the book was written to exploit a certain car, a story which the authors vehemently denied. *The Plum Tree* was displayed in the window of a bookshop in Atlanta by a small real tree with one dollar bills tied to its branches to illustrate this story of graft. The tendency of publishers now is to educate their booksellers to stimulate demand; here was a bookseller that didn't need to be educated. Booksellers, once started on the right line by due incentive from the publishers, proved to have plenty of ideas, and they have themselves arrived at some of the best schemes for display.

DEVICES AND DODGES

There have been innumerable devices and dodges to get a book or author into the public mind. Long ago Mr. R. H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Davis, in London, sent a messenger boy, Jaggers, to Chicago with a letter. The boy landed in New York and went at once to the Stock Exchange to wait for his train. This striking preference on the part of a messenger boy naturally caused much discussion in the papers. The Arthur Sterling device—that the book was an actual autobiography and the writer had in dispair committed suicide by plunging from the deck of a Hudson River boat—entirely deceived the newspapers, and they gave the book great Sunday stories; it was some time before this ruse was discovered. A firm

"CAB NO. 44" CREATES MUCH WONDER FOR TOM FLYNN

Finally Traced Down by Policeman Who Finds it at Bennett's Store.

"Cab No. 44."

Big, bold letters and figures on the outside of a cab, and a boy with yellow paper inside telling all about "Cab No. 44," caused Street Commissioner Flynn and a policeman much wonder and many steps yesterday

Up and down this street and that through the retail section of the city this mysterious cab with the mystic term emblazoned upon it pursued its devious way For a time only the driver was visible and it left nothing in its wake. Then in a few hours people who kept watch on it observed a boy within throwing out yellow paper. He literally strewd the streets with this yellow paper.

"Here, what's all this about?" ruminated Street Commissioner Flynn, whose streets were being so nicely groomed for the Sab-

CAB NO. 44 IN OMAHA

once decided for private and personal reasons to withdraw a book. Seeing themselves at a dead loss of several thousand dollars, they thought they saw a chance to make some of it good. They induced a certain person to sue both them and the author for libel; and thereupon announced that while both parties had been quite unconscious of the offence, they would withdraw the book. The result was that they got an immense amount of advertising for nothing, more perhaps than the original cost of the book. The cleverest publishers' device of our day was, however, entirely unsophisticated, incredible as it appears. A lady really *did* write to Harpers that as the doctor had given her only a few more weeks of life she would be very grateful if they would tell her how *The Masquerader* turned out. Harpers obtained permission to publish this letter, but it was later withdrawn by request of the lady's relatives. But facts rarely play so neatly into the hand, and the advertising staff is driven to constant invention. Some years ago the public was informed through the advertisements in the papers that in one of the enormous stack of books in a certain department store was hidden a hundred dollar bill—the edition was cleaned out before evening. A variation of this device was used in Providence. On a certain morning on Weybosset Street you must have a copy of *Graustark* in your hand, and if you said a certain phrase to the right man, you received a crisp hundred dollar bill in return. Stokes advertised *Cab No. 44* —a yellow book with dark stamping—by a yellow cab with No. 44 painted in large numerals both on the side and on the top. The first time they sent it out they were stopped by the police; but after they got a permit through, the yellow cab was a familiar Fifth Avenue sight for a fortnight. A dry goods house in Omaha employed the same device, and with true Western fertility added other elements. A boy inside literally strewed the street with yellow slips, and a row was worked up between the driver and somebody on the sidewalk. Cab No. 44 was not called off the job until the Omaha newspapers had told every citizen a great deal about the book. The idea had its origin with the author, it was said; at any rate friends of the publisher avow that for some time he steered clear of Fifth Avenue and any mention of yellow cab was unfortunate.

TITLES, COVERS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

When we see a book we are either attracted or unattracted by it. Provided we know nothing of the author, we do not as a general thing dip into a paragraph or two for a taste until we have felt this slight attraction. Thus the title, the cover, and the illustrations are important advertisers of a book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A bad name is a fatal handicap. As the publishers must have foreseen, *Holy Orders,* by Marie Corelli, was doomed at the start by its impossible title. One questions how much of a success *Pigs is Pigs* would have been under its first title, *A Guinea Pig's Story.* Happily one of the editors of the magazine in which it appeared expressed his disgust at so uninteresting a name and suggested the one it now bears. It is hardly thinkable that Mr. Major wanted to call *Knighthood* by the hopeless title of *Sunday Afternoons,* because he wrote the book on Sundays for his family. Can you imagine half a million people buying a book called *Sunday Afternoons?* The mere name of the leading character secures no interest whatever, unless on account of its oddity or suggestiveness it carries a picture. The ideal title has euphony and meaning, and catches the mind with a concrete image or the imagination with a vague suggestiveness. There can be no doubt that *The Glory of the Conquered* and *The Garden of Allah* were distinctly helped by their titles. Also it should be short—a long title will not stand out in display-work. Yet a happy combination of words can laugh at brevity. No more brilliant title was ever devised than *How to be Happy Though Married,* and thousands of people bought the book on the strength of it. The euphony of a name and its easy speakability have not been given sufficient thought. The day is gone by when alliteration is very effective, though there can be no doubt that *Bob, Son of Battle,* is much better than Tom, son of battle. The idea of Mr. Vance in *The Brass Bowl, The Bronze Bell, The Black Bag,* is probably to get the cumulative effect of the "b's": Mr. Churchill uses the same motive in the key of "C." Many books have suggested a well-known title in the heyday of its popularity. When *She* was the sensation of the hour, there rapidly followed *He, They,* and *It.* The success of *Elizabeth* started many "garden" books; and *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* was spoken of as an American Elizabeth. It was very successful and the first of a long series, for the charm of *Elizabeth* showed other writers that the story of a garden could be developed in a personal human way. It is said that all of the "house" books in the last few years have succeeded; and the "how" and "when" books are innumerable. Sometimes colours are the rage: *Under the Red Robe, The Red Badge of Courage, The Red Cardinal, The Reds of the Midi; The Yellow Aster, The King in Yellow; White Mice, White Magic*—all of these came out near enough together to gain some fleeting attractiveness of title by the similarity.

The cover of a book is a valuable asset. Few people on the hotel piazza last summer failed to notice the bright purple of *The Rosary* against the white gown of the summer girl. *Janice Meredith,* issued just at the beginning of the historical novel craze, greatly profited by the miniature on the cover. The picture was brought in casually one day by P. L. Ford, and the publishers had an inspiration to use it. A genuine inspiration it was, for almost no binding before its day had sported a colour insert. In the days when "a candy-box cover" was a rarity, this must have sold a great many copies. *The Maxims of Methuselah* was advertised extensively; but its best advertisement, says its publisher, was the cover. This was the face of an old man with a white beard somewhat geometrically arranged; it was not immediately intelligible and roused curiosity; and the face when deciphered proved to be different from the mastodon head with two curving tusks which it at first resembled—the whole thing giving, through these various steps of psychology, as well as in itself, an effect of satirical humour which particularly fitted the author's idea. Whenever an artist can be persuaded to embody the author's conception an excellent advertisement is achieved. But this, alas! is rare. "Book salesmen," says *A Publisher's Confession,* "will tell you that pictures help to sell novels. But the illustrations rarely convey anything but confusion, and the conventional illustration of the conventional novel marks the lowest degradation of the present-day publisher. But the artist has the benefit of commercial doubt on his side." There are, of course, many buyers who think an illustration of any sort is better than none at all; but there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

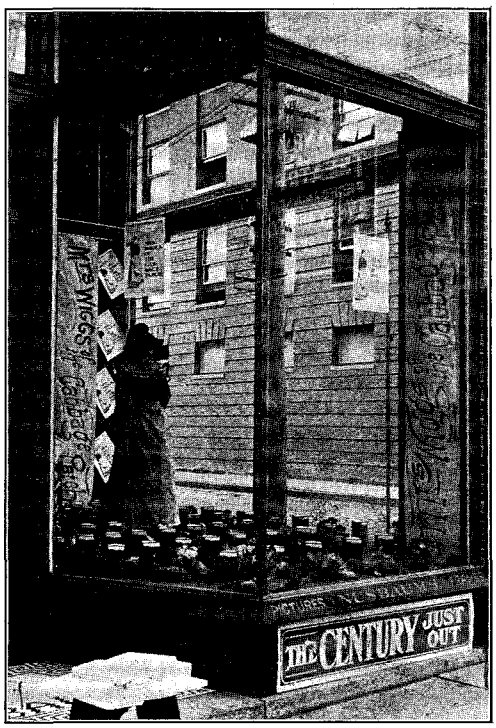
are also many who get an unfavourable impression of a book from its vapid and meaningless illustration. And now that the appreciation of art has become more widespread, it is probable that the latter number is beginning to equal and perhaps to exceed the former. After all, a man has reached a certain point of culture when he buys a book. Nor is it entirely proved that the other kind of person thinks a good deal about the illustration anyway. The one new thing in a theatre edition is the illustration from the real scene on the stage, and—as has been said—a theatre edition is very rarely successful. The days, too, of advertisement by cuts have passed, as have also the days of posters—a business which the book took over from the magazine; and possibly no publisher nowadays would see his money coming back if he hired artists' models and posed them for hero and heroine, as was done in the advertising of *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Possibly even a new set of Gibson illustrations would no longer be thought sufficient excuse for doubling the price of a book already on the market, which happened when the *Rupert of Hentzau* illustrations compelled a new Gibson edition of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The question, "Does illustration pay?" even if it had been settled ten years ago, would now need going into again.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF ADVERTISING

While *Mrs. Wiggs* and *The Lady of the Decoration* steadily made their way with almost no advertising, and *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* sold through seven editions without a line of it or before the firm even decided to get out an American edition—there have been books whose behaviour when advertised was nothing short of weird. It took one year to start *Nancy Stair* big, and its history seemed to have nothing to do with its exploitation. No results appeared from the small appropriation with which it began its career. In six months it began to show some signs of life, which the publishers concluded to coax along; by way of recognition for this friendly turn, it not only refused to grow any more but stopped dead altogether. In about a month some slight stir again appeared, and at length it seemed to decide to go on. In view of past experience, the Appletons declined to meddle with its growth for fear of discouraging it, and only when it began to sell five thousand a month did they venture to lend a helping hand again. Books, indeed, seem to go their own gait, and there is a mysterious fascination in their often unaccountable response. No one could have foreseen that in spite of its locality and its rumoured connection with Grover Cleveland, *The Honourable Peter Stirling* would first demonstrate its selling powers in San Francisco; and it is no less than fantastic that Texas proved one of the best markets for *The Divine Fire*. It is, of course, very easy to overadvertise a book as every once in a while a too indulgent husband again proves to a publisher; but it is not so generally understood that a campaign may be on entirely wrong lines. The entire field must be each time surveyed and every little peculiarity noted—Waterloo was lost because of a sunken road. When Macmillan published *Nathan Burke,* the book was heavily advertised in advance and sold very well in advance orders. But for some reason it didn't leave the shelves. When the firm discovered that every copy sold so far had cost them seventy cents in advertising, they decided that its being a historical novel was keeping it back. In a very intelligent series of advertisements they set out to counteract such an impression and to show the public that historical novels had occasionally been good in themselves. The scheme was successful. It is part of a publisher's business to discover what may be in the public mind about the book he is issuing. In spite of the huge publicity given to Peary, for instance, Stokes spent an unusual amount in advertising *The North Pole*. The newspaper publicity had been of a nature to throw derision on the whole subject, and it had to be neutralised by a judicious insistence on the idea that the book itself was valuable. This the firm accomplished by fully explaining its contents. Occasionally the most trivial idea will stick in people's minds about a book, and it is good advertising to take advantage of it. *Lady Baltimore* is an illus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tration of this. Some people were disappointed when, buying a book of that title, they found the scene laid in Charleston; others remembered that they had eaten a cake of the same name. Both these ideas Macmillan used. One of their advertisements was a frosted cake cut in slices, and down the edge of each slice was printed a reviewer's comment. This attracted a great deal of attention among the trade, and booksellers kept asking for that particular circular. The firm was heartily ashamed of the crudity of it, but it was as successful as any advertising they ever did. A publisher might just as well in the beginning take advantage of anything odd about a book, no matter how trivial, because the public will force him to do so in the end. All the reviewers eagerly seized upon Em'ly, the hen in *The Virginian,* and she became famous from one coast to the other. The firm had many requests for "the book with the hen in it." Indeed, it sometimes happens that publishers do not foresee public response to what proves afterward, in the light of it, to be the chief idea in a book. *No. 5 John Street,* says the Century Company, was a great surprise—for no one would have been justified in thinking that there was so much interest in socialism among the novel-buying public. When the firm found out that it was this element which was responsible for the large sale, they greatly helped the matter along.



"THE CHIEF FORM OF ADVERTISING FOR 'MRS. WIGGS' WAS A WINDOW DISPLAY OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

TRADE CONDITIONS

Publishers have often to force a demand on the part of the dealers when they are uncertain of a proposition or fail to size it up. In putting out *The Masterpieces in Color,* Stokes was confronted with the greatest reluctance on the part of jobber and retailer to handle the book. It was something new and in spite of considerable enthusiasm, natural conservatism made them hold back. The series numbers over forty volumes now, and the total sales have been at least one hundred and fifty thousand. Another very successful book, *The North Pole,* met with the same experience; the jobbers said that the newspapers had made the public sick and tired of everything relating to the Pole. When Macmillan issued *Richard Carvel* in the summer season and began to advertise it widely, every one said they were crazy. But its success was only another illustration of the fundamental law of advertising—do a new thing and it attracts attention. *The Rosary* was one of the first novels to be sold net, and the booksellers were anxious to push it on account of the greater profit. Publishers are finding out nowadays that it is best to follow a book right through the retail trade. The bookselling business is after all comparatively small, and the average bookseller is not alert; and publishers as a class have not gone as thoroughly into schooling the retail trade as have other manufacturers, who send out lessons in salesmanship and travellers whose sole business it is to educate clerks to create a demand. Bookselling is now more concentrated than before and its direction chiefly rests on the publisher. He is beginning to force the bookseller to do business by giving him window displays or offering prizes for the cleverest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ones, by distributing picture postcards and large reproductions of illustrations, and by giving books to clerks to work up a personal interest. "Book-buying," says *A Publishers' Confession,* "is just beginning to be general and, the few existing bookstores utilised, there is no organised machinery for finding more buyers except the book agent. Publishers are working in a business that has not as yet been developed, that is behind the economic organisation of other kinds of manufacturing and selling, that awaits proper organisation. The real problem is to find book-buyers whom we do not now reach, for the masses even of intelligent folks have yet hardly fairly begun to buy books."

A manifestation of this imperfection in the machinery of distribution is the universal feeling on the part of publishers that for certain kinds of books there is no satisfactory advertising medium. Musical books, for instance, receive comparatively little response from the recognised musical organs and from concert programmes. Special books of this sort always need specialised publications. A garden book, for example, gets its best responses from such papers as *The Garden Magazine, House and Garden, Country Life;* an art book from *The International Studio, The Craftsman, Arts and Decoration;* health books from the various magazines devoted to that subject and from all the "new-thought" periodicals.

Another manifestation of this—and one more within the publishers' power to control—is the fact that so few of them are equipped to get directly at their public. There is a surprising difference in the travelling force of publishing companies. Even some of the leading ones have only two travellers. The number depends more or less, of course, on the kinds of books dealt in, and whether they run additional lines like picture- or novelty-books or calendars. But whatever the reason, the result is that there is a surprising difference in the number of books that are sold direct and those that are sold through the jobbers. It would seem to the outsider that the firm having the greatest travelling force was certainly taking the first step in setting about wisely to find those people whose ungettable-ness the publisher above-quoted deplores, "the people who live out of easy reach of the bookstores."

HOW BOOKS ARE ADVERTISED IN WAYS THAT ARE NOT SEEN

Yet even if the machinery for the distribution of books is still very inadequate, the amount of individual attention which they receive from publishers is quite unappreciated—not only by the public but by the average author—simply because it is not perceived. The work that is unseen, however, is sometimes more important advertising than that which is seen. It is just as much publicity work as anything else is, and it sometimes begins months before the book appears. As has been shown, the decision about the title, the cover, and the illustrations can be a very important one. The result, which is the product of careful study of the special conditions, becomes apparent to the general public later; but the next important move remains undisclosed. This is in connection with the travellers. The firm must be able to impress its travellers, and they in turn must be able to get at and impress the trade. Some curious manifestations of personality come in here. "I would much rather," said an author to a publisher, "know that some one in the firm had a special interest in my book than that you should promise me a big amount of advertising." Being an experienced author, he saw the way such a special interest would work out. Suppose a novel, like *Sister Carrie* for instance, impresses a serious-minded traveller as a critical view of life—in his territory the book will do better than in that of a traveller who does not take to it. He will get booksellers interested, since out of the great number of books he is handling this one has attracted his particular attention; and on account of his warm interest the bookseller will find that this, of the thousands of books mechanically thrown at him, stands out in his recollection. A traveller for Stokes, for instance, took a great fancy to Mrs. Marah Ellis Ryan's *The Flute of the Gods.* He was struck with the fact that although it was a romance, the author had not allowed the demand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of her artistic form to interfere with her serious study of Indian life. As a result of this, he recognised that there were greater possibilities of returns in the West than in the East; and his sagacity was confirmed. But to impress the traveller is, however, only the beginning. He and the firm must then co-operate with the dealer in special work (like displays or special advertising or circularising) directed immediately to the latter's customers. All this special work is done quietly, and wherever there is opportunity to do it well it is more effective in tangibly producing results than any other kind of work. Another method of unseen exploitation is more general—in correspondence, in furnishing circular material and information for public distribution, and in assisting the jobber or the seller to take advance orders through the agency of posters and illustrations and "dummy" copies. For this last purpose, a publisher often furnishes a hundred dummies, sometimes entirely filled with blank leaves, sometimes containing a few chapters of the forthcoming book. A dummy is by no means an unimportant factor; it seems to have a curious psychological effect on all classes of people. "All books turn out pretty nearly the same," said a traveller, "but if I can show a man a book made up, even when there's nothing in it, I can often induce him to order." A reviewer of my acquaintance told me his imagination was much stirred by a dummy containing four chapters of a novel soon to appear, and that when it did appear he finished it with a more personal interest. Unbound sheets have been known to impress a critic. This is another illustration that, even to a hardened person who knows the game, anything unusual is advertising.

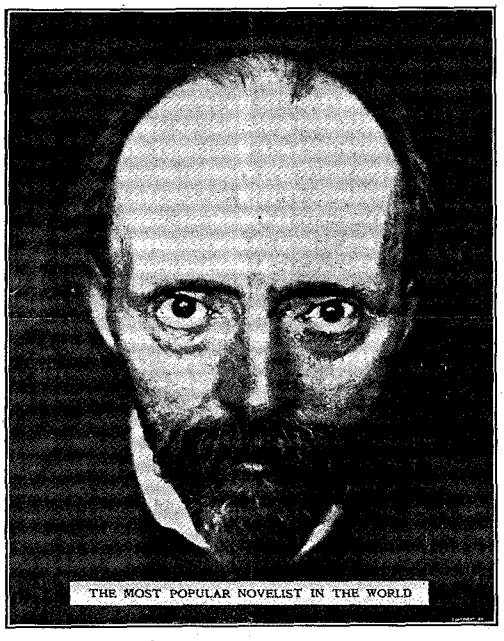
Then comes the effort to interest people whose influence counts in making others buy. This is done either by sending out full information and circulars, or by the distribution of complimentary copies. The beneficial influence of complimentary copies lies not so much in eliciting a laudatory letter which can be used for advertising purposes as in getting people to read the book while it is as yet entirely fresh and untried, and in thus providing them an incentive to talk about it. As a rule, a publisher does not use much from even the most discriminatingly enthusiastic letter; the greatest benefit results from the little centres of influence which the recipients become. The reader of an advance copy is like a first-nighter: he feels his connoisseurship, and if he discerns anything of special excellence he is eager to speak about it before the critics have an opportunity to do so. This is particularly the case when the book is by a new author or one who has not yet gained his spurs, and all the more because the reader pleasantly feels himself a patron of literature.

The next step in the publishers' unseen advertising is the general distribution of review copies. This, of course, is done for practically every book published. It is impossible to influence the character of the reviews and no reputable publisher ever attempts to do so. "Some of the best reviews I get," said a publisher, "come from papers I don't give ten dollars a year to in the way of advertising." Very seldom, too, is there an endeavour on the part of a paper to make any connection between the review and the advertising departments. In sending out review copies there still, however, remains some legitimate discrimination to be made. When a publisher knows the taste of certain literary editors and the kind of work they are particularly interested in, he can direct their attention to a book they will be glad either to review personally or to put into the hands of some particularly competent or congenial critic. For such information, too, literary editors are generally grateful. It happens not infrequently that the reviewer condemns the book that is thus brought to his special attention, and the very man that welcomes such special information is generally the most independent in his judgment and the least likely to be influenced by what the publisher may say—but what he writes is the more discerning and consequently the more interesting on account of his special interest. It is in the direction of bespeaking the attention of the most competent reviewer on the staff that the latest device in book-advertising has arisen—a publisher offers a substantial prize for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the most satisfactory published criticism of a recent novel. This is, in its precise form, a new idea, and like all new ideas in advertising it will probably be productive of excellent commercial results.

Finally, the wise publisher perceives that the best booksellers of the country are now welcoming news of the same character as he sends to the literary editor. This news they put into the hands of their best book clerks. While it is doubtful if such information much affects books of general appeal, it is of great importance with books of any local interest. An author, too, generally knows when his book bears any special appeal, and in such case his suggestions are very helpful. An organisation, for instance, is likely to take a particular interest—in such a book, let us say, as *Woman and Labor*—and here is presented an opportunity for specialised publicity. Such specialised publicity means an immense amount of time and labour, but correspondingly little expense. The publisher of a line of books—law, medical, scientific—conducts his entire publicity work in this way, but every general publisher is doing it for some book every season.



THE HEAD DESIGNED TO EXPLOIT THE NOVELS OF HALL CAINE.

The mere appearance of large-sized and frequent advertisements in popular publications is by no means, then, the only method of exploiting books; and many a book which has had only a modest amount of display advertising is yet being handled in the way most effective for that particular proposition. If authors could be brought to recognise how important all this unseen advance work is, they would not bring so much pressure on publishers to put out their book within a few weeks after the final manuscript has been delivered. "Very seldom," says Stokes, "when we have yielded to the wish of the author to bring the book out at once, has the sale been as satisfactory as we should otherwise have anticipated—and when it has been so, it has come much more slowly." Sometimes an unexpected delay on the part of the publisher has postponed a book much to its benefit, because it has afforded a longer time for the preliminary work of launching.

As far as the public goes, the postponement of a widely announced book often works as an excellent advertisement in awakening interest. A delay of this sort, however, is generally due to the author. The supreme instance of this is *Chantecler*. Because Mr. Allen was not ready with the *Choir Invisible*, the announcements came out three months before the book, which thus got the benefit of the double advertisement as well as whatever stimulation of interest there was. Certainly the constant announcement of Mr. William Winter's *Life of Mansfield* stirred up persistent curiosity which must have made some people go to the book to find the cause of the repeated delays.

THE MODERN THEORY

"Sometimes an ingenious scheme will sell information books in large numbers," says *A Publisher's Confession*, "and advertising of this kind of book has been at last reduced to something like a science. But nobody really knows much about the advertising of novels or has worked out a general principle of much value." Perhaps the answer to that is "there is no general principle." At best there is only one so large as to be of no certain guid-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance: to utilise anything which is new or likely to be popular in the book. And this principle, it will be granted, demands constant and costly experimentation by the publisher. He must find out with each novel what is the specific thing he must get into the public mind about it to make it sell.

But if this is an ever-new and ever-elusive question, the advertising department has in all other ways become systematised as never before. Most publishers, for instance, have made up their minds on the matter of expenditure. About ten per cent. of the book's sale is perhaps on the high side—and this includes circularising, catalogues, and publicity in its widest sense. A certain amount is assigned for the book; if it goes beyond the sale expected a larger appropriation is made. Secondly, they have, pretty generally, returned to the original idea of direct communication with those known to be readers and buyers. And thirdly—after experimenting with pictorial advertising, with mere publicity of name, with writing alluring announcements, with various attempts to press-agent a book in the theatrical way—they find that they have never departed for any length of time from the fundamental idea of book-exploitation, the use of the quotations of others. Quoting from other people is the special basis of book-advertising. The initial impulse of a buyer springs from the praise of an uninterested critic or friend. Nobody buys a book on account of a publisher's praise. "What else," says the public, "would you expect of him?"

Yet it is on the cards that there can be no immutable law in advertising. *The House with the Green Shutters* is an excellent illustration that even this most obvious of rules does not always work. This book started off very modestly and with little expectation. Only after some time was it seen that a fair amount of advertising and judicious exploitation would help it along. The campaign was exceedingly discreet, but it virtually amounted to this: we do not expect to make any money on this book—we are publishing it because it is rare and genuine literature, and because we feel that fifty years from now its name on our list will give us distinction. Week after week the publishers quietly repeated the statement that the story had a very limited appeal and that only lovers of the best literature would buy it, until the people to whom the advertisement was directed began to feel that they could not afford to neglect it—especially as the purchase proclaimed them persons of unusual quality. Certainly half the readers of this subtly powerful tale must have bought it in response to this artful campaign of mere publisher's appraisement.

THE ORIGINAL JAGGERS TO-DAY—EUGENE SANGER

When Mr. Richard Harding Davis sent Jaggers, the messenger boy, from *London to Chicago* with a letter, he supplied the American newspapers with many columns of copy. The original Jaggers, however, was Mr. Eugene Sanger, the stage director, who superintends the theatrical productions of Harvard, Princeton, Yale and other American universities. When Mr. Sanger was a young actor he enacted the part of Jaggers in the interest of Mr. E. H. Sothern, who was then playing in "The Highest Bidder."

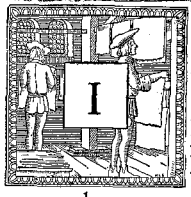
But, after all, only half—for in its day the admirers of *The House with the Green Shutters* (unconsciously taking their cue from the publisher) formed themselves into a sort of cult, and each novitiate hastened to introduce one more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rare spirit into the upper circle. The enthusiastic recommendation of friend to friend is, when all has been said, a book's most effective advertisement. If people don't talk about a play at the breakfast table the next morning, the end of that play is approaching. So with a book—it is the individual advertising which counts. Only in this way can be explained the surprising popularity of some serious books. Harper's sold Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe* for two years like a romantic novel—an abstruse treatise of almost pure philosophy. Granted a fair start and moderate persistence, a book will find its own. And—even more significant of the value of individual commendation—it will not find in the long run any other than its own. Fourteen years after publication, *The Gadfly* is the best selling of Holt's older novels, but only in the regular edition. Although they have tried it in a cheaper reprint, it almost sentiently refuses to make any appeal to a lower class of buyers. By this time it has been thoroughly advertised, the very fact of reprint shows that it has been successful; some people must of course buy it. But they are evidently not the kind of people who like it enough to recommend it to others. Here, then, is the place where all this extensive machinery of book-advertising stops. Having presented the book to the reader, it must wait to see what he will do.

SEEKING A PATH AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is one of the commonplaces of criticism to say of a young author, "Oh, he is still seeking his path, he has not quite found himself." In other words, he has not yet discovered, among the many possible ways of doing a certain kind of work, the one way which would be, beyond question, the best way for him; or perhaps he has not even found the particular kind of work that in his case will produce the best and most lasting results. Every beginner in the craft of writing must necessarily do a certain amount of experimenting; and those who almost from the beginning see their path lying straight and clear before them are numbered among the favoured few. If we run over in our minds the names of novelists taken almost at random, we shall realise that there are not many who attained their growth without a certain amount of wasted effort, a certain number of false starts and recommencements. Even a writer of Zola's magnitude, who could plan and execute unfalteringly gigantic schemes, had to begin gropingly with much ineffectual work and at least one glaring blunder, *Les Mystères de Marseilles*.

But if looked at from a slightly different angle, the work of every writer from first to last is in the nature of an experiment. No author wishes to stand still, to go on indefinitely doing precisely the same thing with each succeeding volume. There must always be the ambition to make the second book stronger than the first, the third book finer and deeper than the second. And when a writer ceases to do this, when his books fail to show any advance, it is then that he begins to hear that much dreaded com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, "Oh, So-and-So has written himself out!" But there is a vast difference between growth in some definite direction and growth in half a dozen different directions at once. It is easy to measure the degree of improvement, month by month, year by year, in a workman whose sole ambition is to make shoes, the best possible kind of shoes. But you cannot gauge the forward or backward movement of a man who this month makes a creditable pair of shoes, next month, a satisfactory wheel-barrow and a little later on, a batch of palatable griddle cakes. Such things have no common denominator; they are incommensurate. Yet this is precisely the sort of mistake that a good many authors have made and are still making quite deliberately. Instead of discovering the one straight road, they are continually straying into bypaths, exploring unknown territory, trespassing on other people's grounds. This sort of experimenting is necessary at the outset of a career; but when success has once come, when two or three volumes have taught a young author the sort of work that he can do with assured strength, then, it seems to me, he is losing headway, retarding his growth, if he abandons his successes and strives to make a new start in a different direction. There are some writers who seem constitutionally unable to adhere to any one form of work. Take, for instance, the case of Alfred Ollivant. We have from his pen one remarkable animal story, one inimitable allegory for grown-up children and the best historical novel produced in the past decade. Yet it would be exceedingly difficult to sum up Mr. Ollivant, to assign a definite place to him in current fiction. He has made three separate beginnings; he is like a prospector who has started three separate tunnels and in each case ceased digging after extracting a single nugget. Mr. Owen Wister affords an analogous case: a collection of short tales of Western life, a single big novel of almost epic dimensions, a dainty and delicate picture of Southern life, told with a subtlety worthy of Henry James, and one of the cleverest satires on the life of the college undergraduate that has yet been given—this makes up the sum and substance of Mr. Wister's literary production; and like Mr. Ollivant, he is distinctly hard to place. Luckily, however, he has identified himself mainly with a certain phase of Western life, and it is in this connection that he is going to be remembered and measured.

But of course the glaring instance of a writer who seems unable temperamentally to stick to his last, is that of Mr. Kipling. When the author of *Mine Own People* deserted India and began instead to write of flying machines and wireless telegraphy, the general public was of course wrong in assuming that his powers were on the wane, that the old Kipling was dead, that the new Kipling had nothing to give us that was really worth while. Yet the instinct back of this popular idea was a true one. In changing his material and methods, he made it necessary to weigh him in the balance all over again. It was as though the public had said to him: "We know precisely what kind of shoes you can make, we would have gone on indefinitely taking your shoes in preference to those of almost any one else; but we don't know anything about your wheel-barrows and we are not even sure that we want wheel-barrows, anyhow!" Now Mr. Kipling was under no contract to go on for the rest of his life giving the general public the sort of thing which it had made up its mind that it wanted; furthermore, if he had reached a point where he knew that he could no longer do as good work as formerly in that particular vein, he was wise to make a change. But in making this change he gives the impression of a man who in mid-career finds himself at the crossing of many ways and cannot make up his mind to follow any one of them to the exclusion of the others. Genius has the right to be eccentric; but eccentricity is not in itself the cornerstone of genius.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is still another instance of a writer who, having won an enviable reputation in a certain definite type of work perversely turned aside and tried to win fresh renown. It was *The Stooping Lady* that marked his break with his old material and manner and his transition from mediæval romance to more or less modern actualities. Now it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Hewlett that these later books were not failures;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but, on the other hand, they were not glorious and far reaching triumphs. The earlier Hewlett, the Hewlett of *The Forest Lovers* and *The Queen's Quair*, was a solitary and lofty figure, unique and inimitable; the Hewlett of *Halfway House* and *Rest Harrow* is a fine artist, but we realise that he no longer stands alone; there are other craftsmen in the same rank with him—some of them indeed a few paces in advance. All of which furnishes a very good reason for rejoicing over the fact that Mr. Hewlett's latest volume reverts to the old familiar style and subject. *Brazenhead the Great* is not going to be remembered as one of Mr. Hewlett's biggest achievements. There is in it a somewhat irritating note of extravagance, almost of burlesque. But, on the other hand, it is the old Hewlett back again, with all his rich embroidery of words, his fantastic play of imagination, his inimitable trick of giving you the impression that the tarnished, timeworn figures of ancient tapestries and frescoes had suddenly stepped from their settings and taken on the freshness and the brilliancy of life. Captain Brazenhead is not a new creation, we have met him before in Mr. Hewlett's earlier volumes. But here we have no less than four of his adventures, each of them unique, each of them surcharged with concentrated vitality, and each of them conveying that special refinement of pleasure which we get from the realisation of an inimitable artistry. As for Brazenhead himself "who was born greatly, lived greatly, loved greatly, and died greatly," there is none quite like him in extant fiction. The product of a coarse age, whose business, as he himself laconically sums it up, is death, Captain Brazenhead is not over nice in his speech; but to those who are not unduly sensitive to the crudities of Elizabethan English, there is a certain enjoyment to be derived from a mighty blast of words like the following:

"Brazenhead the Great"

> Who eat me chokes, for I am like that succulent that conceals, d'ye see, his spines in youthful bloom. You think you have to do with a stripling: not you, pranking boy, not you. I am a seamed and notch-fingered soldier, who belched Greek fire while you were in your swaddling-clout. I was old in iniquity ere they weaned you. Or do you vie with me in perils, by cock, do you so? Five times left for dead; trampled six times out by the rear-guard of the host I had led to victory; crucified, stoned, extenuated, cut into strips; in prisons frequent, in deaths not divided—what make you of it? And you to tell me that your green guts can pouch old Leather-tripes, for so they dub me who dare? Foh, you are a bladder, I see!

Yes, Brazenhead the Great rightly takes his place among the big swashbuckler heroes of romantic fiction, and his death, like his life, refuses to be forgotten. In this final adventure, Mr. Hewlett has done a remarkable piece of work, one that fits in perfectly with our sense of what is adequate, and yet at the same time utterly foreign to his usual methods. Brazenhead's death is allegory, pure and simple. He is a mighty warrior, Herculean, invincible. To satisfy our sense of fitness he must meet a warrior's death, he must fall in a fair fight; and yet on the other hand, we could not bear to have him meet a mightier foe than himself. Mr. Hewlett has hit upon a way of satisfying us in all these respects. He sets his unconquered, unconquerable hero face to face with his own youth, with the man that he was fifty years earlier. The scene is a deep valley, the whole event is strange, portentous, titanic, a picture such as Doré might have drawn. And here Brazenhead falls, slain by his own youth since "none but his own youth could have slain him, nor any slain his own youth but himself"—which of course is only another way of stating the universal truth that it is our past life that is apt to prove our worst enemy. *Brazenhead the Great*, although not one of Mr. Hewlett's biggest efforts, contains certain scattered pages, single episodes that rank with the best that he has ever done or is ever likely to do.

The Claw, by Cynthia Stockley, furnishes a case where the author has been lucky enough to find her path almost at the outset. When her previous volume, *Poppy*, brought her into sudden prominence a year ago it was

"The Claw"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evident that here was a writer who had her own chosen field and could match the strange flamboyant colouring of her African setting with an equally tense and vivid play of human passions. *The Claw* is a worthy successor to the earlier book. It is written in a somewhat lower key and the tragic note is not so insistent. But it shows the same rare sense of colour values, the same power of making you see and hear and feel the compelling magic of a strange and far-off land where "every morning the sun turns a gaunt country into a blue and golden world," and where at night, "darkness falls in dim, purple vales embroidered with silver stars." It shows also the same keen understanding of human nature, the same ability to strip off the outward cloak of pretense and conventionality and show the naked human story in all its sordidness. The significance of the title is found in the early pages where the heroine, who tells her story in the first person, remembers upon her arrival in Mashonaland how a certain brown-faced man with vivid blue eyes had once spoken to her of Africa as *She*, "and with a mingled hatred and love that conjured up a vision of some false, beautiful vampire, who dragged men to her and fastened her claws into their hearts forever." The special story of this book is simply the oft told tale of a young woman who falls in love with a man of whose past she knows little or nothing and around whom the idle gossip of a colonial town has woven an elaborate tissue of evil-minded lies. What gives the book its distinctive value is, in the first place, the compelling clearness with which we are made to see and understand the vindictive jealousies, the small-minded meanness, the lax morality begotten by colonial life through the combined influence of idleness, discomfort, and a climate ruinous to temper and complexion. The tragedies of border warfare, the grimness of a state of siege during a Matabele uprising and the miraculous way in which one brave-souled woman can keep the spirit of hope alive in a whole community are just one side to a book whose many merits make it quite distinctly a conspicuous volume in the fiction of the current month.

"The Golden Silence"

The Golden Silence, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, is another African story told with the pictorial skill characteristic of these authors, and with a certain dramatic strength quite different from their usual vein. The plot is based upon certain initial absurdities which seem gratuitously uncalled for; but even these cannot rob the main part of the story of a certain tense and sustained interest. As a piece of structure, the opening and the close are exceedingly bad. A young Englishman, chiefly out of chivalry and pity, has bound himself to marry a vulgar, half educated American girl whose father, after a prolonged legal battle to prove himself heir to the Englishman's estate, has died leaving her destitute. The young man's unspoken distress at the mortification her vulgarities cause him makes rather good social satire for two or three chapters; but it has no structural importance. They agree to postpone the marriage for several months until she can come to America and wind up certain business matters. Meanwhile, he accepts an invitation to visit a friend residing in Algiers. On his way thither he encounters on the steamer another American girl of a radically different type from the first, a girl of great refinement and a delicate, almost child-like charm. From her he learns this remarkable, almost preposterous series of facts: she has a sister ten years older than herself; while she was still a child her father died and her mother, finding the sister an encumbrance, married her off to the first man whom chance threw in their way and who happened to be an Arab, an officer in the Algerian army. From that time to this the sister had vanished from sight and no clue could be found to show whether she was alive or dead. The younger sister has cherished throughout these years a single purpose in life: to go to Algeria and learn for herself what has become of the missing one. To equip herself for the task she has secretly perfected her knowledge both of French and colloquial Arabic; and to defray the expenses she has taught herself professional dancing, and during one successful engagement in New York has managed to save ten thousand dol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lars—all of which is somewhat of a strain on the reader's credulity. But when we once safely reach Africa and interesting things begin to happen with a breathless swiftness, we forget the naïve improbabilities of the initial situation and the book really gets a grip upon us. It is not too much to say that there is a certain *Garden of Allah* atmosphere about the central part of the story; a sense of limitless desert, burning heat, a strange shimmer in the atmosphere and everywhere a pervading suggestion of mystery, sinister and impenetrable, the unconquerable mystery of the Orient. Of course, eventually the young woman finds her sister and the young man rescues them both; and then, at the end, the other American girl, who ought to have been in Canada or in London, unexpectedly arrives in Algiers solely for the purpose of intimating that she also loves somebody else and is quite willing to forego the privilege of an English title for a sufficient amount of cash in hand. But these absurdities luckily are easy to forget. What one remembers is the glow of colour, the strange, fantastic scenes and people, the whole motley and flamboyant panorama of northern Africa.

"A Spirit of Mirth"

A Spirit of Mirth, by Peggy Webling, inevitably recalls Frank Danby's novel of a few years ago, *The Heart of a Child.* Like Frank Danby's heroine, Euphrosyne Moore is born in sordid surroundings, her father being known in vaudeville circles as The Human Eel. Unfortunately for the child, he slipped and fell one night during certain eel-like contortions and she was left to look out for herself as best she might. Now there is no special point in going over in detail this chronicle of her young life, until she makes a name for herself as a dancer of unusual grace and charm and finally achieves a happy marriage. There is nothing especially remarkable about all this. The merit of the book lies in the simple accuracy of its character drawing, the actuality of little everyday details and more especially the lesson that it unpretentiously teaches of the far-reaching and tonic influence of an inborn spirit of mirth, a genuine joy of living and love of one's fellow-beings. There is more in this pleasantly told and rather simple story than in many a more pretentious volume.

"The Shadow of Love"

The Shadow of Love, translated by Alfred Allinson, from the French of Marcelle Tinayre, is a gloomy, compelling and distinctly unpleasant story. The theme is the love of a man who is an invalid in an advanced stage of consumption for a splendidly vital and robust young woman of culture and refinement, but sprung from a sturdy peasant stock. The setting of the story is in the district of the Limousin, and the pages are redolent of the breath of woods and hills and wide, open spaces; you catch the fragrance of many flowers, the song of many birds, the whole symphony of nature in one of the fairest corners of all France. The young invalid has been sent here to live in the household of a local doctor of some fame; and it is this doctor's daughter whose glorious health and fine womanhood fire him with a new desire to live; and in the course of the long fight waged month after month against the disease that has gripped him she in her turn finds herself gradually veering from pity to love. Of the culminating incident it is not necessary to speak in detail; it belongs to the class of pathological fiction such as so often tainted the works of the late Catulle Mendes. In fact, if memory is not at fault, it was he who utilised the underlying idea of *The Shadow of Love* in a most repellent short story called "La Consolatrice." It seems a pity that a book containing so much that is really strong and fine, such wholesome and sane views of life, such tenderness and sympathy, such genuine love for life as it is, should be disfigured by an episode which inevitably narrows its appeal, robbing it at once of its wide general application and placing it in the ranks of the morbid and the exceptional.

"The Coward of Thermopylæ"

The Coward of Thermopylae, by Caroline Dale Snedeker, is a historical novel of ancient Greece and is based upon certain passages in Herodotus, wherein it is mentioned that at the time of the death of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, two of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the number happened to be ill from a painful disease of the eyes which made them for the time being blind, and on this account they received permission to leave the army and return home. When the news came to them that the Persians had learned of the secret pass and that their comrades were being massacred, one of the blind men had himself led by a shepherd to the battlefield and there perished with the rest; but the other, seeing no merit in such a useless sacrifice, made his way back to Sparta and was ever after branded as a coward. From these meagre facts Caroline Dale Snedeker has woven a tale which has the merit of seeming to be alive. Although obviously painstaking in her antiquarian material, she has escaped that most frequent blemish of historical novels, the taint of midnight oil, the flavour of the professorial chair and the antiquarian museum. How or where the book was written the present reviewer does not know. But it is impossible to read it without feeling that the author had diligently gone over every foot of the various journeys that she makes her characters accomplish, and that every temple, every landmark, every wayside shrine which she so vividly depicts were sketched in from first-hand observation. It is a careful piece of work and one that brings those far-off centuries surprisingly near.

"The Visioning"

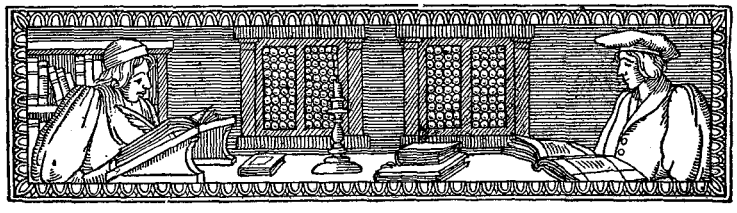
It takes no special critical acumen to perceive, in reading *The Visioning,* that Susan Glaspell is steadfastly moving forward along the same path upon which she entered with no uncertain footstep when she wrote her first book, *The Glory of the Conquered.* The only difference is that this time she sees more clearly what she is trying to do, and she does it with a simpler, more effectual directness. Let us first take up the surface meaning, the obvious human story. Katherine Wayneworth Jones, known familiarly as Katy Jones, is an army girl and as to the reason why she is an army girl the author quotes the words of a certain floundering friend, "Well, when you know her, you don't have to be told, and if you don't know her, you can't be!" At all events, for her to marry outside the army would have amounted to treason. Now, on a certain day, when Katy Jones is alone by herself on the river bank meditating about marriage in general and Captain Prescott in particular, she sees an unknown young woman approaching the water and realised with horror that the young woman's purpose is suicide. Rising to the emergency, Katy Jones shrieks for help and feigns illness. The ruse is successful; the strange young woman comes to her aid and is tricked into helping her home and furthermore into remaining with her. There is clever work in these pages which achieve the difficult task of making us believe in that exceptional feminine subtlety through which this young woman, driven to desperation by unrevealed troubles, is persuaded to stay on indefinitely, to accept Katy's prodigal bounty of hospitality, new gowns, even a bank account, and to answer to the fictitious name of Anne, with which Katy in a rush of inspiration christens her. There is a tragic grimness in the surface comedy of this trick played upon the ultra-conventional social circles of an army post, this foisting upon them of an unknown, possibly quite disreputable young person, through a mad caprice, an impulse of the moment. And all the while one realises the other side of the story, the strange metamorphosis taking place in the other girl, the conviction slowly dawning upon her that there are in the world people who act without sordid motives, people who are sincere and who give pleasure to others because the giving is in itself a pleasure to the giver. This episode of the strange young woman is one of the two threads that form the central pattern of *The Visioning.* The other thread is furnished by an equally strange young man—or at all events, a man still young enough to escape the implication of middle age. He is not of the army; he lives alone on an island in the river and he is known by no other name than that of The Man Who Mends the Boats. All unknown to her friends and family, Katy has become acquainted with this strange man who lives so quietly and who knows so much; and it is through him and his wisdom more even than through the glimpses of unfathomed depths that she gleans from the half confessions of Anne, that Katy ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quires new measurements of value, new standards of living, and eventually awakes to a realisation that there are worse treasons in life than that of marrying outside the army. Now Katy has a brother with the rank of captain and with brilliant opportunities ahead of him because of his remarkable invention of an improved rifle. When she rescued "Anne," she little thought what a danger she was throwing in her brother's path; and when she does finally awaken to the tremendous fact that this girl has been in the past well-nigh everything that she ought not to have been, that she loves Katy's brother and that he loves her in return and proposes to marry her regardless of conventions and regardless of the army—worse still, that it is partly for her sake that he has tendered his resignation—Katy's whole being rises up in revolt. And yet, although she cannot see it for the moment, she herself is about to do something far more disloyal to all her traditions. She is about to marry The Man Who Mends the Boats—a man not only of obscure origin and slender fortune, but who once was an enlisted soldier and served a five years' term in Fort Leavenworth prison for striking a superior officer. Incidentally, Miss Glaspell has some unmistakable convictions regarding what is the matter to-day with our American army and why, as she puts it, "there have been more than fifty thousand desertions in the last twelve years." And somehow she has such a quiet, earnest, persuasive way of stating her case that she can hardly fail to win converts. But that, as already implied, is merely incidental, a side issue. The wider, bigger meaning of the book is summed up in the closing paragraph.

> Everything the matter with everybody was just that they did not wholly understand. She grew tender toward the whole world. There arose before her a vision of a possible day when all would understand; when none would wish another ill or work another harm; when war and oppression and greed must cease, not because the laws forbade them, but because men's hearts gave them no place.
>
> "I see it!" she whispered unconsciously; her face was touched with the fine light of visioning. . . . "Why, 'tis *love* must save the world."

Such in very inadequate form is a rough outline of this exceptional book, strong, brave and far-seeing; one that unquestionably will enhance its author's already widely established reputation.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

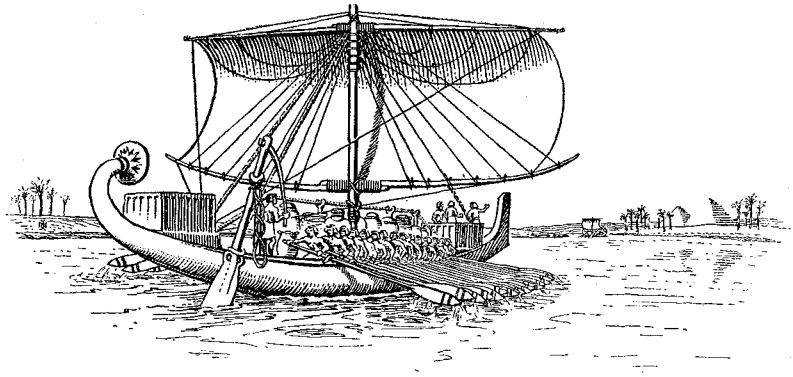
E. Keble Chatterton's "The Romance of the Ship"*

Following up *Sailing Ships and Their Story*, and *Steamships and their Story*, Mr. Chatterton has in a measure combined the two in his new volume, *The Romance of the Ship*. Apparently he is not entirely in sympathy with the old Scotch engineer of the Kipling poem who was stirred to disgusted anger over the question "Mr. McAndrews, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" Nor is he quite of a mind with the youth whom McAndrews referred to as "the Viscount Loon." In his eyes the romance has always been there whether the propelling power has been the paddle, the oar, the sail, or the turbine. The first man to trust himself to the support of some object floating upon the waves is lost in the mists of antiquity. The first ship was a log on which the primitive mariner sat astride, with a branch for his primitive paddle. Then the log was hollowed out, thereby becoming more manageable and gaining greater carrying capacity. For a time man paddled, then discovering this work to be exceedingly fatiguing he attached a paddle to each side of the boat and bound them to the hoe with leather thongs. He had learned the principle of rowing. The next step was to harness the wind. The skin of a killed animal was first utilised for this purpose, and the sailor could sit at the bottom of his boat without doing any work. Later the spar came to be used for the mast, and instead of a chance skin, one specially prepared for the purpose of a sail and cut to suitable shape, was adopted.

The first ships of which there is any record were those of the Babylonians who had settled in Egypt. The mast and square sail of these ships was set very far forward in the bows. There was a cabin in the stern of the ship for the commander, while in the bows there was also a small platform on which the lookout man could stand. The steering of the ships of the Niles was effected by a number of men placed in the stern, varying from two to six according to the size of the vessel. Each of the six men was supplied with a steering paddle and took his orders from the pilot. Egyptian illustrations show that enormous crews were carried on these ships in proportion to their size. As many as forty-five are shown in one instance, including the six steersmen, the man on the cabin-top, the commander, twenty-nine oarsmen and eight other men, whose work, besides keeping a lookout, probably included the lowering and raising of the mast and attending to the sails. The navigation of the Egyptians was not restricted to the waters of the Nile. They certainly navigated the Red Sea and cruised along the East African Coast and the Mediterranean.

After the Egyptians came the Phœnicians, who became so prosperous as seamen, traders, explorers, fishermen and

*The Romance of the Ship. By E. Keble Chatterton. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.



AN EGYPTIAN SHIP OF THE TWELFTH DYNASTY, ABOUT 2500 B.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manufacturers that their influence dominated the Mediterranean. There is reason to believe that not only did these Phœnicians sail round Africa (starting from the Red Sea and arriving back in Egypt after three years), but that they crossed the Bay of Biscay to Breton, the North Sea to Norway, and even the Atlantic to South America. As the Phœnician ships became bigger, the sail grew in proportion and area. Along the bulwarks ran a line of shields to protect the crew, while the bow terminated in a ram. As in the Egyptian ships the stern was still reserved as the place of honour for the commander, and in the case of the admiral's ship this portion of the craft was further distinguished by the erection of a staff with a crescent at its top as well as by an overhanging rich carpet. Flat-bottomed, long, and narrow, these vessels sometimes reached a length of three hundred feet, and their speed, either when running before a wind or when propelled by oars, must have been anything but slow.

As early as the thirteenth century B.C. the Greeks were on the sea. The typical Greek war galley had one large square sail and mast, without boom, and double steering oars at the side of the stern. The bows at the water line frequently terminated in the shape of a boar's head, which projected forth like a ram. Eyes were also painted on the bows of the ships, as the ancients believed that she might be able thus to see her way over the sea. In the bows was constructed a forecastle, which afforded protection for the ship against a heavy sea. From there a flying deck ran aft to the stern, so that the marines could do their fighting without interfering with the sailors below who pulled at the oars. Practically the whole manœuvre of warfare consisted in getting alongside of the enemy for hand to hand combat or in ramming the enemy's ship. Sails were used merely as auxiliaries, and the main propulsion was by means of oars. The Greek and Roman galleys never went into battle with sails up; before the engagement the mast and sail were taken down. When Rome was at the height of her glory, the luxury of the land had a counterpart afloat. Not merely were sails ornamented, but vessels were built with every conceivable regard for elegance and physical comfort, until they became rather floating palaces than seagoing ships. Magnificent saloons, bronze baths, rooms decorated with exquisite marbles and paintings, statues in rich mosaics; deck houses, libraries, vine-rows, trees, jewels, dancing and concerts —these were the accessories of the great galleys of Caligula as he sailed along the coast of Campania.

A VIKING SHIP

Far different were the ships of the Vikings. For the roughness of northern seas were needed vessels of bolder design and build. The sail of the Viking ship was square in shape and was made of flax, strengthened around the edge with hide. A single row of oarsmen was on either side of the ship and these were protected by shields from the enemy's darts. There were five separate compartments, the commander's room being at the stern. Then came the room for the second in command, and the place where the arms were stored. Ahead of that was the central section of the ship, where the rowers did their work and the mast was stepped. There was a gangway running down the centre of the ship, the rowing benches being placed on either side. Forward beyond this midship portion, the bow section of the ship was divided into two, where the pick of the crew was placed, to whom fell the duty of preventing the enemy from boarding

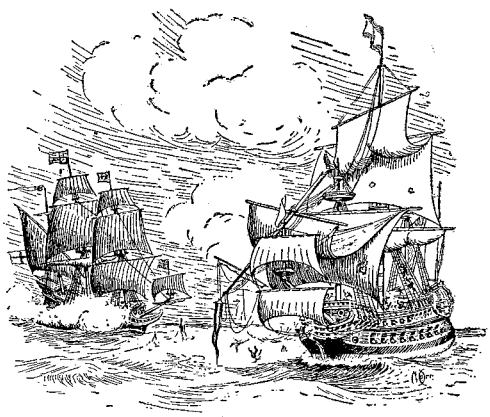
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ship. Here also was the standard bearer. One or two small boats were carried on board, and she also carried rowers for beaching and launching. The sailing seasons of the Vikings were restricted to spring and summer, and in the autumn the ships were hauled ashore. Though they had no compasses, they were able to make voyages of considerable length, not merely to the southern coast of England, but to Constantinople, the Holy Land, to Iceland, and from the latter island to the nearest shores of North America.

The foundation of England's sea power was laid by Alfred, who in order to cope with the aggressions of the Vikings, began to build ships of the same type, but twice as long, much faster, and of greater freeboard. Saxon England boasted not merely single ships of great size, but powerful fleets. In the time of Edgar there were no less than four thousand ships to guard the island, divided into four fleets of a thousand ships each, for duty on the north, south, east and west coasts. The ships in which William the Conqueror invaded England were of the same enlarged Viking type. While the galley had gone on increasing in length, the merchant ships had also been encouraged to a very large extent, and were growing to big dimensions. These merchant ships were in use during the Crusades for the purpose of transport. As early as the time of Richard I there was a big three-masted vessel, powerfully built, and capacious enough to carry fifteen hundred men. A merchant ship sometimes carried as many as eight fighting castles or platforms, from which destruction could be hurled down on attacking pirates. In the bows of the ship was built one of these towers, and to this can be traced the origin of the word "forecastle," as denoting the fore-end of a vessel.

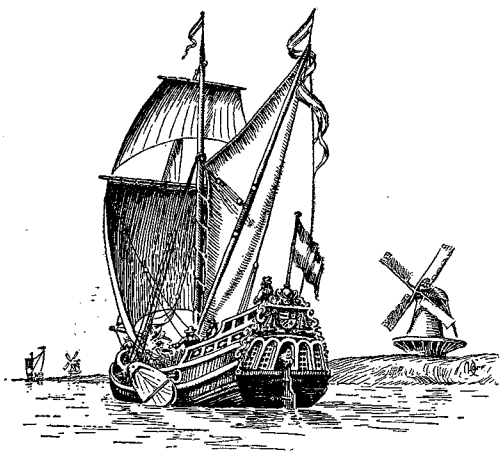
The beginnings of the modern English navy can be traced to the Tudors. In Henry the VIII's reign the famous *Great Harry,* a big four-masted ship, was built. These Tudor ships were elaborate affairs. Painted green and white—the Tudor colours—they had nettings spread over the ship's decks to catch falling spars and missiles when in action; but in celebrating a triumph, they were covered in and curtained with rich cloth. Yet these vessels and those of Elizabeth's time were exceedingly clumsy, with a length about three times their beam, built up far too absurdly at both bow and stern. Their very ponderousness became a hindrance to their fighting qualities. As a result the galleon type of ship was introduced, soon to make way for the "great ship" or "ship of the line." By the time that the famous Armada came sailing up the English Channel this "great ship" type was established. Her example was followed for succeeding centuries and found its fullest expression at the battle of Trafalgar.

The sailing ship reached her zenith with the clipper which had her origin not in England but in America. The bow was made so that it "clipped" or cleft the water instead of pounding into it and the lines of the hull and stern generallly were so altered as to diminish the resistance. Other improvements, including the cut of the sails, were made. As a result the Yankee clippers of the forties and fifties obtained the blue ribbon for quick passages, to the great loss of British prestige and trade. Between 1860 and 1870 the clippers were at their best. There was the American *Red Jacket,* built in 1853, which held the record for quick passages. She once made 3184 miles in ten consecutive days, during one of which she logged four hundred miles. The British clipper *Thermopylæ,* of about two thousand tons, started in 1868 from Gravesend, and



DUTCH AND ENGLISH WARSHIPS AT THE TIME OF CHARLES II

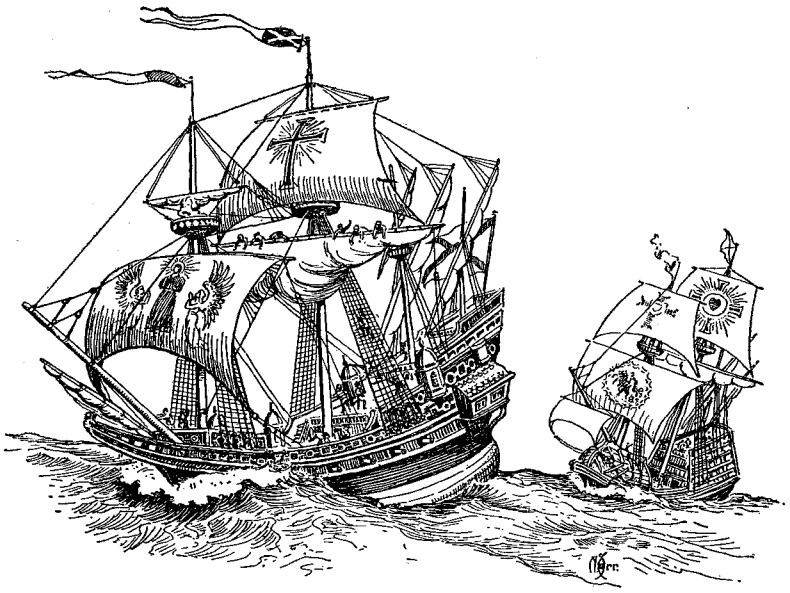
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DUTCH YACHT

went around the world, breaking the record on each passage. Leaving London on November 7th she arrived in Melbourne, Australia, in sixty days. From Melbourne she went to New Castle, New South Wales, where she took in cargo and proceeded to Shanghai, arriving there after a passage of twenty-eight days, which made still another record. From Shanghai she sailed back to London in ninety-one days, which created another record, but even this was beaten a fortnight later by the *Sir Lancelot,* another famous clipper, which did the journey in eighty-nine days.

The first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic was the *Savannah,* a ship of three hundred and fifty tones built in America, fitted with a low pressure engine giving only ninety horse power, with a pair of paddle wheels which could be easily detached and taken on board. In 1819 she started from New York, and after a voyage lasting just under thirty days, arrived safely in Liverpool. After her return to America, however, her engines were taken out of her, and she became a sailing ship again. People were still inclined to give steam rather a chilly reception. However, by 1835, a little auxiliary steamship named the *Falcon* reached Calcutta, going round Cape Horn, and in the same year the *Enterprise,* a larger ship, made the same voyage, and during one hundred and three out of one hundred and thirteen days of her journey was propelled not by sails but under steam power. It was 1838 before the sceptics were thoroughly convinced. During that year four vessels crossed the Atlantic under steam power all the while. They were the *Great Western,* the *Sirius,* the *Royal William,* and the *Liverpool.* The British



SPANISH GALLEONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government was so impressed that it invited tenders for the carrying of the American mails in steamships instead of the old brigs which had hitherto done the work. The Cunard Company was established and began its service with the *Britannia,* of approximately twelve hundred tons, which left Liverpool on July 4, 1840, and reached Boston after fourteen days and eight hours.

Although as early as 1853 the Cunard Company had placed six iron screw steamships on the sea, passengers for some inexplicable reason still preferred the old-fashioned paddle wheel craft. It was not until 1862 that the *Scotia,* the last of the paddle wheeled Atlantic ships, was launched. She was a big ship in her way, with a tonnage of 3871 and a speed of thirteen knots. Four years earlier the *Great Eastern* had been launched, with the then enormous displacement of thirty-two thousand tons. This size was not surpassed until the White Star *Baltic* was built in 1905. The *Great Eastern* had accommodation for four thousand passengers, as well as a crew of four hundred. She was fitted with six masts, but no bowsprit. Propelled by paddle wheels, in addition to her screw, it was thought that she would develop considerable speed, and be ably to carry all the coal needed for the trip around the Horn from England to Australia. That she was a huge financial failure is now a well-known historic fact. Nevertheless Mr. Chatterton says that it cannot be denied that she was constructed with the greatest ingenuity and that some of the experiments in her building were shown to have been justified when afterward put to practical use. From 1862 to 1884 the great ocean liners were fitted with single screw. The first twin-screw vessels were the *City of Paris* and her sister ship the *City of New York.* These were followed quickly by the White Star liners *Teutonic* and *Majestic.* These last-named boats held the record between them until 1892, when the Cunard line launched the *Campagnia* and the *Lucania.* Afterward for a time the speed supremacy of the sea rested with the Germans until won back for England by the turbine engines of the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania.*

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

II-III

OLIVE SCHREINER'S "WOMAN AND LABOUR."* ELLEN KEY'S "LOVE AND MARRIAGE"†

That so many different phases of the woman question are being discussed with such frankness and dignity bespeaks the strength of the movement which aims not so much to give women the same rights as men, but also to give them their rights as women. That in all spheres of the sex relations there are wide injustices and inequalities no one will gainsay; *why* these are historically and in *what* lie the remedies constitute the themes of two remarkable books by Olive Schreiner and Ellen Key. They make no pretence at dealing with the same phase of the question, though they touch in several places. Had Olive Schreiner finished the book which was destroyed in the Boer War, from the outline she has given in the preface of *Woman and Labour,* the problems of marriage and the personal relations of men and women in the modern world—which is more specifically Ellen Key's theme—would also have been discussed. As it is, the eminent Englishwoman has been content to offer a fragment dealing mainly with the economic side of the situation. To her "sex-parasitism"—the dependence of the female on the male—is the core of the woman problem; while the distinguished Swede argues love is the root of the question. But the two authoresses are *au fond,* as Havelock Ellis says, "prophets of a movement which transcends merely isolated measures of reform." The woman question is also a man question; on the juridical side it lies in his power to make an equality through the basis of enfranchisement; on the temperamental side it rests in his own evolution to meet the demands of the more highly endowed of the opposite sex and thereby make for mutual advance; on the economic side what he chooses to give or keep makes easy or more difficult the claims of the new

*Woman and Labour. By Olive Schreiner. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

†Love and Marriage. By Ellen Key. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman to an equal part in the labour of society. It is this latter phase, as mentioned, which chiefly concerns Olive Schreiner. Living as she did for years in South Africa and in contact with primitive peoples, her interests were first aroused in the earlier relation of the sexes and their divided sphere of activity.

Women have always laboured: the savage man and woman wandered and worked together; when wandering ceased woman hoed while man battled, woman nurtured the race and man bore his wounds; later, when wars became less, more men took woman's place in the fields and woman became the weaver and the dresser. With the centuries, however, machinery has gradually done the work of man and crude muscular labour has sunk in value so that intellectual keenness and manipulative skill have increased in importance. To-day large numbers of males have arisen who have discovered, that while the ancient fields of labour have slipped from them and in the modern world there is little place for them, never before, with the increased complexities of modern civilisation, has man's field of remunerative toil become so wide. This excessive share of labour, in contrast with earlier times, has devolved upon the male a large number of parasitic females. This is true because woman's old occupation is gone; woman's domestic labours have contracted, and with increased science infant mortality is less, and less expenditure of woman's vitality is needed in the passive labour of child bearing.

> We do not ask that the wheels of time should reverse themselves, or the stream of life flow backward. We do not ask that our ancient spinning-wheels be again resuscitated and placed in our hands; . . . or that man should again betake himself entirely to his ancient province of war and chase, leaving to us all domestic and civil labour. We do not even demand that society shall immediately so reconstruct itself that every woman may be again a child bearer . . . or that the children whom we bear shall again be put exclusively into our hands to train. This, we know, cannot be. . . . We demand that, in that strange new world that is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was, and all things are assuming new shapes and relations, that in this new world we also shall have our share of honoured and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labour of the children of woman. We demand nothing more than this, and we will take nothing less. This is our *Woman's Right.*

As the old fields are closing up women thus demand entrance into new. The problem of the male and female unemployed is not the same; "find labour or die" is the man's alternative; with woman it is "find new fields of labour or sink into sex-parasitism." The greatest contribution to the decay of the ancient civilisations was the increased dependence of the female, for she is the first to feel the enervating effect gained without labouring. Women have also relied too much on their mere *potentiality* as child bearers without bringing forth children of men or contributing the equivalent to society. Women must contribute to society and bear its burdens together with men—or that society will die. The woman movement to-day is no mere theoretical argument: the unrest is deep-seated: the rapidity of change tearing from old traditions and formed habits, the wide and almost unparalleled dissimilarity between those who have advanced in adapting themselves to new conditions and those who have not, and the deep subjective conflicts bred of the age, have made the problem acute. To Olive Schreiner the answer, economic and otherwise, rests in woman's added demand that *all* labour should lie in woman's province; "those large fields in which it would appear sex plays no part and equally those in which it plays a part." In language always eloquent if at times not always logical, she dismisses the usual plea of organic differences as limiting those fields of opportunity; with the occasion will come the adaptability: as external conditions vary so will there come inversion in values. As for war, women have fought; they know better than men the price of each human killed, since "men's bodies are our woman's works of art." Having this knowledge of the value of each human life, with the power, women will lessen war.

> There is no battlefield, howsoever covered with slain, which has not cost the women of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay the first cost on all human life, . . . while even in the matter of death the probability that the average woman will die in childbirth is immeasurably greater than the probability that the average male will die in battle.

The claims made that women under increased opportunity to enter into new fields of intellectual labour would lose their sex charm and attraction is dismissed:

The study of all races in all ages proves that the greater the freedom of woman, the higher the sexual value put upon her by the males of that society. . . . There is no ground for the assumption that increased intelligence and intellectual power diminish sexual emotion in the human creature of either sex.

The lives of Sophia Kovalevsky, George Eliot and Elizabeth Browning are examples. Those to-day who oppose the furthering of the woman movement are generally those of her own sex who wilfully or organically belong to the parasite class, and the men whose "sex purchasing power," whether in marriage or otherwise, would be limited. But the movement itself is being met and fostered by the *New Man*, who in his evolution demands of woman active companionship and co-operation rather than passive submission.

We have called the Woman's Movement an endeavour to find new fields of labour as the old slip from women, as an attempt to escape from parasitism and an inactive dependence upon sex function alone; but, viewed from another side, the Woman's Movement might not less justly be called a part of a great movement of the sexes toward each other, a movement toward common occupation, common interests, common ideals and an emotional tenderness and sympathy between the sexes more deeply founded and more indestructible than any the world has yet seen.

Such in brief is the general direction of Olive Schreiner's book: its rush, its passion and sustained eloquence makes it captious of the reviewer to attempt to criticise it. It has the quality of an exhortation intending to move and convince by reason of its sweep rather than by its impeccable reason. As such it will no doubt do more for the woman movement than any book on the subject. Doubtless its end would have been defeated had the authoress been more in touch with some of the advanced thought on the subject of sex; for she seldom keeps in mind that no man and no woman is wholly masculine or feminine, but a composite of the two qualities. This reacts upon the economic problems more subtly than the author's sharp demarkation would have us believe. Further, toward motherhood she is too exclusive; she leaves out entirely man's psychic part in its fruition; since helplessly bearing the pain of a loved one's suffering can sometimes be a deeper contribution to the child and society than mean functional bearing. Further there is a neglect, quite natural perhaps, to touch on peculiar pathological conditions, which to a male at least are frequently his only arguments against woman's capacity in certain vocations. But aside from this, the book is full of deep understanding and vision into the problem of the day. It should be judged by what it intends and quite rightly will it become the battle call of the woman movement.

So far as *Love and Marriage* touches this theme of labour, Ellen Key feels, too, the need of labour, but that its field should be limited.

To every thoughtful person it is becoming increasingly evident that the human race is approaching the parting of the ways for its future destiny. Either—speaking generally—the old division of labour, founded in nature, must continue: that by which the majority of women not only bear but also bring up the new generation within the home; that men—directly in marriage or indirectly through a State provision for motherhood—should work for woman's support during the years they are performing this service to society; and that women during their mental and bodily development should aim, in their *choice* of work and their habits of life, at preserving their fitness for their possible mission as mothers. Or, on the other hand, woman must be brought up for relentless competition with man in all the departments of production, . . . and the State must undertake the breeding as well as the rearing of children in order to liberate her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the cares which at present most hinder her freedom of movement. Any compromise can only relate to the extent, not to the kind of the division of labour; for no hygiene, however intelligent, no altered condition of society with shorter hours of labour or better pay, no new system of study with moderate brain work, can abolish the law of nature: that woman's function as a mother, which at times interferes with her daily work if she obeys the need; while if, on the other hand, she disregards it, it revenges itself on her and on the new generation.

This suggests the tragedy of woman to-day: her desire as a human being and as a personality: the life of the soul or the life of the family—which are two equally strong and often divergent impulses. But economic necessity and *Zeitgeist* are more and more forcing women into labour, and unfortunately, they are slipping into men's fields while the callings of wife and mother have lost attraction. The question becomes either the abandonment of work which produces a living or the limitation of the number of children: the conflict between the renewal of the race and outward self-assertion.

Only by society undertaking the support of those women who by well fulfilling the duties of motherhood have produced the highest social asset can the question of married woman's bread winning be solved. And only if women put their personal creative desire into their mission as mothers during their children's first years will the problem be solved of woman's self-assertion and of her simultaneous devotion to the mission of the race.

All women should therefore strive in those fields of society where their own *special* characteristics may not be harmed but find their best expression. In social and civic activities women should tend to exercise a "collective motherliness." Women with careers should find employment which makes use of the *mother* in them, and thus her special endowment is not wasted to society.

On the other phases of the woman question as it touches marriage, motherhood, divorce and the more intimate life, Ellen Key does not follow to extremes the modern feminists, though she does shock the Mrs. Grundys. Marriage, she feels, is made for man, not man for marriage; no marriage can be better than the man and woman who compose it. While strict monogamy will still remain an unrealised dream, there is no proof it is the final answer for the race. In her chapter on the "Evolution of Love" she traces society's attitude toward it, showing how love and marriage were for many centuries differently recognised conditions, which seldom included each other. There is truth that "while God walked in Paradise and founded marriage, the Devil went about in the wilderness and instituted Love."

There are biological differences in the standards of sexual morality; but the only real test of love is what she calls the "life enhancement" which any relation, in or out of matrimony, will bring the individuals concerned. Experience alone, unfortunately, can solve this, and women as well as men should not be condemned for the full expression of that call; love must create new values to society and the individual if it does not produce children. The private life of the individual is no concern of society; but the child is. The regulation of the first is a personal affair and should include the regulation of the second.

A eugenic purpose should be consciously at work through a culture of the erotic nature; then and then only will the claims of the heart and of the race be not opposed, but be identical. True monogamy will thus only come when love and marriage are made one through "love's selection."

Freedom for love's selection, under conditions favourable to the race; limitation of the freedom, not of love, but of procreation, when the conditions are unfavourable to the race—this is the line of life.

Legalised unions can thus, without this standard of enhancement, be more harmful to the race than some of those outside of wedlock. Motherhood, too, is not only woman's right; it is her privilege, and there are occasions when the unmarried woman should claim it, just as the married have the right to exemption from it. It is only a step from these ideas to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free divorce. In a remarkable chapter on this subject she passionately pleads for a divorce which will depend solely on the will of both parties or of one. "We not only assert love's freedom to unite without external tie, but also man's right more freely than at present to loosen that tie, when real union is no longer possible." All phases of this growing question of the day are fearlessly discussed, and one feels the author's deep understanding of its bitterness and inevitability. But much of the tragedy of modern married life could be solved only by a new marriage law, for our present marriage laws date from the time when the importance of love was not yet recognised. It is needless to repeat these "new laws" here, as they deal somewhat with woman's situation in Sweden, but it is important to see they urge more and more for the freedom of the wife before the law, with rights over her property and person, that marriage should be a civil one, that divorce should be free and that state subsidy, under certain conditions, should be given to mothers.

Whether one agrees with the details of this is not the question. What is important is that a deep stimulating book has been written with sincerity and dignity. And on all vital issues of modern life can there be a better incentive to progress than such discussion? A phrase in Meredith's famous letter to the *Times* seems appropriate: "This subject is kept too much in darkness. Air it. Air it."

George Middleton.

IV

Three Prefaces and Plays by Bernard Shaw*

A bright-eyed Jewish newsboy in the New York Ghetto once tried to sell the present commentator a copy of a Yiddish newspaper. "But I can't read Yiddish," with the protest, "what should I do with the paper if I bought it?" His answer was instantaneous—"Aw, turn it upside down and laugh at it." The boy's retort offers a succinct explanation of the literary procedure of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Instead of giving a real reading of the world, in his plays and prefaces, his novels and his criticisms, Mr. Shaw merely turns the world upside down and laughs at it. In his general campaign of standing the world upon its head, Mr. Shaw has been actuated by an earnest and a laudatory purpose. Many things in life, as it is at present organised, are indubitably wrong side up; and therefore the only way to make us see them rightly is to turn them upside down. In pursuing this procedure Mr. Shaw has laboured as a champion of truth. Also, since he has perceived that most of the truths we cherish are merely half-truths after all, he has striven to jolt us into a consciousness of their incompleteness by calling attention to the other half of them. But the other half of any truth is but a half-truth also; and Mr. Shaw too often has announced it as if it were the whole truth, and were destined to supplant, instead of complement, the half that we have always recognised.

Like all very clever men, Mr. Shaw has secured a public of his own; and like nearly all men who secure a public, he has to some extent succumbed to the necessity of giving his public what it expects of him. Now Mr. Shaw has taught his public to expect from him the unexpected. Consequently, in his later work, we feel a certain straining to increase the radius of that unexpectedness which he feels to be demanded of him. He is famed as an apostle of dissent; and to sustain his popularity, he must argue on the unpopular side of any question that he chooses to discuss. If Mr. Shaw should ever agree with the majority, he would sacrifice his vogue.

The Doctor's Dilemma is an interesting play of plot. A certain great physician has discovered an apparently efficacious cure for consumption; but he already has so many cases on his hands that for the present he can undertake the charge of only one more. A very charming woman who is married to a young artist of genius begs him to cure her husband. He falls in love with the woman and recognises the genius of the artist; and these facts give him two honourable reasons for wishing to save the latter's life and one dishonourable reason for wishing to sacrifice it. But soon he dis-

*The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married, and The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covers that a worthy colleague of his own is afflicted with the same disease and might be saved instead of the artist; and also that the artist, unknown to his wife, is a bigamist, a thief, and a blackguard. The knowledge of these added facts so complicates the doctor's dilemma as to call for a delicate decision of the conscience. The motive that turns the balance is his discovery of the profundity with which the woman idealises and idolises her husband. In order to save her from the disillusionment which must surely come to her sooner or later if her husband is allowed to live, the doctor turns him over to a famous but unaccomplished colleague, in whose charge he dies; and in his own hospital he saves the other man. In a rather flippant last act, the doctor confesses the facts and the motives of his procedure to the widow of his victim, and asks her to marry him; whereupon he is told that she has already married some one else.—This, as was suggested at the outset, is inherently a melodrama in which the chief character is harried by an artificial train of circumstances of the dramatist's devising; but Mr. Shaw has treated it as a comedy and embroidered the essential plot with satirical attacks on nearly every current phase of the medical profession. And in the preface—which contains more words than the play—he turns the entire profession upside down, and tells, as if it were the whole truth, the other half of what is currently regarded as the truth about physicians. This preface, though entertaining, is somewhat laboriously controversial; and the reader feels occasionally that the author is having a rather hard time in endeavouring to remain on the dissenter's side.

Getting Married is a lengthy conversation about matrimony. It is as long as a five-act play; but the dialogue is entirely continuous from the outset to the end. It must be hard to sit through in the theatre, because the curtain never falls to let you smoke. The piece has no plot, and scarcely any action; it is merely a running current of talk. Each of the characters—whether or not the author intended them to be so—is insane; and this extraordinary aggregation of mad people exchange remarks of an inspired brilliancy. The satire is marred by the fact that it has no reference to life, since none of the beings involved in it are human; but the wit of the lines is all the more scintillant because it is absurd. In the preface, which is in this case much more reasonable than the play, Mr. Shaw argues against the institution of matrimony as it is at present established in England and pleads for an unlimited extension of divorce. The argument is to some extent weakened by Mr. Shaw's constitutional inability to understand that there may be such things in the world as children, or love, or the domestic sentiments, or economic interdependence; but it is a brilliant arraignment of the evils of the marriage system now in vogue.

The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet is prefaced by an able argument for the abolition of the censorship of plays in England, an argument which for American readers will seem self-evidently just, since we have no censorship of plays at home. But this one-act play itself, which was prohibited in London by the Lord Chamberlain, is an even better argument against the censorship than its controversial preface. The play exhibits a number of rogues and blackguards, who profess to be as bad as any one can be, condemned inexplicably to do good in certain difficult dilemmas by a Higher Power imminent within them, which they rebel against but cannot controvert. The reading of this play reminds us of Matthew Arnold's definition of God as "the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness." But apparently the Lord Chamberlain considered it blasphemous for anybody in this highly irreligious age to think seriously about God, and indecorous to speak His name in public. The play has been acted in Ireland; and it is better suited than either of the other pieces in the present volume for theatrical production in New York.

Walter Clayton.

V

Frank M. Colby's "Constrained Attitudes"*

Every writer who is anything of an artist dislikes trite phrases. Every man

*Constrained Attitudes. By Frank M. Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who tries to think things out distrusts statements which have become axiomatic. The more of them he examines the more fully he realises that only the surface of things is self-evident. If in addition he is an individualist, he is particularly apt to question categorical imperatives. Mr. Colby, who is a good deal of an artist and whose philosophy is distinctly individualistic, finds the obvious remark annoying in proportion to its obviousness; and his thousandth encounter with a maxim arouses in him a stronger reaction than their nine hundred and ninety-nine previous meetings. At the same time he is fully aware that the commonplace is one of the most ancient and most honoured of institutions and he appreciates its social value. The common notions which hold together every social group, from the corner gang to the concert of nations, become articulate and are transmitted only in the form of commonplaces. He realises, too, that the stereotyped phrase is not only inevitable but also generally welcome; that most people like what they are used to and resent the unexpected. This perpetual conflict between his feelings and his experience he frankly exposes, and his gibes at the trite are frequently followed by expostulations with himself and like-minded readers concerning the folly of expecting anything else. There is nothing so eternal as an undisputed truth except, possibly, an unchallenged falsehood.

It is this exception which does most to make Mr. Colby feel that life is worth living. When he runs across a commonplace which seems to him mainly untrue the artist and the philosopher in him are at one, and he runs it down with a single mind. That is why he called an earlier book *Imaginary Obligations* and calls this *Constrained Attitudes*. The two titles express substantially the same idea. All traditional obligations are more or less galling, but those that are necessary can be borne not merely with resignation but with a certain grace. It is the fetters we need not wear that make us shuffle so clumsily through life. When Mr. Colby jests at our stupidity in submitting to needless servitudes, he wears his Motley with a diffidence; he is really preaching the truth that should make us freer. He is, if you will, the apostle of the simple intellectual life.

All this, however, is between the lines. In the author's attitude there is no sign of apostolic or other constraint, nor is there in his satire any hint of a sermon. "True satire," he tells us, "includes the satirist—is always self-ironical;" and whatever message he has to deliver is addressed quite as much to himself as to his readers. Nor does the consciousness of an underlying purpose hold him to any fatiguing continuity of treatment. He does not hesitate to digress, and some of the best bits in both books have no obvious connection with obligations or constraints.

Among the persons whose attitudes the author finds constrained and unnatural are newspaper editors, college presidents and chief executives, when they address the public; biological sociologists and muck-rakers; professional lovers of nature; devotees of revolt who know nothing of the conditions against which they are revolting; writers who turn out stories or plays according to approved recipes and critics who insist on comparing these commercial products with recognised literary masterpieces; pedants who carry on the "drier criticism" of literature; and members of literary cliques and disciples of philosophical schools to whom (as to primitive kinship-groups) every outsider is an uncouth and inferior person. This catalogue is not complete, but it will give some notion of the range of the book. There are few readers who will not find some of their enemies in pillory, and, what is better still, there are few who will not suffer the wholesome shock of finding some of their friends, if not themselves, in a similar constrained attitude.

The reviewer, for example, has taken great pleasure in making an anthology of Mr. Colby's tributes to journalism. He describes the editorial "we" as

> Somebody trying to be everybody and all gone to vulgar fractions in the process.
>
> An editor's soul will usually disappear long before it leaves the body.
>
> I would not bring back the times when editors were shot or horsewhipped for what they wrote, yet I do miss the kind of man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose absence would be noticed if by chance somebody did kill him.

Journalists have always been our most old-fashioned class, being too busy with the news of the day to lay aside the mental habits of fifty years before. Constrained to chase the aviator in his aeroplane on the front page, they sleep with Thomas Jefferson in the editorial columns.

At the same time the reviewer has derived equal enjoyment and probably greater profit from some of the author's studies of the academic person. There is no keener or juster satire in the book than in the pages on biological sociology. The outline of "a chapter on the Functions of Polite Human Conversation that were once performed by Tails" might be a résumé of a sociological dissertation; so much so that the author's surmise that it has already been written seems highly probable. And every college professor, even if he be not a professor of languages or literature, should read the essay on "Impatient 'Culture' and the Literal Mind."

Mr. Colby's digressions, as I have said, are among the best parts of his books. The essay on "International Impressionism" is, except for one paragraph, entirely digressive; for although the attitude of the "nation-taster" is conventional, it can hardly be called constrained. As the author himself remarks, it is easy for the literary man "to characterise a country; his imagination has peopled it." The single paragraph in this essay which deals with a real constraint is so typically Colbian that its reproduction will make further characterisation of the writer unnecessary. In a friendly British book about America Mr. Colby finds the statement that among "all classes of Americans" there is "a deep and noble desire—sometimes pathetic but always dignified." That the Mother Country should understand "her offspring of the West." On this he comments:

> If the writer, who, to judge from his book, is an uncommonly serious person, found everybody nobly and deeply concerned with the Mother Country's opinion, it was no doubt the result of conversational embarrassment. . . . Those of us who have had conversational bouts with serious Britons recall the desperate straits to which we were often reduced, the false interests, the impromptu enthusiasms, the nervous garrulities, merely to keep the ball rolling. One finds one's self becoming almost hysterically sociable with phlegmatic persons. If one man says too little, the other says too much. It seems a law of conversation that if one remain a centre of gravity the other shall with rather foolish rapidity revolve around him. . . . An American is unnerved by the British pause following an introduction. He will snatch at any topic. . . . He will profess the most unnatural ardours—asking after a stranger's country as he asks after a friend's wife; not because he finds the wife interesting, but because he hopes she interests the friend. People spoke warmly of the Mother Country in order to warm this visitor. We overheat our conversation as we do our rooms.

The general acquiescence in conventional lines of thought and the prevalent tolerance of platitudes have led Mr. Colby, in the reviewer's opinion, to overestimate their real popularity. The saving remnant is probably larger than it seems to him in his gloomier moments. Cheering evidence of its numerical strength is afforded by the statement of the publishers that *Imaginary Obligations* has already run through several editions. *Constrained Attitudes* ought to be equally prosperous.

Munroe Smith.

VI

Royal Cortissoz's "John La Farge"*

While obviously intended to be in no sense exhaustive or even definitive, Mr. Cortissoz's book about Mr. La Farge is a very adequate preliminary statement of the claims of the great artist, and will at least serve until the work of biography and criticism can be done on a more comprehensive scale. The present volume is pre-eminently distinguished by its personal note. Mr. Cortissoz lived on terms of such intimacy with Mr. La Farge that he is able to paint his portrait not only in the broad lines, but with those little touches that create the illusion of reality in pictorial art. He has likewise poured freely into his mould the many facts and memories that the older man turned over

*John La Farge. A Memoir and a Study. By Royal Cortissoz. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1911. Net $4.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the younger for the express purpose of being woven into a biographical record. This was much in the minds of both of them, and Mr. La Farge, who was prevented by ill-health and by the volume of his work from making a more systematic statement of the events of his career, used to impart the material piecemeal either by word of mouth or by letter. Mr. Cortissoz's account of this queer and episodic collaboration is of much curious interest. Sometimes a message like the following would be received from the artist: "Perhaps to-morrow, at some off hour, you might be tempted to come and be surprised, and perhaps entertained, by a little story I have to tell. It's queer, and worth turning out of one's way for. I thought of Sunday, because it is labelled a day of rest. I forgot that such people as you and I may choose that day otherwise." Those who, like the writer of this notice, had the rare pleasure of hearing Mr. La Farge talk at table unrestrainedly, will recognise not a few of the anecdotes here incorporated in the artist's own words, and will perhaps miss, a little, the living gesture and the peculiar, half-mocking manner that made each scene or incident spring instantly into vivid relief. For, while it is true that he wrote as he talked, and that his letters and travel notes are the best records we can hope to possess of his verbal art, something vital is gone with that breath on which his words were borne with a strange and compelling magic amid the wreaths of his tobacco smoke. One of the best that we remember is that of his uncle's little negro boy, David, brought from the South as a slave, and finally spirited out of the country to escape the wrath of the Abolitionists, who took no account of the fact that his master's scruples about giving him up were entirely religious, he having stood as godfather to the boy. Finally he was settled in Paris, "where he married, prettily, a young negro with the prestige of singularity and capital, being a *trouvaille* in that sort of circle in Paris. And there, in 1856, I had the pleasure of calling upon him at his picture framer's shop, which was *my* small duty." As thus written, the anecdote is but the skeleton or framework on which the raconteur, responsive to the delight of his charmed auditory, wove an infinitude of delightful detail. We shall never forget the exclamation of a lady who was present at the telling of this story, when the point of the marriage was reached: "What! Do you mean to say he married a *white* woman?" "Why not," rejoined Mr. La Farge in his blandest manner; "you see there was only *one* of him." The excellent story about William James and an early painting exploit was also given on the same occasion in a much expanded form, and with a subtlety of nuance lacking in the printed record. Such as it is, however, Mr. Cortissoz's collection represents a precious salvage of perishable freight, and the fascination of the man, no less than the greatness of the artist, is clearly established in this pleasant and discerning essay.

Horatio Hartford.

VII

Stewart Edward White's "The Cabin"*

We are informed that the child enjoys no "store" wagon as he does the one he makes of an old soap box. It has also been asserted that the man who saws out and fits together a bookshelf with his own hands derives a singular pleasure from the task and from the finished product as well. Of a certain number of us this last is probably so. Of a large number it is certainly true that the handicraft of other amateurs has an attraction for them. When this handicraft takes on the dimensions and form of a house—even one so modest in its plan as that which Mr. White and "Billy" put up in the Sierras, six thousand feet above sea level—the accomplishment well deserves a chronicle of its own.

The writer knows of no one else than Mr. White who could make just as good a book on the subject. It is one thing to lead a friend up to a log cabin and tell him how it was raised and what are its attractions while his own eyes fill in the details and corroborate your explanation of the beauties of its setting. It is quite another thing to put down these points on paper so that the planning and build-

*The Cabin. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and furnishing of the place escape the dulness of a table of materials and measurements, the description of its surroundings, the flatness of a railway folder. It is testimony, not only to Mr. White's craft as a writer, but also to his understanding of the other man's point of view that this new book carries the reader's interest through nearly three hundred pages without falter, and that one rises from it with a sense of intimacy with the place and its people such as usually is born only of first-hand impressions. Finally there is a delicacy in the imagery, an almost poetic appreciation of the beautiful in the author's vision which makes remembrance of many of his descriptive passages a positive delight. What more inviting, for example, than these few sentences in which, halting on the forest's edge, we look upon the place where the cabin is to be?

Before us stretched a long, fair meadow, green as new fir tips, enamelled with flowers. It fell away from us with a dignified spaciousness, to come to rest in a group of aspens. Behind them reared huge sugar pines, and all about stood others, solemn and aloof, drawing back in courtesy to give room with its azalea fringe, its trickle of flowing water, its flowers, its floods of sunshine.

The Cabin is indeed the story of what Mr. White and Billy saw and did amid the great sugar pines and other giant stems of the California forest. The building of the Cabin itself makes but a few chapters. After that it is all about the trees, the mountain meadows, the stream, the birds, a nearby lumber mill, the ridge, the big country beyond, the trout, and such things. Nor can it be denied that some of Mr. White's most delightful pages have to do with the personalities, human, four-legged and feathered, which are his neighbours. "Short," the square-set mountain carpenter who helped him with the heavier framing of the cabin; our old friend, California John, with his shrewd philosophy upon the work and pleasure of life; the monster totem bird, Theophilus; Tuxana and the other dog of the camp; Flapjack, the mule—these might all be our own companions, so well do we come to know them.

Mr. White built his cabin in this forest-encircled meadow four or five years back. Early of each summer season he and his wife make their way to it to live there on what they can pack in, and what they can get from the land itself, until cold weather is at hand. If—and it is to be supposed they do—they get each year from their woods the pleasure a good many thousands of readers are going to get from the invigorating pages of their book, then they may be congratulated. For *The Cabin* earns for itself a place beside those two capital volumes by the same hand, *The Forest* and *The Mountains,* and is in most respects—always excepting the matter of style, in which Mr. White has steadily progressed—at least quite as definite in its appeal to every healthy man's interest as are the half dozen and more tales of adventure by that author of which the most widely known is *The Blazed Trail.*

Churchill Williams.

VIII

Mr. Weale's "The Unknown God"*

Ten or a dozen years ago Mr. Kipling brought something new into literature when he gave us in *Kim* the epic of India. Some one—some time—will do a like work for China. If an examination were to be held of the men now writing, the process of inevitable elimination would leave but one candidate for this high calling—Mr. Putnam Weale. Mr. Weale has as yet done nothing that could, under the most generous critical interpretation, be regarded as the epic of China. Nevertheless, he has displayed qualities and qualifications which, properly fused, might conceivably go to the making of a very noteworthy book. First of all, he knows China as Kipling knew India. Born and educated in the East, speaking the language as his native tongue, he has perhaps come as close to the Oriental heart as is possible for the mere Occidental. In a series of weighty books he has shown his familiarity with the politics and diplomacy of the Far East, his insatiable curiosity, his shrewdness in interpreting and fathoming motives. And

*The Unknown God. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

familiarity has only deepened for him the sense of mystery that invests the Chinese character. He has understood enough to know that he can never understand all. Then he is indubitably a born novelist. His short stories—there is a capital collection of them entitled *The Forbidden Boundary*—are witness to a lively perception of dramatic values. That racy and palpably true book, *Indiscreet Letters from Peking,* boyishly, exuberantly shocking as it was, told of his sharp sense of character. In *The Human Cobweb* Mr. Weale proved that he could construct an admirable plot, full of interest and suspense. If none of these books has been precisely a great achievement, at least none has been entirely negligible. Here was obviously talent of no mean order seeking its true outlet.

Mr. Weale's newest book is not the great novel of China. It is not even the rattling good story that *The Human Cobweb* was. Yet it seems to me to carry the author a good step forward toward the realisation of my ambition for him. It is a more thoughtful work than the fictions that have preceded it, and this is at once a hopeful sign and a cause of partial failure in the immediate event. Mr. Weale has convictions, and for once he has allowed them to get the better of him. The theme of the book is the Christian missionary in China. Mr. Weale believes the missionary is a failure, and he is at such pains to show why this is so, that for the first half of his book the story has to shift for itself. His missionaries are indeed a sad lot. No doubt he tries to be just to them, and perhaps he has tried to make them interesting—but if so his heart was not in the task. He has not even realised the tragedy of failure, but only the stupidity of meddling incompetence. Whether he has been entirely fair is a question to be debated by those who can pretend to equal knowledge with him and a less biassed outlook. The result is not in doubt so far as the story is concerned.

Yet even under this handicap he manages to present a sharper realisation of the romance of China than he has hitherto. The heat, the monotony of the scene in this interior country, the unfathomable aloofness of the people, their calm superiority as they look down from the height of their antiquity on the upstart foreigner, their baffling simplicity, their equally baffling subtlety—these are impressions that smite hard from his pages. And halfway through the book he rouses to possibilities of a real story, involving real persons. A dawdling, unconvincing love affair goes by the board for the moment. One of his characters, a young man who has come out from England to a missionary station with beliefs which have slowly dissolved under rigorous contact with facts, starts on a tour of the mission posts in the remote mountains of Western China. He learns what Mohammedanism is in China—a momentous fact, according to Mr. Weale, inasmuch as the Prophet already commands the allegiance of twenty millions of Chinamen. Young Paul Hancock encounters an incipient Mohammedan rebellion, is captured, and owes his life to his strange meeting with his former rival in love—a huge, eccentric Englishman, a man of weight and power, student and fighter, a creature of the coldest practical sense and a visionary believer in the future of Mohammedanism. It is hard to resist the conviction that this man is essentially a study from the living model. There is in the recital of this adventure the interest of a real thing.

Throughout this pilgrimage Paul Hancock is attended by a small Chinese boy whom he had attached to himself, and whose devotion knows no reservations. Here was Mr. Weale's real opportunity. Had he been content to leave his missionaries undisturbed in their feeble stupidity, he might have built his epic of China around this second Kim, with his amazing wisdom, his preternatural faculties of sense and mind, his elemental simplicity of feeling. Perhaps there is still a story to be told of this child whose dark eyes reflect the mystery of China. If it should ever be told in full, the great novel of China will have been written.

Burton Bancroft.

IX

Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed"*

This story by a newcomer in the field

*Queed. A Novel. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fiction is an example of that semi-whimsical and discursive sort of which there have been several specimens of late. Their immediate explanation lies, no doubt, in the vogue of Mr. De Morgan's works, but farther back they seem to betoken a revival of the influence of Dickens superinduced by the fervent propaganda of Mr. Chesterton and others of the cult. Only a little while ago, all young writers turned naturally to Thackeray as a source of inspiration and a model for their art. Then they were all for a kindly cynicism and a shrewd worldly estimate of life. Now they—or their successors, in the swift passing of time—are equally emulative of the homely human note, the sweet and somewhat lyrical sentiment appropriately expressed, and the note of the eccentric in character, of the fantastic in adventure and action. Such a book was *Once Aboard the Lugger* which appeared last year, which enjoyed more than a passing vogue, and which may have played its part in determining the literary purposes of Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of *Queed,* a first novel of no little interest and distinction. Better constructed and better sustained than Mr. Hutchinson's book above-mentioned, it is somewhat less fluent and easy in its style, less sure in its comic portraiture, less infectious in its humorous good spirits. It is harder, apparently, for the young American writer to escape the accepted conventions of fiction-writing than it is for the young Englishman, and there is a very large part of the conventional story of American life to-day in this narrative of an eccentric and self-centred young student of sociology who comes to a Southern city (name unspecified) in response to the summons of an unknown father.

The name of the "little Doctor," as he is called by his associates, is Queed, and this thoroughly Dickensian appellation is indicative of the method used to portray his peculiarities both in personal appearance and in mental habits. He is intensely self-centred and so consumed with seriousness and conceit, that he presents an easy target for the witticisms of his fellow-boarders and chance acquaintances. He is engaged in writing a magnum opus on the fundamental principle of human evolution toward a higher type. But to meet his current expenses, he is obliged to do editorial work for a local paper, and he writes upon the subject of taxation in so technical a manner that no one can read his articles. The story of Queed is the story of his human redemption, chiefly through the agency of two young women, one of whom, a consumptive child, Fifi, fades away quite in the manner of little Nell after shedding her beneficent influence upon the hero of the book. The other, Sharlee Weyland, shows herself a master manipulator of the strings of destiny. She is a very fresh and buoyant young creature, and none the less likable, on the whole, because she is made the mouthpiece of the shallow American philosophy of service, so preached at us on every side nowadays. The chief trouble with the book is that from time to time it comes perilously close to being a sermon on this theme, while, on the imaginative side, Queed, in his earlier stages, is clearly a man of straw constructed by the author to draw his lightning. Manifestly he is too purely caricatural to serve in establishing the case against the *savant* in American life. On the other hand, when he emerges, as it were, from his abyssmal pre-occupation with his own intellectual concerns, he is merely the quiet, efficient, honourable young American, another *Gentleman from Indiana.* The process is not so much one of essential transformation as the mere removal of a mask worn without much illusion of reality, and with correspondingly little conviction on the part of the reader. This is in a way fortunate, for one would hate to see a real scientist of genius lured away from his life-work by the specious arguments and the arrant impertinences of a Sharlee, no matter how charming she might be. She is true enough, and she brings home with a sense of uneasiness the devastating rôle of the commonplace pretty American girl —a perfect type of the ignorant dictator —in American life. At his best—and there are many delightful passages in the book—Mr. Harrison writes lightly and brightly, and needs merely to rid his style of certain *clichés,* particularly of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feminine description to become a decided addition to our group of younger fiction writers.

W. A. Bradley.

X

Owen Wister's "Members of the Family"*

Most novelists are on our annual visiting list, so to speak; they send us a new volume at fairly regular intervals after the fashion of a Christmas card or an Easter greeting. Mr. Wister is not one of these. His volumes are like angels' visits and so deserve a special sort of greeting. *Members of the Family*, his latest volume, is not a literary event in the sense of being unknown and unforeseen. The stories it contains have become more or less familiar to us already from their appearance from time to time in magazine pages. But it is none the less pleasant to have them assembled in book form and thus get a comprehensive glance over his more recent development of the short story form. The volume has, furthermore, the special interest of a rather personal preface partly biographical, partly in the nature of a literary confession of faith. Mr. Wister tells us, for instance, that so far back as 1884 Mr. Howells had "felt his literary pulse and pronounced it promising;" that "a quickening came from the pages of Stevenson; a far stronger shove next from the genius of *Plain Tales from the Hills;*" and oddly enough that "the final push happened to be given by Prosper Mérimée." All these influences with the exception of the last are obvious enough. But without this direct acknowledgment we might have guessed a long time before discovering any indebtedness to Carmen on the part of the author of *The Virginian*. It is less surprising when Mr. Wister goes on to say that there is still another who must bear with his gratitude and to pay a heartfelt tribute to Henry James:

> It is significant to know how this master seems to be teaching a numerous young generation. Often do I pick up some popular magazine and read a story (one even of murder, it may be, in tropic seas or city slums), where some canny bit of foreshortening, of presentation, reveals the spreading influence, and I say, "Ah, my friend, never would you have found out how to do that if Henry James hadn't set you thinking!"

And he might have added that never would he himself have thought of writing *Lady Baltimore* in the peculiarly subtle form which gives it its reason for existence had he not learned the trick at the hands of this same master. As for the stories which make up this volume, some of them are frankly humorous as, for instance, "Happy-Teeth," in which the easily aroused superstition of Indians is cleverly utilised to drive out of business a new post-trader who has acquired a monopoly through unfair means; or again "In the Back," in which a hasty, although perhaps mell-merited kick, delivered by an army captain to one of his men, becomes the subject of serious investigation and infinite red tape, and is finally paid in full with accumulated interest. But the stories that deserve to be remembered are "Timberline" and "The Gift Horse." Imagine yourself a tenderfoot, unskilled in the ways of the West, and without the clues that would help you to read character. Imagine that you have done a kindness to a man who is locally eyed askance; and that he, to mark his gratitude, has insisted upon lending you a splendid specimen of a horse for the season. It might or it might not strike you as peculiar that before giving you the horse he should enquire so particularly as to your plans and get your definite statement that you will remain throughout the summer on a certain side of a certain mountain range. Imagine, furthermore, that you suddenly change your mind and cross that range in quest of a certain legendary spring which according to Indian tradition has a way of strangely appearing and disappearing. You find the spring and simultaneously find an enclosure wherein there are many horses, stolen horses with fresh brands not yet healed; at your very feet lie a pile of branding irons; and before you can collect your thoughts you are looking into the muzzle of a pistol, you are surrounded by a company of omi-

*Members of the Family. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nously quiet men, one of whom carries a coil of hempen rope. These men do not care to listen to explanations, they simply cite the significant fact that you are here, that the branding irons are here and that the horse you ride is a stolen one. Such is the awkward predicament narrated in "The Gift Horse," and there is a grim little touch at the end which makes its artistry well-nigh perfect. But even stronger than this is "Timberline." For sheer economy of means and a steady rise in dramatic force to the culminating tragedy, it stands as easily the best story in the collection, indeed one of the best that Mr. Wister has ever written. It is simply the account of a man, little more than a boy, who having been the unintentional instrument of a murder, has accepted a bribe to remain silent and slowly, inexorably, has found himself dragged back by conscience to the scene of the crime, forced under the spell of extraordinary and awe-inspiring convulsion of nature to make confession, restore the money and by his own spectacular death reveal the hiding place of the other victims at the bottom of a cañon a thousand feet below. An old idea, elemental in its simplicity—but, like many of the world's great short stories, owing its value to a finished workmanship, an unerring instinct for telling neither too much nor too little. In his earlier work, Mr. Wister cared little about rules of form; his strength lay in his ability to hold the attention, whether he shortened up a story or unduly prolonged it. In other words, he told his stories in a certain form, not because it was the best form, but because that happened for the moment to be his form, the form that came instinctively. The most interesting thing about this new volume is that it shows, comparatively, a more careful, more conscious constructive art. *Felix Trent Carney.*

A SKY LINE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I know a windy hill
That leans against the sky;
And there, through Winter's dusk and chill,
I watch a host march by.

A line of silhouettes
The barren trees reveal,
A little troop of marionettes,
Sharp as an old profile.

Ladies and lords I see,
And galleons from Spain,
And kings that from a far countree
March through the purple rain;

Gaunt horsemen, hooded dames,
Maidens with wind-blown hair;
Torch-bearers with their moveless flames,
And strange grotesques are there;

A bandit with his cloak,
Old witches with their sticks—
A curious train of curious folk
That curiously mix.

And there, high on the right,
A gallows with its string. . . .
But mercifully falls the night
To hide the cruel thing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

OLD ENGLISH INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC. Their History and Character. By Francis W. Gilpin. With an Appendix and a List of Books of Reference. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1911. Net $2.50.

"I am not very musical," says a character in Mr. Chambers's latest book, "but every creature likes to emit some sort of melody." It is hard to realise that this is the primitive principle of melodic impulse which is at the bottom of the patient industry and perverse ingenuity which has produced the amazing variety of instruments described by Mr. Gilpin in his fascinating book. Here every type of string and wind instrument—and every other kind as well—is taken from its first appearance in the British Isles and followed through its successive stages of development. Many, of course, were not exclusively native, but were imported into England from other European countries or from the Orient, though it is sometimes a question whether an instrument commonly supposed to have been brought back by the Crusaders was not actually known and used in England at an earlier age. This is the case with the oboe and its predecessor, the shawm. There is evidence that the double reed pipe, of which these are typical examples, existed in Saxon times, and was doubtless derived from the Roman *tibiæ*. Indeed, many modern instruments are of classical origin, and even the Christian organ was invented by Ctesibus, in the second century before our era, and consequently some time before it was reinvented by Saint Cecilia, whose name, moreover, does not occur in this strictly scientific and historical treatise. Other instruments, like the rote, or lyre, go farther back into purely British history—into Keltic times—though this particular one can be traced even more remotely, to Chaldea.

PLUTARCH'S CIMON AND PERICLES. With the Funeral of Pericles. Newly Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Bernadotte Perrin. Frontispiece. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911. Net $2.00.

Nine years ago Professor Perrin published *Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides,* and planned to follow it with three other volumes presenting respectively Cimon and Pericles, Nicias and Alcibiades, Demosthenes and Alexander. Failing eyesight, which forced him to give up his academic work at Yale, has now definitely made him abandon the fourth volume. The third, however, will soon follow the second, which has just appeared. All are planned to be of assistance primarily to the student of Greek history in the fifth century B.C., and carry out Professor Perrin's plan, so successfully inaugurated by him at New Haven, of utilising the monuments of classical literature as sources for the study of ancient history.

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN. By John Allyne Gade. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1911. Net $5.00.

Every year the tide of foreign travel sets more and more strongly toward Spain, and where, a few years ago, a handful of travellers left the Mediterranean ships at Gibraltar, now scores begin from that point their pilgrimage through the Iberian peninsula. To all these this work by a New York architect, dealing in turn with the cathedrals of Salamanca, Burgos, Avila, Leon, Toledo, Segovia, Seville and Granada, will be of the greatest use and interest. It contains a number of admirable photographs, and is a handsome, well-made volume in every respect.

DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911. $1.25.

Mr. Baring is a type of those happy writers whom much learning has not made heavy. A broad background of literary and historical culture spreads behind these witty little scenes wherein travesty of famous personages becomes often subtly interpretive of the past on its human side. A breakfast scene between Catherine Parr and Henry VIII seems to bring us appreciably nearer both of those characters, while the dramatisation of a contemporary stage rehearsal of *Macbeth* is worth a dozen volumes on the theatrical history of the Elizabethan age. "Caligula's Picnic" and "Lucullus's Dinner-Party" have a touch of Anatole France despite the farcical note and the absence of philosophical preoccupation. This is because, like his distinguished French contemporary, Mr. Baring has in a high degree the valuable sense of historical perspective and the literary art to employ it effectively.

SIXTINE ROME. By J. A. F. Arbaan, D.Ph. Illustrated. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co. 1911.

It is to convert the reader "from the opinion that in Rome there are only ruins and statues and the Renaissance, and nothing after it until Bernini," that Dr. Arbaan has written this book, which is a revery upon a single phase

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Eternal City. The presiding genius of that aspect of Rome which he has chosen to celebrate is the great Pope, Sixtus V., around 1600, who built the Lateran Palace and founded the Vatican Library, and whose name is immortalised in the Sixtine Chapel. These were but a few of the works of this great builder, who planned even more than he built. With him is associated a group of architects, chief among whom was Domenico Fontana, to whom a long chapter is devoted. The volume is invaluable to all who are making more than a superficial survey of the monuments of the Italian capital.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Collected, Edited and Arranged with Memoir, Textual Notes and Bibliography, by J. H. Whitty. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911. Net $2.00.

In 1849, while on his last visit to Richmond, and just before starting north to secure the publication of his works, Poe made a careful revision of a number of his poems and tales in the office of the Richmond *Examiner*. Proofs of these were preserved by one of the printers of the paper and eventually came into the possession of the poet's old friend and associate, F. W. Thomas. He planned to issue an edition of the poems based upon the final revision, but the volume never appeared. It has remained for another Richmond newspaper man, Mr. J. H. Whitty, to edit what the publisher, with much apparent justification, presents as "probably the final and definitive text." Though most of the changes are of the slightest, and will scarcely affect the general appreciation of Poe's poetry one way or the other, the book constitutes a most important event in the history of American letters as settling forever all questions, amid conflicting earlier revisions, as to what reading, in each instance, Poe himself preferred. Several hitherto uncollected and unpublished poems are also included, among which may be cited the following characteristic fragment entitled "Spiritual Song":

> Hark, echo!—Hark, echo!
> 'Tis the sound
> Of archangels, in happiness wrapt.

To F. W. Thomas's "Recollections of Edgar A. Poe," written as a preface for the earlier projected edition of the poems in the 1849 revision, and never published, Mr. Whitty, who has long been a student of Poe, owes many interesting details concerning the poet, the main lines of whose life are now fairly well established.

THE MEDIEVAL MIND. A History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages. By Henry Osborn Taylor. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1911. Net $5.00.

To call Mr. Taylor's two bulky volumes a book is an understatement of which we shall not be guilty. It is a veritable encyclopedia, as well as a carefully selected anthology of medieval literature. In it the student can trace "the development of intellectual energy and the growth of emotion" through an immensely wide range of concrete instances carefully related so as to make the picture complete and continuous. Some idea of the impartial and artistic distribution of light and shade may be gained by noting the manner in which the chapter on "Mystic Visions of Ascetic Women" is followed by one picturesquely entitled "The Spotted Reality." In the same way, throughout, the attempt is made to contrast the ideal with the actual in religious concerns and in society. The whole purpose of the book is at once to reveal the middle ages truthfully with their own individual aspects, and to humanise them by bringing out what, in that remote period, is of common and universal significance. The work is a veritable world that few, perhaps, save scholars, will care to explore thoroughly, but into which most curious and questioning readers will dip here and there with delight and fascination.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Louvet. Rivers. (Brentano.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
3. The Lead of Honor. Richardson. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Pleasures of Life. Lubbock. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Motor Girls at Lookout Beach. Penrose. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.
3. Fortunata. Patterson. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAuley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Under the Open Sky. Schmucker. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. While Caroline Was Growing. Bacon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. A United States Midshipman in China. Stirling. (Penn.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Later Pratt Portraits. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. Bar—20 Days. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
3. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. Truths: Talks with a Boy Concerning Himself. Lowry. (Forbes.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
2. The Antigone of Sophocles. Harry. (Robert Clarke.) $1.00.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Robert Clarke.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Wild Flower Fairy Book. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Path of Glory. Haworth. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The New Machiavelli. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens. Chesterton. (Dutton.) $2.00.
4. Europe Since 1815. Hazen. (Holt.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Philippa at Halcyon. Brown. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Boys' Book Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. "813." Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Writings of Fiona Macleod. Sharp. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Heroes of California. James. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Social Basis of Religion. Patton. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. Miss Livingston's Companion. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Man's Library. (Dutton.) 35 cents.
2. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. The Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. What's Wrong With the World. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Pélléas and Mélisande. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Diary of a Refugee. Fearn. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway Publishing Co.) $1.50.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Manual of Spiritual Fortification. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald. (Crowell.) 50 cents.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Lyrics from Cotton Land. McNeill. (Stone & Barringer.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.
3. Midshipman Ralph Osborne at Sea. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Fruits of the Trees. Bryan. (Revell.) 35 cents.
4. Moral Education. Griggs. (Huebsch.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Boy Scouts of the Eagle Patrol. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentanos.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. A Guide to the Great Cities of Western Europe. Singleton. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.25.
4. Social Adjustment. Nearing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Batting to Win. Chadwick. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.
2. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. From Memory's Shrine. Sylva. (Lippincott.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. Hearts and the Highway. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Individual and Society. Baldwin. (Badger.) $1.50.
2. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. At the Home Plate. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Glenloch Girls Abroad. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
2. Later Pratt Portraits. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. The Land Claimers. Wilson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Barbarous Mexico. Turner. (Kerr.) $1.50.
4. Oregon Geology. Condon. (Gill.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
3. Cynthia-of-the-Minute. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Man with an Honest Face. Wells. (Appleton.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Behind the Screens. Adam. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Gleam. Albee. (Holt.) $1.35.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Everybody's Lonesome. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
5. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. France in the American Revolution. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
2. A Year in a Coal Mine. Husband. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Plays. Galsworthy. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Plays of Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Pony Riders. Patchin. (Altemus.) $1.00.
3. Manual of Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Plays of Ibsen. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
5. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
6. The Spirit Trail. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Getting On. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Barbarous Mexico. Turner. (Kerr.) $1.50.
4. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy with the U. S. Survey. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Boy with the U. S. Foresters. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. "A Senator of the Fifties." Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
4. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. England and the English from an American Point of View. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast. Woods. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.
4. Yosemite Trails. Chase. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Dawn of a To-morrow. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. What's-His-Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
6. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. American Government and Politics. Guitteau. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing. Cutten. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. What Happened at Quasi. Eggleston. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
4. The Trail of 'Ninety-eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
   The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Musson.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. What a Young Wife Ought to Know. Drake. (Briggs.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Valor of Ignorance. Lee. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys Over the Rockies. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A	book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	279
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	210
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30	170
4. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	147
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	109
6. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20	85

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED